


Rose

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All dates and usernames have been redacted. All characters are 18
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00 -

Hi everyone, I've been lurking on here for about a year, and I can't believe I'm actually about to post this. My heart is racing, and my mouth is dry, and other parts

So, I've always been close with my little brother. Not as close as some of you might be hoping, but we spent a lot of time together while growing up before I left for text all the time and send each other dumb pics and video game screenshots, talk about movies or whatever. I've always been there for him with advice about girls stuff that he wasn't comfortable talking to our parents about. He still lives with our parents, pretty far away, but occasionally comes to visit. But I think all of this st year and a half ago.

It was during the summer, a big project at my job had just finished and my parents decided to go on this big vacation for the summer by themselves. They sort of i brother so he wouldn't be alone for the month, but I'm assuming also to kind of keep an eye on him. I had intended to come home for a few weeks anyway, to visit I agreed.

A week or so in, one of my besties texted to ask if I wanted to come swim in her pool, and we made plans for a few hours later. My brother is friends with her broth apparently the boys had already made their own plans to swim anyway. One thing I'd forgotten though is that before leaving home, I had been pretty modest, I us breasts are on the large side so I'd always been self conscious about my suits falling off or not covering enough. However, I had just recently gotten over that, and times before around my friends where I was living, but never in front of my old friends, never in front of her brother who used to constantly ask my friend to ask m brother.

I mean, it wasn't a big deal, I'm generally happy with my body, even the parts that guys don't seem to like, so I figured it would be okay, and it ended up being fin at my cleavage, and even my friend made an aside comment to me saying that I should wear stuff like that more (especially to try and get a tan because I'm extre family tans super easily).

I'm sorry, this is kind of rambly, I'm nervous as hell sharing this, hopefully it doesn't show too much outside of me calling attention to it like that. Anyway, we swan trying to have a conversation to catch up and the boys started passing a ball back and forth. After I'd been hit in the face a few times from poorly aimed passes, we have a more private chat. She had her back to the main pool, but I was facing it. For the most part we were able to ignore the boys outside of the occasional splas phone call from another of his friends, and he gets up out of the pool to go answer it. While this is happening, my friend is talking about, who the fuck even knows details about the rest of the day, I was distracted.

When my brother got out of the pool, his swim trunks were clinging to him and leaving very little to the imagination. I... I don't think he was hard, maybe half mas enough, I feel like my eyes must have bulged out of their sockets but my friend kept talking and I kept muttering in agreement "uh huh, that's whatever you're tall definitely staring as he walked across the patio, realizing that we both apparently ended up well endowed.

Now, before this happened... I'd NEVER thought about him, not in this sense, never once about his cock, or his sex life. Before this I'd have balked, and put my fin about it. But something changed in that moment because I felt warm and my heart was racing the way it is now talking about it. I couldn't get the image out of my more. I wanted to see it, I wanted to see it completely bare, and fully hard, and I hated that I didn't completely hate myself for thinking that way. I felt weird and t the image out of my head... but I became so curious, and the idea literally haunted me, and has ever since.

I locked myself in my room when we got home, I bit my arm to keep my cries muffled as I took the edge off and fucked myself until my arm gave out. I don't even then, there may have been flashes of him, I don't know, I was just so horny that I didn't even need the mental stimulation.

I'm pretty sure I gave him a bit of the cold shoulder for at least a few days afterward. I could barely look at him. I was afraid he'd be able to figure me out or some to him because of my own fucked up thoughts, so I brought myself to continue acting normal and treating him as if nothing had changed.

A few days later though, he went to the movies with his friends. I bummed around the house for a bit, played some video games, and then decided to take a showr hadn't had the house to myself the whole time so far, and I think I was trying to decide how far to take things with myself. I just played with my boobs for a little u he'd already come back home. So I ignored my arousal and finished my shower. When I finished, after drying off, I wrapped a towel around myself and started to o get dressed. But then I had a weird urge, I decided to hang the towel up, and just rush to my bedroom, the idea of the thrill that he was home was exciting to me. anyway so I went for it. When I left, I saw his door at the end of the hall, closed, and figured he was already playing some Overwatch or something. So I sighed an suddenly he entered the hallway from our living room, and almost bumped into me. I was genuinely startled, but immediately excited, I made a half assed attempt he started to apologize profusely, backing into his room and trying not to look at me. It felt like a minute long encounter but probably took like 5 seconds before we remember looking down at that point and seeing my nipples achingly hard and my chest all flushed from adrenaline and excitement all in one. I was horny as hell t take care of myself so I got dressed and went to the living room to play something.

He took forever to come out of his room, and when he finally did he apologized again, I just said that it was okay, and told him I didn't know he'd already come bac the rest of the night, but he slowly seemed to relax, and we were fine by the next day or so.

I wish I could say more has happened since then. I came back home and tried to get over the whole thing, but I haven't been able to. It's only gotten more and mo about him, stuff I don't even think I can share here tbh. A few months after I came home I found this subreddit, and I started watching more of the faux-incesty p Shout out to this story in particular for making me cum a ton of times and even getting me to squirt on multiple occasions. The point is... I'm literally haunted by r likely bigger than anything I've ever had. And I don't know what to do with these feelings and fantasies and... and urges at this point. I glossed over the moments myself, crying, or panicking alone in my apartment, wondering if something is wrong with me. I don't even know why I'm making this post, I guess I just needed to like the most accepting place to do it. So uh, thank you for your time. I'll respond to comments as much as I can, and pms, but I'm not going to post pics or do any myself, I'm sure you all understand.

01 -

EDIT: Please don't bring up this stuff about my brother in conversations with me in non incest related subreddits. I'm not exactly open about it, so it's kind of emba talking about it here, in posts to my profile, or PMs. Thank you!

Here's my first post, for those of you who haven't read.

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This is the most recent development since I first posted. Spoiler alert, its long, and it's largely non sexual, for anyone hoping I somehow seduced my brother instar

About a week ago, because of the floods in the area, combined with some plumbing issues in an apartment below mine, I had to make an emergency move to a new and very stressful. The weather was terrible, I had about 5 days to get everything packed and moved, and I found out about it in the middle of a work week. Luckily and even with the few hours I did work during the move, I was able to get it all done.

For the big furniture move, my couch, bed, washer/dryer, etc, I was able to get a friend to help a little, and my brother offered to come help as well. He's doing a year near me in the fall, so he has a flexible schedule right now.

Being the first time I'd seen him since I made my first post, and with all the ideas everyone had given me running through my head, it was hard not to think about because I knew there wouldn't be enough time or energy for me to devote to him on top of the move. I did decide to doll myself up to go get him from the airport in the eye or something. I wore some of my most flattering jeans that really make my ass look even tighter, a fancy, lacy lingerie set (mostly for my own mental confidence of cleavage (and at least from my angle, a bit of bra)).

What I didn't expect when I went to pick him up, was that my dad was accompanying him as a surprise. Not a great surprise when I was hoping for some one on one welcome additional bit of help for the move. Throughout the few days they were here, there was a lot of (likely one sided) sexual tension in me having very un-satisfied being kind of the oblivious cock block.

On Thursday and Friday we moved a lot of stuff, mostly my books, my video games and movies, my art supplies. A lot of heavy lifting up and down stairs, plus I had myself on Tuesday and Wednesday. All that was left by Friday night was dismantling my furniture and packing up my kitchen. Originally my dad and my brother were because all that was left was my bed, my couch was taken apart to move, and we stupidly moved my air mattress to the new place. So my dad offered to stay at the my shower head, and do a few other checks for things he could fix up at the new place, and he'd sleep on the air mattress. My brother offered to stay with me and finally some alone time! Admittedly, even if he had shown up alone as expected, I hadn't formulated a plan of action to try anything, so I was even less prepared than being present all week. But I was pretty fatigued from the week anyway, so I put those thoughts on the back burner.

While we were packing and listening to music, I started to overheat, and at this point I was so tired of the move that I didn't care about modesty much. I let him know comfortable, which mostly just meant taking off the sports bra I'd been wearing all day as it was getting really uncomfortable, especially as my breasts were pretty and took the bra off, which felt truly amazing after the busy day, and I checked in the bathroom mirror to make sure nothing was visible through my shirt. I was worried that has Jigglypuff's face printed on it, with the eyes over the boobs. Typical casual loungewear for me really. I came back out and got back to working on the boxes.

We were talking a bit, I asked him if he'd noticed that my new apartment was bigger. I moved to a unit with an additional bedroom, and I let him know it was there while he goes to college. He seemed really excited by the idea, and said he'd love too, if I'm sure I'd be okay having him around. I expressed as sincerely as I could here, and we got quiet again.

In the silence I started to become aware of two things, first: that I was becoming increasingly aware of the movement of my breasts in my top, and it was making peripheral vision, I could swear he was stealing glances at me. At one point I definitely caught him looking at my chest and it got me INCREDIBLY excited. Enough feel overheated again. In a rather bold move, I decided to tease him by taking the bottom of my shirt and pulling it up so I could wipe my face a little. I could feel the open air, and I'm not sure how much was visible if he'd looked, but knowing what I was doing gave me a huge thrill.

Enough of a thrill that I was started to get self conscious. I knew my breasts were full and in my head I had this fantasy scenario of what would happen if I leaked lactation, how it could lead to fooling around and maybe sex, but in that moment I was way too nervous to go through with it. But I could feel my tits threatening to rapidly soaking, so I finished packing up the box we were working on, and told him I would tape it up if he wanted to go ahead and shower.

He left and I taped up the box and bolted to my room because I was so worked up at this point that I needed to do something about it, which I wrote about in more quick shower and changed into pajamas, a looser white tank top and red booty shorts. By the time I came out into the living room, he was sitting on the floor watching straight out and crossed over each other, and leaned back with my arms holding me up. I kept seeing him looking at me, and I tried my best to subtly look at him, or not, and I swear I could see it, a thick length along his right pant leg, about two thirds of the way to his knee. I swear I saw it throb a few times, which made my conversation to keep my thoughts relatively clean. We talked more about him moving in with me, which he said he wants to do, and we called it a night. He slept on and I slept in my room at his insistence.

We didn't end up getting more alone time, but we talked to our dad a bit more about the plan for him to move in with me, and it looks like it's going to happen! He and stay with me at least until school starts to see how we manage. So... while not a lot happened, this could potentially open the door for things once he's living with

02 -

Here's my first post

Here's the first update

Slight backstory about my lactation

So I'm still largely unfamiliar with how Reddit works. I saw that this community had been quarantined, and thought it was inaccessible this whole time since I'm more almost deleted because it made me feel really awful about my feelings for my brother for a little while, that even the community I thought I'd found that made me finally figured out that it's still active and how to access it again because I've been fucking dying. It's been about two months since my last update, and there have

In my last update I mentioned that I had offered to let my brother come live with me while he goes to college, and two weeks ago he moved in with me! It's been a I've kept the advice people have given me in the comments on my previous posts in mind, but I've still been trying not to assume that he's into me, and being careful him uncomfortable.

It took about three days to get him mostly settled. We went out together to get furniture for his bedroom, we established that he has to use his own PS4 controller allowed to touch my computer. And apart from those things, he can make himself as comfortable with me as he wants.

It's been tense for me. It's one thing to fantasize when I'm on the opposite side of the country from him, and when I only see him a few days out of the year, but I fantasies? It's a lot for me. On several occasions I've zoned out during a round of Mario Party. Had to excuse myself immediately after an episode of Good Girls where characters that had been building for almost a season and a half finally came to a head. Had to bite down on something to keep from moaning while I desperately f the other side of the wall. There have been two days I can recall where I've been so wet around him that I've had to change into fresh panties multiple times, and it usual.

At first, I noticed that he was wearing a shirt and pajama pants to bed, or at least around me when we'd get ready for bed. I know I usually sleep in just panties and comfortable dressing down in front of me yet, and I realized I also wasn't at that stage. So the weekend after he moved in, I took the brave first step and I left my and clean panties (boy short style, nothing TOO revealing). I was up before him, so I decided to play some Cuphead until he was ready to leave his room.

He ended up going straight to the bathroom to shower, which left me sitting there long enough to start wondering if I was making a mistake. Before I was able to to covered my lap with a blanket, and he dressed and joined me in the living room. I said "good morning" and he returned the sentiment, and even though I was too double take he did before turning his attention to the game. He didn't sit next to me on my couch like he had been previously, instead choosing to sit on the stand

We made idle chit chat but I was both genuinely into the game, and on edge because something about him being fully dressed made me feel as though I was getting goosebumps, and I could feel my nipples coming to attention. Eventually the game demanded more of my attention, the King Dice encounter can be particularly stressed as frustrated, mashing buttons harder and recoiling every time I got hit, jerking the controller in whatever direction I was trying to dash toward. After a game realized he was watching me. I remembered how hard my nipples were, and started another attempt at the boss, this time fully aware of his attention on me. As I moving, and maybe the realization made me hypersensitive to my every movement but I could feel my breasts swaying against each other, bumping against my arm Obviously I was too sidetracked to play, so instead I just paused the game and said I needed a break.

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Acting as if I didn't notice him watching me, I stood up as nonchalantly as possible, removing the blanket from my lap, and uncovering everything. I yawned, and s my back, pushing my chest out. I was laying it on thick, but I really did need the stretch. Then I walked past him toward the kitchen, contemplating letting my hip but I did walk closer than necessary. I tried my best to stay eyes forward, so I didn't see his reaction, but I could FEEL mine. My chest and face must have been inc of doing this. I opened the fridge and asked if he was hungry.

I don't even know if he heard me because he just responded with "Uhhhh, hey, you know you're not wearing pants right?"

I closed the fridge and turned back toward him, wondering if the cold was making my nipples even more prominent against the baby blue tank top. "Hm? Oh. Yeah unperturbed as possible.

He turned around to face me over the back of the chair and mulled it over for a bit. "I- I guess not? I was just making sure that was okay with you."

I sat up on the counter next to the fridge and rested my palms by my hips, sitting up straight. "When I said you could make yourself comfortable, this is kind of wh most of the time around my house anyway, sometimes maybe in less. If we're going to be living together, I don't want either of us to feel like we can't be ourselves this makes you uncomfortable, I can put on some pants. Please don't make me wear a bra in my own home though."

He laughed awkwardly at the last comment and I saw his eyes dart down to my chest for a quick moment before snapping back to my eyes. "No, it's okay! I just- I you are, it's your home."

"Yeah, but I want it to be yours too." I replied softly. He just kind of nodded and stayed silent, and it felt like he was actively trying not to look at me as he thought When I couldn't stand the silence any longer I repeated my question asking if he was hungry, and it cleared the tension I was feeling. I spent the rest of the day try realized that the way I was dressed was shock enough, and I didn't want to add any sort of teasing on top of it and risk making him really uncomfortable. So no be cupboards or anything like that. I kept my legs together, and often covered by the blanket, but I was still incredibly turned on and went to bed about a half hour ea myself while he was still up and watching things that could mask the sound enough to keep me from being paranoid.

The next morning I got up a little early, I text him to see if he was awake in his room and see if he wanted to go out and about with me, and when he hadn't answe put on make up, I decided to go see if I could wake him. I didn't even think to knock, I just came in, the only time I've done that so far. He was sprawled out on his out he actually DOES sleep in a shirt and pajama pants and wasn't just being modest around me) but still it was impossible not to notice he was rock hard. As if I n he is, the tent in his pants was intimidating, intoxicating. The tip was threatening to burst through the button fly on the pants, held back only by whatever underwe

I was three feet from it and unable to tell if I could actually see it throbbing or if that was my own pulse racing in my temples. I forgot what I had come in for, decid get myself some fresh air and enjoy the morning to myself, to try and clear my mind. But fuck, that image is seared into my mind.

A few nights later I got a little brave. I wanted to take my bath, and I desperately needed to milk, so I left my bedroom door open by like a foot, and my bathroom was in the living room the whole time as far as I could tell, I'm not even sure if he noticed my door open, but the thrill drove me fucking wild. While I expressed in milk sprinkle onto the bath water, I wondered if he could hear it at all. Between the thought of that and the pleasure that comes with the attention to my breasts, I orgasm and couldn't help searching between my legs for a bigger one. But before I could find it, I caught myself whimpering a little louder than anticipated, and dis deciding instead to finish bathing and rejoin him in the living room.

That evening was possibly the worst it's been, having denied myself the orgasm I wanted, I couldn't stand the thought of just being around him in panties. I wore a yoga pants instead that night. That was the first night I had to change multiple times.

And then came Friday. I was home early from work, and feeling kind of- I don't know, domestic? He got home from his classes and I was already pulling a batch of while they cooled a little, and I let him have the first taste. While he sat at the kitchen table and ate that first cookie, complimenting my baking, he asked if I could from the cupboard and opened the fridge, only to realize we were out of milk. "Aw shit..." I sighed, disappointed that I hadn't noticed to grab some before I started

"What's up? Are we out?" He asked, barely waiting until he'd swallowed his last bite.

"Yup," and then a tingling sensation hit me and a thought crossed my mind and reached my lips before I could even process it "...unless you want some of mine?" I light in it, I felt my face grow incredibly hot and my eyes go wide. Did I really just fucking say that?

He took a second, "What?" I turned to face him and couldn't tell if he had actually heard me or if the question was genuine. I chickened out of the conversation my responded with "oh, uh... I said... 'unless you want me to order some?'" He kind of looked at me weird for a second and expressed that I didn't have to do that, bu postmates order at that point so it was too late. I excused myself and went to my bedroom to calm myself and breathe slowly, and my head was flooded with thoug played out if I'd just been a little more brave. It was as if my body knew what I'd maybe almost done, because my production increased for the next day and I had day I had to change multiple times.

So that's how it's been for me so far having my younger brother live with me. It's had me on edge, I've been turned on almost constantly, and I still can't really rea and I've loved having the company, so far it hasn't really cramped my style at all other than having to close my bedroom door a little more and not getting to be co remember every little moment or thought I've had so far, but these ones I've shared are the notable ones I had sitting in my notes app on my phone for when I wa

At times I literally feel like I'm dying from the ache for sex. I've had intrusive thoughts about everything from being bred, to sitting on someone's face, and it's bee

03 -

Original post

Update 1

Update 2

Hi everyone! It's been a while, and I've missed you! I've been pretty busy with work for the last month or so, and I wasn't able to lurk or post at all in that time. BL significant (at least to me) times that have happened since my last update. I thought maybe you would be interested. ---

Sunday

Some friends and I had decided to do Game of Thrones watch parties for the final season. We'd rotate doing it at each other's houses, so that we'd each host twice fi-basically I ended up hosting all but the first episode because my friends all decided I had the best sound system/tv/internet combo for quality viewing. As long as

This particular week though we had decided to go swimming at the pool in my apartment complex first. My brother had to catch up on some homework for his clas met my friends here yet. When my friends got to the apartment, he was in his room hard at work, my friends dropped their stuff off, got changed and we went out Kelly) is blonde, slightly shorter than me, and a little more athletic, she has actually toned abs and firm legs. She had a nice natural tan, and freckles on her chest. (possibly the biggest of any of the women I'm friends with tbh). She wore a blue bikini top with white and black striped bikini bottoms. The other friend (Monica) is figure, small boobs, but really wide hips and thick thighs, and probably the most perfect ass I've seen in person. She wore a neon green one piece that contrasted i black bikini I really like but rarely wear because it sometimes makes me self conscious of my chest. Needless to say my pale skin stood out like a lone streetlight in these two. We stayed out for quite a while, one of my neighbors was having a small get together as well, it was awkward for a bit because it was myself and two ot neighbor and his group of guy friends. I think they were all a good 10 years older than us if not more, and they started trying to chat us up before long. We were a because we couldn't have our own conversation, when one of my friend's boyfriend finally made it to join us. Once he got in the hot tub with us, the older men gav swimming, the boyfriend ended up having to leave because of some sort of issue at his job, so the girls and I dried off and came back inside.

By now my brother was done with his course work, and playing video games in the living room. When the three of us walked in I swear I saw his eyes go wide and crushes on my friends, and when I saw his reaction it reminded me of those days. The girls said hi, and he managed to right himself and introduce himself to them and the girls and I stood in my kitchen and continued out conversation from the pool. Something that would have been super casual until I was reminded of what v

"So yeah, supposedly his cock is both really small and he's super selfish in bed. She said she feels terrible thinking that it might not work out because he's so sweet

"Isn't he the guy that was bragging that he had a 9 inch dick when he was drunk at your graduation party or something?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty sure everyone knew he was lying about that. I think he just thought it would get some girl interested."

"I mean... I'd probably have been curious. I'd love to try something that big just once- ... Rose? Are you okay? You look super pale, like, more so than usual, and you

I felt so awkward because my friends are both very loud talkers, and I didn't want to get involved with the conversation with my brother within earshot. I had blank subject matter reminding me of my brother's assumed significant size. I kind of cocked my head in his direction to remind them of his presence and make it known in front of him.

"Oh come on, you think he hasn't heard worse? He's not even paying attention. It's not like he cares how much dick his sister's getting ... or how much she's NOT get

I glared at Kelly to get her to stop, I knew she was just having fun, but I swear she was purposefully playing up the vulgarity of the conversation because of him. She felt like a bit much, maybe I was just sensitive to it because of the nature of the conversation and the present company. Needless to say we were able to change their comfy clothes. It felt like my brother was on edge throughout the night though, maybe overwhelmed in the presence of the girls and his sister. He was squirming while the girls and I sat together on my big couch.

Maybe it was just poor timing on his part, but during THAT scene with Arya and Gendry, he excused himself to the bathroom and said not to worry about pausing it opportunity to clean up our plates a little. Monica nodded toward the bathroom and made a jerking off motion and acted like she was cumming, and I immediately

"Oh, please. You know he's probably done that at least twice while he's been here right?"

I rolled my eyes and laughed it off, he came back and we finished the episode, before my friends left to go home since we all had work the next day. I changed into comfy panties. I came back into the living room and sat next to him on the couch, checking my phone while he played a game. It was awkwardly quiet so I decided

"I'm sorry if my friends were a little much..."

"They were fine! They seemed nice. ... you know, though... you don't have to censor yourself around me, okay? I'm not a kid, I know you have a sex life and you're not you can't be open about that because I'm here."

I sat for a little just letting what he said gestate.

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. It's just a little embarrassing and I didn't want to gross you out or make you feel awkward about me, you know?"

He got quiet and just nodded before saying "I get that... but Kelly's right, I HAVE heard worse."

I laughed a little, and we sat quietly while he played, after a bit I noticed it was late and retired to my bedroom to do my nightly routine and go to bed.

Friday

I had stayed up late the night before because we went to see Endgame. I came home late from work, during a week when I've already been staying long nights. I had And I had about an hour before I was scheduled for my weekend job. When I got to the apartment, the lights were all off. Usually when he comes home and then I kitchen or the hallway, and that's how I know he's been home. Friday is his shortest day of the week too, done with classes at 2:30pm. So he hadn't been home all any messages from him. I text him to ask where he was, and went to go sit on the couch and watch some Netflix. I decided to stay dressed, so I'm sitting at home little worried and gripping my phone waiting for a response.

Nothing.

After about 30 minutes I decide to call him instead. No answer, in fact it only rings like twice before going to voice mail. And at this point I start to feel my stomach again, and nothing. I text him to call me, and then I decide to check his bedroom. All of his school stuff is gone. Now I'm panicking, I'm due to perform for my other if I leave now I'll be late. Usually I give at least 6 hours notice if I need to cancel a gig. I text the owner of the club I perform at and let him know I'm having an emergency cool about it and expresses hope that I'm okay. But I'm already thinking about how I'm an awful sister.

I'd been so busy with my work all week that I had no idea if he had anything happening. I give it another 30 minutes and call again, nothing. It's 11:45 and I look struggle to find someone I can talk to in order to help me find him. I'm supposed to be taking care of him, I don't have any of his classmate's information, anyone I'm wondering if I should go to the school and look for him, or stay put to see if he'll be home. I start to imagine worst case scenarios. What if he got in an accident my parents... that I let them down, that I couldn't take care of him. Do I call the police? I text one of my friends to let him know what's happening and he offers to I don't even really know where his classes are. I've only been to the campus twice, and only once since he'd started. I tell my friend I'll get back to him and call my

At this point I'm crying, begging him to answer. I put my phone on my coffee table and open the top two buttons on my blouse because I feel like I'm burning up. I the bun I'd had it in. I put my head in my hands and clench my eyes shut, trying to figure out what to do. When I lift my head up I see that I've rubbed my mascara like a mess. I look at the clock and it's almost 1. Honestly it's not that late by our standards, but this is so unlike him. I text my friend again and ask him if he's still He says he was already heading that direction and that he'll keep me posted.

By now, my Apple TV has gone to sleep and my tv has automatically shut off. It's quiet, and I'm pacing the living room trying to think if he said he had anything go appetite is gone because my mind is racing. I'm really stressing, so I go to lay down on my bed. I try to relax and just wait to hear from my friend before doing any unbutton the rest of my blouse and untuck it from my skirt. My hand finds it's way up my skirt and starts to rub over my panties. I need the distraction, something the gusset of my panties, the broad side of my fingers rubbing firmly against my clit, and wetness soaking into the material. It's been a while since I've been in a sex before throwing my panties off and desperately shoving my fingers inside. I clench my eyes shut and try to focus on the feeling, fucking myself desperately. My jaw whimpering pathetically. I cum again and my leg cramps so I have to make myself stop.

I get off the bed and wash my hands, catching myself in the mirror, streaks of mascara down my face, hair disheveled, chest and face flushed. Yep, I look like a mess phone to check if I missed anything, still nothing. It's 2:30 AM and I'm holding back tears realizing I might have to call my parents. I text my friend and he says all I want him to come, that he's about to drive by my apartment complex. I tell him thanks but to go home, that I'll keep him posted.

Suddenly I hear the key in the door to my apartment. I practically drop my phone and rush to the door, as my brother steps in, completely fine, shuts the door and at my state, and in hind sight, I realize that I'm wearing a completely open shirt, with my bra visible, my makeup and hair all fucked up, and unknown to him, no p

He softly and awkwardly says, "hey, are you okay?"

"NO I'M NOT OKAY?! What the FUCK? Where were you! Why didn't you answer me?! Do you have any idea how fucking freaked out I've been all night because of you something happened to you?!"

He looks genuinely ashamed and apologizes, telling me he and some classmates had to work on a group project, that he was at one of their dorms, but that his phone in the school work that he didn't think to ask to borrow a charger. He hadn't realized how long he'd been out because they'd been so busy. I feel! my eyes sting as I relief. We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#) Policies.

I practically attack him, putting my arms around him and holding him tightly. I don't care about my state of dress. I kiss his cheek and tell him I love him and that rising at his hips against mine. But I don't dwell on that too long. I push him away and tell him never to do that to me again. As soon as his phone is charged enou so we can hopefully never have this issue again. I let my friend know everything's okay, and go clean my face and get into my sleep clothes. I end up completely p exhausted from the whole ordeal.

The next morning when I wake up, he's already up and playing video games. He'd covered me with a blanket at some point after I'd fallen asleep, and I get up to s position. I raise my arms up and stretch my back, pushing my hips forward and arching my back, and I realize my boobs are also really sore. I hadn't milked the ni I open my eyes I catch him staring at my chest slack jawed. He tries to hide that he was looking and I try to hide that I caught him, but I'm pretty sure we both fai bedroom and close the door before heading to my bathroom and seeing in the mirror just how hard and prominent my nipples were in my top. It was an old tank t see through. My nipples are making incredibly prominent bumps, and beyond that, you can almost clearly make out the little outline of my areolae. In the reflectior and as if in response, my nipples start to leak milk, little wet spots forming on the top. I feel relieved that this didn't happen in front of him, and I run a bath so I c

I have a few other dates I wrote about during my absence, but I know these are long, and I didn't know if I should post them all at once or spread them out, or if a apologize if this isn't juicy enough for you all and appreciate feedback on if you guys want to read about this sort of gradual progression or not.

04 -

Here are the next few dates I wrote about in my journal for you all. This is a LONG POST, so you've been warned. I know that this might make it sound like stuff is eventful moments all the time with my brother, but keep the dates in mind. I'm only writing about significant moments that burned in my memory and that I had to. Other than that all you're missing is a lot of me fantasizing, touching myself, and feeling hot and bothered around him, and a lot more of us just living together and going to his classes.

Friday, May 3rd

It had been a week since that rather harrowing night, and he'd made it known how sorry he was for not updating me. I think he was surprised at how much I was a of was too. I apologized for reprimanding him the way I did. The next day when I reflected on that night, I realized how much I must have sounded like our mom, y for our cohabitation. We're both adults, but he's still my baby brother. But that night helped us realize we needed better emergency contact options, and overall bet to know that a night like that would hopefully not be happening again.

At about 2 in the afternoon I received a text from him, he was about to get out of class, and was asking if he could call me as soon as he got out. I said "sure", and minutes later.

Essentially, the group of classmates he had been doing his group project with the last Friday were in need of a space to gather and work on the next part of their p was out of the question because that guy's roommate was hosting his own group study thing (which I later found out was just the roommate and his friends watchi guys lived nearby but his parents were hosting a party, the parents of the other guy in the group that lived nearby had flat out said "no", and the lone girl in their c them for her involvement. My brother asked if I would be working late again that night, and if it was okay if they worked on their stuff at our apartment. I said sure bring any drugs or anything. I let him know I was going to be home at 5, kind of early for me, but that I would see if my girl friends wanted to get together and do said that'd be perfect, and we left it at that.

I ended up being able to leave work not long after the phone call, and I made it home before his classmates arrived. I was in the middle of sending a text to my gr everyone's plans were for the night when I entered the apartment. My brother was standing in the kitchen looking a little anxious, eyes wide.

"Wait, are you off work already?"

"Yeah, they let me leave because otherwise I'd have just been sitting their waiting for lighting to get some renders back to me and i was very ahead on my shots." respond. My brother just kind of stood awkwardly thinking before speaking up again.

"What time are you going out?"

"Well, the girls are still at work, and I JUST asked them what their plans are, so I don't know yet. Probably not until at least 6. Why do you want me gone so bad? \ giggled a little to myself just trying to tease him a little.

"No, it's just, well, I... sort of never mentioned I'm living with you."

"You mean to tell me your group thinks you're a [redacted] year old, full time student, who can afford an apartment in THIS area to himself?"

"No! I mean, they know I have a roommate! I just never mentioned that you're my sister. They just know I'm living with some older woman."

I'm sure I made a face, some kind of look, also confused as to whether or not I should feel offended at being considered "an older woman".

"Why wouldn't you just tell them?"

"I don't know! I just thought it sounded cooler to just say I'm living with another adult, as opposed to with my sister, you know? I didn't think it would end up matt

"It DOESN'T matter really, you could just introduce me."

He started to open his mouth, whether to protest or agree I'm not sure, but the doorbell rang before we could continue the conversation. He moved to go answer it

"Can you just... not mention it? Please? It's not a big deal, you'll be gone anyway most of the time they're here."

"You mean I can't mention how much I love my baby brother?" I teased, laying a cutesy voice on a little thick. He rolled his eyes and looked at me expectantly and Fine."

He opened the door and let two of the guys in while I stood behind my kitchen island, drinking a glass of water. There was a really lean and tall guy, looked a little v very dark skinned, wearing a Game Grumps shirt. And a shorter, maybe half an inch-an inch taller than me, kind of heavy set guy, with long blonde hair in a bun, v welcomed them, and they explained that the third guy was on his way, he had just ran to his dorm to get his laptop.

Finally my phone buzzed. One friend was going on a date night with her boyfriend. The second said she was having a bad migraine and just wanted to stay in, take the other two would come through. By now the boys had turned their conversation toward me.

"And this is my roommate" the guys said hi and introduced themselves. I sighed out a bored "hey". At this point a little irritated at my friends and at the conversati the bitchy first impression I had probably made, and corrected, offering them drinks and letting them know if they hadn't eaten yet I'd be down to order pizza for u the living room and started setting up their work space. I started to head to my bedroom and stopped to check my phone, only to find the other two girls also had disappointment as the doorbell rang again. I looked to my brother.

"I'll get it since I'm up." I said as I went to answer the door. I wasn't prepared though. The last guy they were waiting on was wearing a very tight t shirt. He was t toned. He looked like a buff version of Avan Jogia, down to the facial hair. I probably did a shitty job of keeping my eyebrows from shooting up to my hairline in sur and flashed a completely unfair smile.

"I'm here for the orgy?" He said, earnestly.

"EXCUSE me?" I responded. He smiled again. A wicked smile that immediately told me what I needed to know about this guy. Full of himself. Cheap to a fault. K to his advantage. Now I understood why my brother didn't tell them. This is the last guy you want to introduce your sister to.

"I'm kidding! I'm here for the group project." He laughed, before softly muttering, "though now I kind of wish I wasn't." I rolled my eyes but couldn't help smiling a couldn't help rubbing his arm against me as he passed with how wide his shoulders were. Once I closed the door behind him, he turned to me and held his hand ou

"Nice to meet you, you must be the roommate."

"Yep, that's me. ... the roommate." I shook his hand and introduced myself before my brother grabbed his attention.

"Hey man, we're about to get started!" The guy started to set his things down and take out his laptop before saying to me "thanks for letting us use your place ton your plans!" He sat on the floor by the coffee table and I went to my bedroom to get out of my work clothes. I changed into a T-shirt and yoga pants, kept my bra up in my bedroom for the time being, and play Smash/watch Netflix until I had to be at my other job at 11:30. I started to open my door but as soon as I heard a cracked so I could hear a little bit more.

"-never mentioned your roommate looked like THAT, holy shit bro!" I immediately recognized that voice as poor man's Avan Jogia.

Bro: "Yeah, well it never really came up."

PMAJ: "Oh no, I get it dude, you want her all to yourself. Respect."

Bro: "Ha! No I mean, it's not like that at all."

Hoodie: "Oh, is she spoken for?"

Bro: "I'm pretty sure, yeah."

Game Grumps: "Shame..."

Several voices: "Yeah..."

PMAJ: "Do you know how serious it is?"

Bro: "Why?"

PMAJ: "I mean, I'd LOVE to get to be with that, even once." Even if that guy wasn't my type, the direction the conversation was turning at this point had me getting

Hoodie: "Seconded."

PMAJ: "Dude, she's fuckin' stacked. Cute face too, I feel like she looks like someone, like that I've seen on something."

Bro: "She gets that a lot."

PMAJ: "Oh I don't doubt it. I'm just trying to nail down if she looks like a porn star or a movie star. Face says movie star, but the boobs-"

Game Grumps: "I mean, speaking of nailing down" They all, or at least several of them laughed at that.

Hoodie: "How the hell did you meet her anyway, dude?"

Bro: "Uhh, I just answered a craigslist ad."

PMAJ: "Seriously?! I figured most of the roommate want ads were just creepy guys and women looking for strictly other women. Damn! You HAVE to have thought

Bro: "About...? Oh, uh... I mean, I don't know..." By now my heart was racing and I felt bad eavesdropping for so long, so I opened the door and came into the roc saving myself from hearing whatever answer my brother might have been heading toward, or saving him from having to answer at all. They all got awkwardly quiet looking down at their laptops, which, even if I hadn't been eaves dropping I would have immediately put together what they'd been talking about before I'd interrur grab the console out of the dock, keeping my back straight and practically pushing out my ass, before perking back up straight and heading back to my bedroom, r hips as I walked away. I gently shut my door behind me, and as it latched, I heard a frantic whisper.

PMAJ: "Dude, how could you 'NOT know'?!"

Bro: "It's just not like that okay? We should probably call (the girl who was home sick), so we can get started."

I pushed off of the door and lay onto my bed. Feeling my cheeks flushed from the conversation I'd heard. I actually started to wish I could throw off my clothes and how many people are just on the other side of the door. I ended up distracting myself with some Pokémon, Smash, and random YouTube junk, until about 6 when I

They had actually been pretty quiet for a while, just the sounds of typing and clicking with the occasional incomprehensible muttering to each other. I figured they I I quietly came out of my bedroom.

"How's it going, boys?"

"Great, now that you're back." PMAJ immediately responded with. Apparently he was always on. My brother made a combination sigh, sound of disgust or somethir the eye roll that probably accompanied it, but I did my best not to react.

"Are you all hungry at all? I was thinking about ordering pizza if that's still good with everyone." They all agreed and we figured out our order, and the group decide food. We ended up playing Mario Kart until the food came and then ate while the group explained what their class project was. I ended up leaving them alone after for my gig. I was relieved I didn't have to change at home because I could have just imagined the comments if I had come out of my room in one of my cocktail dr

By the time I made it back home at almost 3 in the morning, the guys had left and it was just my brother playing Days Gone. I said a brief "hello", thanked him for went straight to get into more comfortable clothes, a pink crop zip hoodie, unzipped maybe a bit too generously, and baby blue panties. It was purposeful. I don't k than the tank tops I would usually wear, but my stomach was exposed, and my boobs were just a little tug away from being let loose. It felt daring for me. I came my legs up under me.

"Sooo... were you planning on telling anyone that you're living with your sister?"

He was quiet for a second, he kind of aimlessly navigated around the game menus until he saved and quit.

"I mean, I don't know. Yeah? I just haven't really talked much about my living situation. It didn't seem like a big deal. You're not mad are you?"

I thought about it for a second. Was I REALLY mad? Probably not. I don't really know what I felt. I wasn't hurt that he hadn't told anyone that I'm his sister. But ma roommates" as far as anyone knew. I don't know. It felt like a dumb thing to be hung up on. Maybe I just wanted to hear his classmates' reactions if he had said w know there'd be nothing weird about it. And then I noticed he was still waiting on an answer and I felt embarrassed.

"No, I mean I get it, you don't have to tell them at all if you think it'll sound cooler or whatever. I think it was just unexpected finding out right before they arrived. anything to you. They're YOUR friends though, so you can tell them whatever, and I'll refrain from acting like your sister, but I'm not going to lie on your behalf. Is i

He finally turned to me and his eyes dropped to the zipper briefly. He spoke slowly like he had to think about what he was saying.

"That's fair. Thanks. I'm sorry about [PMA]]. I'm used to him being more subdued when it's just the group working, I forgot he can be kind of..."

"A lot?", I interjected. "It's okay. It's nice to feel attractive now and again, even if I have no interest in him."

"OH thank god. Please don't. You can do so much better. And I can only take so much of that guy, I'd hate to have him around all the time, much less have to watch on a regular basis."

I couldn't help laughing at that. "You just don't want to be a third wheel, or have to see him coming out of my bedroom in just his boxers." He scrunched his face at his shoulder for a second. "Well thanks for looking out for me." He just kind of made a sound of confirmation and checked his phone. I saw the time on it and realized it was midnight, giving him a peck on the cheek, and went to bed feeling warm and fuzzy.

Sunday, May 5th

During the Game of Thrones viewing party, my friends got to spend more time with my brother, and hit it off pretty well with him. Kelly's boyfriend bonded with him and they played some Jackbox games in which my brother slowly warmed up to our very risqué senses of humor and it was a great time. This time the boys got to join us at the party.

Unlike last week, it was just us, no neighbors around. And after a little while, we all moved to the hot tub. The girls and I got in first, huddled together, and the men followed. I was the wall that separated the pool from the hot tub, and my eyes widened as I once again caught a slight glimpse of the outline of his cock in his trunks. He REALLY reacted to it, but I saw Monica tense up and grab Kelly by the arm, so I was pretty positive they noticed too. I was so tense at that point that I couldn't relax, my skin felt like it was crawling. My brother altogether, which sucks because I wanted to see if I could catch him looking at any of the girls, or even me.

Later on that night Kelly's bf, my brother, and I were getting food in the kitchen, and while the guys were talking about video games, the girls were over on my couch. I couldn't hear what they were talking about, because they were using hushed tones, but there was a lot of giggling, and at one point, Kelly playfully shoved Monica. I just heard "OMG you're fucking terrible, you'd better not say anything to her!". They calmed and changed the subject it seemed, before joining us in my kitchen. I wish I could have heard the conversation, it's been killing me ever since, wondering if they were talking about what I think they were.

Wednesday, May 8th

I got home a little late, work had catered dinner, and I was exhausted. So when I came home, I just set all of my stuff down, and sat with my brother for a bit. When I went to take a bath. I had left my bedroom door cracked, and my bathroom wide open. It's kind of the standard at this point, mostly so my bathroom doesn't get too hot. I pamper myself, so I dropped a bath bomb, which I've only done maybe once before. It made the water turn a really pretty turquoise, which I can best describe as 'like a tropical beach'. I turned on this little salt rock lamp, and shut off the main light before settling into the water. It was incredibly idyllic. I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the warmth, my chest wet, before I sunk into the water almost completely submerged.

I broke the water and sat with my head rested on the wall of the tub, and my arms on the sides. I put my hair into a loose bun and then turned to my left to grab my phone. I was in so I could put some music on, ...but it wasn't there. Fuck. I'd left it in my purse, on the counter when I got home. "Oh well. I guess I'll just have to do without for now." I expressed a little bit of milk, reveling in the sensation of the release of pressure, and I started to get a little turned on. I was going to give my fingers something else to do, but I couldn't get it to turn back on, and then I noticed the muffled sounds from the TV in the living room had stopped. Actually it was creepily dark outside of the bathroom.

I was about to call out to my brother when I saw a white flashing coming from the hallway, he knocked on my door and I realized it was the flashlight on his phone.

"Are you okay in there?" He asked.

"Yeah? Did the power go out or something?" I asked, instinctively closing my legs and covering my breasts with my hands, holding them to my chest like they were mine.

"Yeah, looks like the whole complex is out, I was in the middle of saving my game! Ugh I hope the file didn't get corrupted!"

"That sucks..." I replied, and there was silence for a beat. I figured I'd stay in the bath since there was nothing else to do, but I wanted my phone. I was weighing in my mind if I should go get it, but I decided against it. I was about to decide against it when he asked.

"Do you need anything?" He sounded like he was back in the living room.

"Uhhhhh, actually, yeah. Would you mind bringing me my phone? It's in my purse on the counter. Should be in the pocket on the side."

"Okay!" He called out, sounding even further away. I sat up in the bath, trying to listen for his whereabouts over the sound of the water. Suddenly I could see the light under the bedroom door.

"I uh... can I come in?"

"Yeah, it's okay, bring it to me please."

He pushed the door open and slowly, gently padded his way to the door to my bathroom. He suddenly was very interested in the wall. "I, do you-?"

"It's okay, bring here." I held out one arm with my palm out ready to take my phone, and tried my best to corral my boobs with the other. He slowly made his way to the door, I saw how laser focused he was on my hand and nothing else. He placed the phone gently in my hand.

"Thanks, babe" I breathed, in a purposefully husky voice. I turned toward the wall of the tub and tapped around on my phone with my arm over the side.

"Do ... you need anything else?" He said, now back at the doorway of the bathroom standing awkwardly.

I thought about it for a second. "No, you're free to go, servant. Or you could stay and keep me company, if you'd like?" I gave him an innocent, pouty look.

"Uhh, sure," he muttered, "where do you want me to-"

"You can sit by the tub if you want. I'm not going to bite." I took my arm back in to the tub, and brought them both in to cover my chest. I really hadn't meant anything as he got closer, I felt goosebumps on my skin, and it sank in how exposed and vulnerable I felt.

He sat on the mat by my tub, and leaned against it with his back to me. We just sat in silence for a little bit. I gently cupped water in my hands and poured it over my head. The only sounds in the room were the drips of the bath water.

"You take a lot of baths, huh?" He finally said.

"I never really had the privacy to back home, so I'm making up for it now. Plus, it's relaxing. It's my reward after a long day at work." He just kind of nodded his head. I set my phone down in my little dish, and dropping my arms from my boobs to get comfortable. "So... how are you doing? Here, I mean. It's been a little over a week."

"Yeah! It's been great! I also feel like we rarely get to see each other without mom and dad. I wish we'd gotten to do that more in the past to be honest. I was worried about all the time."

"I really haven't! You've been fine. I thought it was going to be a more difficult adjustment really, I'm so used to living by myself at this point. So other than having my phone, I masturbate whenever I want-" to which he kind of jerked like he would have done a spit take, "-KIDDING!" (I wasn't kidding) "I've loved having you here. It's been great."

"Good, so... it's okay if I stay?"

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"Of course! I already assumed you would be."

"Oh thank god, now that I've seen what the dorms look like, I MUCH prefer this."

"Well, plus your classmates seem to think your roommate is pretty cool." I think he missed the sarcasm when I said this.

"Hah, yeah." We sat in silence for a little longer. I just stared at the candlelight reflected on the water until I blurted out-

"I kind of wish the lamp was on so you could see how cool the water looks with this bath bomb."

He shifted, "Yeah? What's so-" and then he turned around and looked into the tub. I was suddenly very alert, and I jerked my hands up to cover my tits, but as he was, I was bluntly reminded of the fact that I was naked. My legs were held tightly together, and between that and the dim candlelight he probably couldn't see ar mine, and in that moment, I'm sure I looked like a deer in headlights. Holding my tits to myself, eyes wide. And suddenly he seemed to understand, his eyes went

"Oh-oh my god! Fuck, I'm sorry!" he stammered out.

"No! I- it's okay, I just didn't know you were going to- you caught me off guard!"

"I know, it was like a reflex! You we're talking about the water so I- I'm sorry!"

I just put a wet hand on his shoulder. He turned to look at it for a second, startled, and then at my face.

"It's okay, I promise" I smiled at him and he gave me a weak smile in return, and then turned forward again. We sat quietly for a little longer before I realize the w

"Hey um, I'd like to get out." I say softly.

"Okay." He responded, but didn't move. He just sat there like a dumbass, while I stared at the back of his head expectantly, my brow raised.

"Dude, you need to leave." I said, trying not to laugh or sound bitchy. He startled.

"Oh- right! Oh my god, sorry!" He stood up and started to turn toward me and then quickly put his hand up to his face to block his peripheral vision. He turned on l back into the hallway and living room. I turned the flashlight for my phone on and aimed it at my sink so it could reflect off the mirror and give me better lighting. : dried off. Did my skin care routine, put my hair back in the loose bun, and got dressed. A gray oversized hoodie and yoga pants. After that moment in the bath I fe again.

I ended up going out to the living room and hanging out for a bit. We propped the switch up on my coffee table and played some Overcooked in it, and eventually t kicked back on I realized how hot I'd been, and decided to turn in. I brushed my teeth, took off the hoodie and yoga pants and laid out on my sheets for a bit lettin eyes i couldn't stop thinking about the moment when he was looking into the tub, right at my pussy. He probably didn't see anything but the V where my thighs me saw. In my head he looked at me and when we locked eyes, he reached out to cup my breast. He reached down and my knees parted for him so easily while his fin moment, startling and left me frozen in place, now had me burning up and wanting. When I came out of my head I realized I had already started fingering myself, small orgasms, before I went to the bathroom to wash my hands and finish milking my breasts.

Suddenly wide awake, I figured I'd go back into the living room and spend more time with him. But when I came out, his bedroom door was closed with his light st up staying up a little longer watching Netflix before I drifted off.

Hopefully this is still okay for me to post here, I'm still kind of unsure how much people enjoy reading about this stuff since some of its pretty mundane compared t I've had fun recording it all and being able to share it, because it's really driving me crazy having to keep things to myself. I really appreciate this outlet. Thank you

05 -

Here are the next few dates I wrote about. They may not seem all that eventful to a lot of you, but I still felt like they were important enough to note.

Thursday, May 9th

Honestly I'm not sure how I managed to get all my work done today. I couldn't stop thinking about last night, I couldn't stop playing the fantasies in my head, the he just reached out and touched me. It was a stupid idea to wear a skirt to work today because I was so self conscious. I knew I was incredibly wet, and I have no I'm just paranoid because I share an office with two guys, but I felt so on edge all day. I kept clamping my thighs shut but then I couldn't stop rubbing them togeth good, I almost went too far at least twice before I got up to go to the restroom and splash a little cold water on my face. I couldn't wait to get home and REALLY pu right now that I'm finally home in my bed I can practically feel how wet I am.

But when I got home, he wanted to talk to me. He was very serious and I was irritated because I just wanted to run to my room and shut the door, and shove my f

"Hey, about last night..." he started, and admittedly every time I've imagined those words coming from one of us I've pictured it following something much more st bath.

"What's up?"

"I'm sorry I looked, I didn't mean to, are you okay?"

I actually laughed out loud for a second, truthfully I felt bad that he'd clearly been wrestling with guilt over it all day and was probably dreading this conversation, r memory of it and my own mental fanfiction it had inspired. "Oh my god, of course I'm okay! Seriously, it's okay. I know you didn't really mean to." I saw him relax didn't know I was THAT hard on the eyes though, that you're actually SORRY you looked."

He looked dumbfounded for a second, "I didn't mean it like that- I just- it was so dark I didn't even really see much, but-"

"Oh, well lucky you then, your virgin eyes remain pure!"

It felt like he completely lost his train of thought. "I've s... I don't mea-" and then he just kind of stopped.

"I'm just fucking with you. Look, I know you weren't trying to do that. It's totally okay, I'm sorry if I made you feel otherwise. I'm the one who invited you in, I cou just caught me off guard, so if my reaction made you feel like I was more traumatized by the whole experience, I'm here to tell you that I'm genuinely okay. Okay?"

He smiled and looked me in the eye. "Okay. Thanks. I just don't want to make you feel uncomfortable having me around and have second thoughts about me stayi

I had to interject. "Seriously? I meant what I said last night. I love having you here. I'm more comfortable than I thought I'd be. Even just the fact that I can comfr deal for me, I had already kind of assumed I wouldn't be able to. You've been very respectful of my boundaries, and I like to think I've been respectful of yours as these things like we are now, or any other problems we may have. This is your home too, and if I have to remind you of that every day until it sinks in, then I will. want to."

He laughed at that, and waited a beat until he could tell I was finished. "You've been respectful, I promise. Thanks, I love you."

"I love you too." At that I extended my arms to him and we hugged. I squeezed him a little tighter for a second before letting go to try and get the air out of him.

"And for what it's worth, surely based on some of the reactions I've seen you get from others, you must know you're not 'hard on the eyes'." He added. And I didn' could feel my cheeks flush and I blushed, and I knew I was a little embarrassed and I tucked my hand and my face in to my chest and I was just like, "oh my god, I was just sitting there lik

I ended up deflecting the compliment, which is honestly my typical move, truthfully I can be very shy in person. "I bet PMAJ would flip his shit if he knew what hap

He laughed, "God, no kidding. He'd probably pry for all kinds of details so he could live vicariously through my experience." We both kind of made a face at that idea and finally got to my bedroom.

So here I am, my panties were definitely soaked and I'm aching so bad. I'm stopping here because I don't want to wear out my hands before I get started.

Friday

Tonight was simultaneously amazing and terrifying. My brother hosted his group at our apartment again, but I worked until about 7, so they were deep into their w group was there, including the girl who was sick last time, a petite Korean girl, I want to call her because she was wearing the jacket, but I'll just call her Trish. I th was kind of adorable to be honest. We talked for a little bit, and I said I was relieved to have another girl around. I'd almost forgotten about Poor Man's Avan Jogia, my back.

I whipped around and luckily he immediately seemed to realize he had made a wrong move. He seemed genuinely apologetic for both startling me and putting his tense exchange but it was resolved almost instantaneously.

"I didn't think we'd get to see you tonight! You look VERY well." He said once the awkwardness was out of the way.

I glanced at Trish and she just kind of made a face and rolled her eyes in a way that communicated to me: 'THIS fuckin' guy', which almost made me laugh out loud. I said, "You're bad yourself, too bad you're stuck doing course work on a Friday night." I said in a tone that I THOUGHT was dripping with sarcasm, but he seemed to take it as flattery before gathering himself.

"Well, maybe later I won't be, if you know something better I could be doing with my time." The charm he put on made me feel like he'd have pinned me to a wall if he hadn't been coming on so strong from the first time I'd met him, if he hadn't given off such horn dog vibes, if I hadn't overheard their conversation from the last time I'd been interested. I crossed my arms.

"I might have some ideas," I said, while acting as coy as I could, playing with a lock of my hair and twisting it around my finger. He clearly thought he had an in, and actually kind of gave me goosebumps. It would have been a turn on in most situations, I realized I had to shut this down though, because he was taking me seriously.

His smile faltered almost comically, and he laughed, saying "Oh that's cold blooded." I winked and went to turn away, only to bump right into my brother who I had come to talk to us. Way to ruin my exit. I let him know my plans for the night and he let me know they were wrapping up early because they needed feedback from the

Everyone said their goodbyes and once they were finally out the door, my brother turned to me with a grin. "I feel like I haven't had a free Friday night in forever!"

"Well, we can hang for a little and grab something to eat, but I have a show tonight soooooo-

"You know, I actually haven't seen you perform since you sang the national anthem at your senior homecoming game." He said, in a way that suggested he wanted

"That's not true, I was singing just last night while cooking." I playfully added.

"That doesn't count!"

"I know, I know. Honestly, no one's actually seen me perform here. I mean, I've only asked once, but none of my friends were able to make it, and no one's ever a

"Well, can I come with you tonight? Maybe we could invite your friends too." He seemed eager at this point, but I was actually starting to get nervous at the whole usual shyness and come out of my shell when I'm on stage singing for potential strangers. I rarely get nerves about that, but the idea of my brother in the audience, who have only heard me belt out a tune on the rare occasion we go to a karaoke bar, suddenly sounds so daunting. But maybe it would be a good idea to finally get out of the way and into the open. I nodded and picked up my phone.

"Let me text them and see what they're doing tonight." I text the group chat 'hey, I have a gig tonight and my bro wants to come and make a thing of it, you all want to come?' and they all confirmed they were in. Two girls had plans and took a rain check. Followed later by Monica, and another girl in the group and her bf ended up deciding to tag along. My nerves were really getting to me, and my appetite was gone. I decided to rearrange my planned set list to be more of the songs I'm comfortable with. I mentally prepared myself for the night on the rack when I get there. "Okay I guess this is happening." I said to both him, and myself, before finally going to get out of my work clothes. When I went to the door, a paper stuck in between the door and the frame. I unfolded it and read it:

"Missed you today, just in case you missed me too: (phone number) -PMAJ (winky face)"

I made some sort of sound of disgust and crumpled the paper, turned and threw it at my brother. "Did you know about this?"

He picked it up off the floor and uncrumpled it, and read it for himself. "Wow he really never quits." Then a really dumb smile formed on his face. "You want to invite me to the party?" he asked with an expectant grin.

"Sure, but let's tell him I'm performing at the full nude gentlemen's club instead and send him to the wrong place."

My brother laughed and I finally entered my bedroom and shut the door behind me. I milked a little bit so my breasts wouldn't be too full and risk leaking, and I to

We all met up at my apartment and ended up going out to eat together, I wore black skinny jeans and a leather jacket, with very light makeup to prepare to do full because my stomach just felt like it wanted to do flips. But I was able to socialize well enough thankfully. Eventually we left for the club and they sat at a table up for the owner know to treat them well and went backstage to my changing room to get my face on and to get dressed. I did my hair, usually I just curl it a little and blow-dry it to bounce and volume. I gave the band my revised set list for their approval (all songs we're familiar with so I didn't spring anything on them by any means), and they played instrumentals.

For those of you who don't know, on Friday and Saturday nights, I sing at a local jazz lounge. They have headlining sax players and two male singers who do Sunday headlining female performer, so I get those nights because the regulars are mostly male, and those are the busiest nights of the week. The sax player has jokingly called me the kind of vibe I go for with my stage presence. I sing old staples from the likes of Julie London and Peggy Lee, and recently some jazz covers of contemporary pop. When the band needs a break, I'll sit at the piano and do a solo. When I need a break, or to change outfits, they'll jam for a song or two, and I'll come mingle with them.

I set my phone on the vanity, and looked at my reflection. I knew I looked good, but my brother, and none of my friends, had ever seen me this dolled up. My favorite thing I have to tape to my breasts, with a slit that goes all the way up to my hips, an elegant costume necklace with a large ruby that sits right at the top of my cleavage, and 4 inch black heels with sparkly accents on them. I reapplied my lipstick and checked to make sure the coverage was good, and I applied a little bit of glitter to my cheeks. I love the way it looks in the spotlight. I don't overdo the makeup by any means, but it's definitely slightly more than I think my friends and family had ever seen.

I think I was noting all of this because I felt self conscious waiting to be called up to the stage, and as I made that observation, I was called up to the stage. I slowed my breathing, took a few calming breaths, and then I made my way out onto the stage. I glanced briefly at their table, and saw their eyebrows all raised. I smiled when I managed to hear Kelly's voice in the crowd responding to my introduction. The girls were cheering and clapping and Monica was mouthing "YASSSSS BITCHH!", my brother was smiling really wide at the sight of his friends. I felt my nerves come to a head and I just dove in. I motioned to the sax player, and the band did a silent count in before going for the opening sting of Blue Suede Shoes. BOTH Kelly and her boyfriend exclaim "HOLY SHIT!", and almost lost it. But I pushed through and the nerves completely went away, and I knew I was going to be a professional.

It went incredibly well, my friends were all very into it, I think they knew I could sing but not like this, they'd definitely never seen me dance, and really I don't dance. I have mildly suggestive little actions with my hands (like a seductive "you may a friend" and a "hold it for the camera") and I'm really dancing with the Pollester to respond to for a while and have a really good rapport with them all). A highlight a little past 1am, the other couple had left, Kelly's boyfriend had gone to the bar

my brother at the table. We were doing Just One Dance by Caro Emerald, one of my all time faves, and I usually come out into the audience and pick a random tab this point in the night I was comfortable enough to give that attention to my friends.

I came up to Monica and ran my fingertips up her arm to her shoulder as she was clapping-

"I'm like the smoke on your fire,"

I moved to Kelly and ran my hand through her hair, tousling it slightly-

"smoldering endless desire,"

And then I got to my brother moved in front of him. I leaned over him, one of my hands over his shoulder, gripping the back of the chair, and I tilted him forward s

"How long will your flame burn?"

I let his chair go and it returned upright while he gripped the seat by his thighs. Monica and Kelly were cheering and clapping, and I turned away to get back on the my brother and his mouth was open, but I wasn't able to read his expression. I wasn't intentionally trying to tease or make a move on him, I was honestly just play would have done it to Kelly's boyfriend instead had he been in his seat. I felt like I was on fire though, the crowd was into it the way they usually are, but I feel like another level. We finished out the set and I went backstage to change into my casual clothes again.

When I came out from backstage to meet up with everyone I suddenly felt nervous again, but as soon as I was out in the public area, Monica practically hug tackle

"Oh my god, girl! You fucking killed it! I can't believe we hadn't seen you do this before, you're amazing! AND HOW DID YOU KEEP YOUR TITTIES IN THAT DRESS?"

I felt the nerves melt away again and burst out laughing at that, and then Kelly and her boyfriend congratulated me on a good show and complimented me. Finally

"Holy fuck, that was way better than the homecoming game, that was some professional level shit, I knew you had a great voice but I had NO idea you could do TH quickly and then the rest of the group kind of grunted in agreement. I thanked them all and then asked if we could go back to my place because I was fucking star parking lot while I said goodbye to the band and the owner.

We hung out for a little bit and I didn't end up eating because I was more tired than usual after a Friday night set. I think the nerves took a lot out of me. I closed t immediately took my bra out from under my shirt and kicked off my pants. I picked them up and was going to head to my bedroom to pass out but my brother stop

"Hey, wait. Seriously, you were amazing, and I'm so glad you're actually doing something with that talent, it's really cool. You could be doing that full time, but it's job. I'm really proud of you sis. You're kind of fucking awesome."

I didn't know what to say, he was so emphatic and I felt my eyes stinging and I just wanted to melt. Maybe it was the words, maybe it was the high from how well called me 'sis' like that, I don't know. Were I a lesser being I would have pushed him into his room, onto his bed, and done any manner of things to him to show m through my brain in an instant like a vision from iZombie or something, but instead, I settled for reaching up to kiss him softly on the jaw. I lingered just slightly, b telling him 'goodnight'. When I got to my bed I threw myself on it and flailed my legs in a fit of excitement to keep from screaming into the air from how completel dry, taking off my makeup and washing my face, and then passing out in the middle of my girl friends blowing up the group chat about my performance. I slept fuc

Sunday

The final Game of Thrones viewing party. Everyone was able to make it, and we had a ton of food. We had a great time discussing the show when it finished, and n suggested we go back out to the pool now that it was dark and the pool lights were on. We were mulling it over when she added-

"Let's go skinny dipping!"

To which we all laughed and then realized she might be serious.

"Yeah! Come on, we're all adults, nothing we haven't seen before."

Kelly turned very red, and Monica winked at her, I caught it. My mind immediately jumped to the conclusion that they just wanted to see my brother naked to satis my blood boil in... jealousy? I spoke up

"I'm okay with swimming, but I'm not getting naked.

She laughed and gripped the bottoms of her bikini cups. "We just need someone to break the tension!" She lifted the cups and exposed her boobs to the room. Eve brother's "O-OH MY GOD?" And saw him trying to look anywhere but directly at her, out of respect I guess? I'd seen her topless before but she wasn't going to con

"Monica, I'm not going to risk getting my brother and I evicted over this, we can't."

She sighed. "Ugh. I know." She put her top back on properly and turned to Kelly's boyfriend. "Ya'll really need to get your pool cleaned so we can have some fun ar shrugged. It wasn't quite a 'no'.

I put my hand on my brother's shoulder, "Monica, I'd appreciate you not exposing your sinful body to my innocent baby brother, thank you very much."

She laughed and gave me a faux offended look. "Puhleez. Between the internet and growing up with YOUR back breakers bouncing around the house, that boy's pr

My brother got a little red and laughed a little before clearing his throat, which caused us all to laugh.

Later on they all went home, and my brother and I sat on the couch watching YouTube.

"I hope I didn't embarrass you earlier, I was just having fun."

He let out a shaky breath. "No it's okay, i thought it was funny. ... Was she actually serious about skinny dipping?"

"I don't know, probably. I wouldn't put it last her, she certainly didn't hesitate to whip her tits out in front of all of us."

He laughed a little "yeeaaaah... that wasssss..."

"Oh shut up, you liked it." I said dismissively while checking my phone.

"I never said I didn't!" He held up his hands in mock surrender, before muttering under his breath. "Kind of wish it had been Kelly though."

I turned to him slowly in shock, "oh my god! You dog- Probably just 'cause she's got the bigger boobs!"

"Of the two? Yeah, true, what can I say? I'm a-"

"Please, stop talking." I tried to look as stern as possible but I couldn't help it and burst out laughing. So my brother is potentially a tit man, good to know.

"If it wasn't for me being here, would you have done it?" He asked, once the laughter passed.

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"Don't what? Gone skinny dipping?"

"Yeah. I mean you could have just told me to stay inside or something and I'd have understood. I don't want to get in the way of what you and your friends want to want time to yourself."

Suddenly this conversation seemed to get a little more serious than I'd anticipated. "Hey, no. I meant what I said about not wanting to get kicked out of the apartment being around, you're not just a tagalong. My friends all like you too. If I want time to myself, I'll let you know, but you're not getting in the way of me having fun with anything to make you feel otherwise." I held his hand and looked at him as he seemed contemplative. I squeezed it gently.

"You haven't, I think I just kind of realized that maybe there's some stuff you'd normally do that you feel like you can't now because I'm around."

"Maybe, but it's not a problem for me at all. I don't know, maybe if we were somewhere private I'd have been talked into skinny dipping. I really was thinking more over the idea of being naked in front of you. I also haven't been naked in front of these people, I haven't gone skinny dipping since high school. Would you have do

He didn't even need a second to think. "GOD no!"

"Oh wow! Make me feel like the weird one then!" We laughed, but it actually did kind of give me pause. Maybe that was a sign he's not receptive to this whole thing his body to be naked in front of older people. I don't know, maybe he's a never-nude. But by then it was late and the moment had passed. So we said our 'good night

Thank you to everyone who reads. Everyone who upvotes, everyone who comments. I'm having fun being able to share this stuff and I hope you're all still enjoying what you have stuck around all this time. ❤️

06 -

First off, I just want to say that some of the comments and messages I've received lately have been so incredibly sweet and encouraging. I never expected people to do some of you have, I try not to get too in my head about it or try too hard when I write because I know people seem to appreciate the honesty and vulnerability in it to appreciate the kind words. Thank you

All that being said, this is somewhat of a significant post because I contemplated for days whether or not I wanted to share this particular entry. I decided that it's important with my brother, so it wouldn't have been fair to you all not to include it. As I milked it over I realized that it's probably significant enough, (and long enough) to warrant

Friday

(If you're someone who finds breast milk disgusting, this might be a good entry to skip because I'm going to talk about it a lot.)

I fucked up so bad. I've been working really hard and putting in extra time at work because we're so close to a big milestone. Last night I got home so late, I didn't fall asleep (I did keep him updated via text, so he wouldn't worry about me though). I pretty much went straight to bed, I was exhausted and passed out as soon as I woke up in the morning too! I took a quick shower and wore comfortable clothes to work today just because I didn't have time to coordinate an outfit. Yoga pants and a t-shirt. It was my mistake; I hadn't milked before bed last night, and my boobs were starting to ache.

Had I realized even 20 minutes earlier, I might have been able to relieve some pressure at the sink and hope no one else came in, maybe enough to tide me over until I was busy as we tried to make sure everyone would get the full holiday weekend.

Typically, I milk myself before bed, and in extreme cases, I could go two days before I started to get painfully full. Since I don't have anyone to feed, my breasts take a long time to milk often. I've only let it get super bad ONCE early when I first started lactating, and that was a mistake I never want to repeat. I'd been careful to never have to go to public. HOWEVER, a couple months ago I started birth control, and the only real side effect I've experienced so far has been a bit of an increase in production. I still sometimes I just have to milk both before and after bed. It's not quite doubled, maybe like 1.5x the production I was used to?

At this point it was just a general ache, but I knew it was going to get worse, I just had to get through work. I had everything I needed to get done, done by around noon. Meetings, reviews, and notes. I kept thinking, 'thank god my brother's group project was meeting at the dorms this week'. They typically worked until after midnight even if my work ran late. I also didn't have to perform for the holiday weekend, since I had stayed to perform for the big New Years event at earlier in the year. I just

Around 4 though, the aching turned into all around tenderness. My breasts felt heavy and I just wanted to lay down, but I was stuck having to sit for the rest of the day and I just wished I could be excused and just get the email summary later but I had to show my stuff for review, and it's a big thing that you're supposed to be comfortable. Normally not a problem, but today it was becoming torture. Think of a time you've had to pee really badly and had to hold it, it's like that, it's distracting and it's painful. I burst at any second.

By the time I was able to leave work near 7pm, I was in incredible pain. My breasts were very hot, and I couldn't wait to get home and throw my bra off. I was focused on drive home, and trying not to panic. I was afraid to look at my boobs because I seriously thought I could have mastitis, and I'd done such a good job of avoiding them. I shut the door behind me and ran to my room, throwing my top off on the way to my bathroom. While facing my mirror, I carefully took my bra off, my boobs were throbbing. Veins pushing up against my skin that were not normally visible. I was painfully engorged. I gently held my boobs so they wouldn't settle painfully from the sudden release. My boobs were almost hard, and I sucked in air through my teeth as I ran my fingers over the deep red grooves the bra had left in my skin. I winced as I touched. I was incredibly sensitive, and usually that's a very very good thing, but right now it was too much, and it was painful. They were too tender. I was dreading having to milk them to release.

Since I had the house to myself I decided to just milk in the living room so I could watch tv and sit up more comfortably than on my bed or in the tub. I hadn't been able to move in. It was only a little after 8 so I had a couple of hours, which should have been enough. I changed into some little tennis shorts, and grabbed a random t-shirt from my kitchen. My hands were too shaky to bother finding something I wanted to watch so I just had the tv on and let it go to sleep while I started.

Usually I just kind of tease my nipples until they're hard, and then gently apply pressure, massaging the tissue around my nipples to get the milk flowing until my breasts are full by continuing to massage the milk from my breasts. But even just the lightest touch on my nipples almost burned with how tender everything was. I powered through the work up to massaging the sensitive tissue. It was excruciating, but I had no choice. I whimpered and groaned, and kept massaging my breasts to try and get the flow going. My nipples were achingly hard, and I could feel the milk ready to come, but nothing was happening. I wanted to cry, I needed the release so bad.

Sometimes even when I'm not excessively full, the milk doesn't start flowing until I'm more aroused. Usually I get that way automatically by handling my breasts, but I lost touch with my mind. I went ahead and grabbed my vibe from my bedroom, I figured the stimulation might help encourage the first few drops. I returned to the couch and put them around my ankles. I leaned back a little and started to tease around my clit with the vibe on its low setting. Trying my best to focus on that sensation over the discomfort. Finally making direct contact on my clit with the vibe, I started to see a little bead of milk form at my left nipple.

"Fucking finally! Thank fucking god!" I breathed to myself. I took the vibe to my mouth and got it slick so I could insert it and hope it would be enough to help more milk come and put it on my lap. With both hands I started to knead my breast tissue, until both nipples had beads of milk. With a little more attention and stimulation I was able to give my breasts a bit of rest, I got up and took the vibe to my bathroom sink to clean when I was done, I just didn't need that additional distraction. I was still frustrated and coaxed a few more drops into the bowl.

"Please, please, please, please, please" I just kept repeating. But I couldn't get more than a couple of drops. Tears started rolling down my cheeks from the frustration of the task at hand I would have probably broken into sobs I was in so much pain. I licked my finger tips and started to rub my clit a little more, pressing deliberately for help, and finally I was able to get a full on squirt of milk into the bowl. I licked my fingers clean and started tugging at both breasts, both now releasing more and more milk into play, but it was at least better than nothing. The release didn't even feel good yet, it actually kind of hurt. But I knew I needed this milk out of me.

I was sitting hunched over the bowl a little, my knees spread, my panties around one ankle, just pulling at my nipples, and occasionally wincing in pain, tears still running down my face. I heard a key in the front door.

"FUCK ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME WHAT THE FUCK?!" I sort of shout whispered in frustration. I scrambled and put the bowl on the coffee table, careful not to door when I came home. I wanted to shout to prevent the door from being opened but I was so flustered and panicked that I couldn't form the words. The knob st the only thing I could. I grabbed a nearby throw pillow and hugged it to my chest desperately as my brother stepped into the apartment, saw me, and stopped in h

"Um... what-" he stood there with the door open, probably not even for that long but I was on edge and panicked. I probably looked like a mess.

"PLEASE close the door!" I said, trying not to yell, my voice cracking out shakily. He suddenly snapped into action, closed the door and locked it. Before turning to r

"Are you okay? What's going on?" And then I think he started to take in the scene. I was obviously naked behind the pillow, trying my best to hide my crotch and n were on the floor. His eyes darted back to mine. "Were youuu...?" And then he looked at the table and saw the big bowl with the milk in it. He tilted his head in con my tears start coming again. I could feel my heart beating in my chest, and my pulse pounding in my head from the embarrassment and the adrenaline.

In a calm and measured tone, I softly spoke. "Can you please... just go to your room for a second so I can clean up? I'll let you know when I'm done." I couldn't lo the coffee table, and he looked like he was about to express some sort of concern for a second before rethinking.

"Of course." He shouldered his laptop bag and quietly walked into his room, gently shutting the door. I waited a second to make sure everything was clear and ther let out a long shuddering sigh, trying not to burst into more tears. I pulled the pillow from my chest and didn't even know how to react to the steaks of milk that h trouble getting anything out, my boobs would keep going after I stopped. I unzipped the cushion cover and checked to make sure the milk hadn't soaked through t removed the cover and threw it in the wash along with the towel I had sat and semi-masturbated on. I bit my lip to keep the tears under control as I bent down to me into the my room.

Moving to my bathroom, I sat down in the tub and gently started to massage my aching nipples again. They were still incredibly hard and dripping with milk, so at had brought the bowl with me but now that I was in the tub, I just didn't care and let the milk spray into my lap and around the tub. I closed my eyes and tried my breasts while sniffing constantly from crying earlier. I knew I'd probably be laughing about the situation later, but in that moment I just wanted to disappear.

I was able to milk enough to relieve most of the ache, and the adrenaline left my system, so I decided to stop for the time being and give my boobs a break until th shower, and as I dried off I went to grab my phone so I could text my brother that he could leave his room if he hadn't already. I already had missed texts from hin

[Am I good to leave my room now?]

[It's really quiet in the living room so I'm going to assume all's clear because I need to pee]

I sent him a quick text-

[Sorry, I'll be out in a sec]

I saw the typing bubbles come up for a second, then disappear, reappear again, and then stop altogether.

I felt guilty. I was frustrated that he was home early, that he'd walked in on me. But I knew it wasn't his fault, so mostly I just felt raw and defeated. I put my phor checked my breasts, they were already feeling a little better. Still painfully sensitive, but not as overfull as they had been. I put on a red The Last of Us shirt, some put a bra on too, I wanted to cover up, but a bra would have been incredibly uncomfortable. I put my hair up in a loose bun, and decided to go out to the living roo

He was still in his bedroom, I guess he had just gone to the bathroom real quick and went back in. So I went ahead and text him again-

[You can come out now, if you want. I promise I'm decent.]

Nothing. No bubbles, no response. I was tempted to put my ear to his door to check if he was even awake. I picked up my phone to text him again when he finally sit on the other end of the couch. I tucked my legs up under me, making myself as small as possible.

"Do you not have a gig tonight?" He asked softly, leaning slightly to try and catch my attention.

"No, it's my free holiday." I answered, taking sudden interest in the little Apple TV remote on the table.

"Ah, okay." He sat quiet.

"I thought you'd be out later." I sort of mumbled.

"Yeah, sorry. We didn't have as much to do and called the meeting early for the long weekend. PMAJ has to drive out of town tonight and stuff."

"Oh."

He cleared his throat. "I'm sorry I didn't give you a heads up... and I'm sorry I walked in on you like that."

"No, I know. And it's okay... I... I'm sure you have a lot of questions."

He scratched the back of his head and looked to the tv. "I mean, doesn't everybody cry when they masturbate?"

"What?" I was so caught off guard by that I didn't even know how to react. I also almost corrected him. Was it more embarrassing for him to know what I was doing "Mmhmm."

"Actually-" he started, after a brief silence. "I just have two questions."

I mentally steeled myself. To be honest, I had a good idea what at least one of those questions was going to be.

"Was that- ... milk? On the table? What was that about?" He seemed genuinely curious, not feigning ignorance in and attempt to make me uncomfortable. I tried to heart started to pound as my head made the realization my heart was dreading. That it would just be easier to take the opportunity, right here and now, to finally c

"I- ... well- Yes. Yes that was milk." And then my mouth went dry and I stopped. Maybe that would be enough, maybe I wouldn't have to explain.

"Did you like, pull a Forgetting Sarah Marshall and just have an entire mixing bowl of Lucky Charms or something?" He asked, earnestly.

I couldn't help smiling weakly at the reference. "Hmm, not quite... it was. I was... well, it was MY milk." And then I felt my face burning, I must have turned incred said he noticed.

"When you say YOUR milk, do you mean like, you have a carton you don't want to share? Or like-" his eyes flicked down to my chest for a second, and I suddenly f came home. ALMOST.

I let out a heavy, labored sigh. Here we go. "Yes, my milk. ... that I made." I cupped my boobs for emphasis, almost forgetting they were still a little tender, and ur sensation. "I'm um- I'm lactating." I glanced quickly at his face and caught his eyes before he glanced back at my chest and I looked away. I couldn't gauge anythi that was almost scarier than the very strong reactions I've gotten from men in the past.

"Oh." Was all he said, and I could tell he was deep in thought. "So- ... so are you? Uh..."

"Am I what? Pregnant?"

"Yeah-"

"-God no." I almost snapped back. It probably sounds more hostile in text than it actually was.

"Then- whoa... So is that why your boobs have gotten so big?"

I felt my skin grow hot and tingly, the sensation seemingly converging at the subject of conversation. "Uh, yeah? ... Didn't realize you paid so much attention to my embarrassment back on him to be honest.

He made a sturgeon face and just sort of mumbled out, "...kinda hard to miss." Which- ...fair.

"Well, I've been lactating since college."

He just kind of looked at me like he was waiting for more information and I was so nervous I actually kept talking.

"Maybe this is TMI, but my boobs are pretty sensitive. To put it plainly, I like having them touched. But I tend to go a little overboard and I made my body think I was gestured to my chest.

He just kind of nodded his head and seemed a little spaced out. Honestly it was making me anxious.

"Please say something."

"Sorry, just... I know I said I only had two questions but now I have a lot of questions, but it's weird to ask. Is it weird to ask? It's weird right? I feel like... it's weird

I sighed. "We're already having this conversation, I mean, fuck it, right? Why don't you start with the second question you originally wanted to ask, if you even remember

"Okay. Why were you crying when I got home? You looked like you were in pain. I was actually kind of fuckin' worried about you but I didn't know how to react when you were pleasuring yourself."

"First off... I wasn't masturbating- necessarily. Ugh, let me explain. I usually have to milk every night, otherwise my boobs get too full, and that hurts a fuck ton. I remember before I could do it, and I didn't have time to before work, so by the time I got home tonight I was in a hell of a lot of pain. I thought I was going to have a few hours of tv while I milked, but it hurt so much, and at first I couldn't get anything to come out. I was in pain and frustrated. That's why I was crying. And... sometimes it happens on. That's why I was fully naked. So I was way overdue to relieve the pressure and I was TRYING to get that taken care of when you came home."

Throughout my explanation he seemed concerned and kept looking between my chest and my face. "Oh my god, Rose. I'm so sorry... I should have sent you a text

"Yeah, that would have been nice... but it's not your fault, you couldn't have known."

"Sooo... are you okay now? Did you get it... taken care of?"

I'm pretty sure I blushed at that for some reason. My face got all hot again. I kind of slumped on the couch, defeated. "Enough that my boobs don't hurt from being emptied. I just had to stop and give them a break because they were in so much pain."

"Oh. Okay... well, I can, like, leave or something if you need me to?"

I gave a weak smile. "Nah, it's okay." I turned to face him. "Hey, though. I've never really told anyone about this. So, can you please just... not say anything? Not to my dad and dad... please?"

He met my eyes and nodded sincerely. "For sure. You've really never told anyone? Not even like... boyfriends or your girl friends?"

"I haven't really had a serious boyfriend since I started, to be honest. I've gone on a few dates. I told a couple of those guys, but they all reacted badly to the information I gave them because of it. Plus you know how shy I can be."

He looked confused, "what do you mean by 'reacted badly'?"

"They were grossed out. One guy even left while we were on a dinner date, after I told him."

He kind of laughed "why did you tell him over dinner?!"

"It seemed like a courtesy move, I had also told him I wanted to fuck him that night if he was down."

He gave a weird reaction to that, "Oh, jeez. Wait, he turned you down at that point just because of that?"

"MHHM. Now do you understand why I haven't really wanted to tell anyone? Imagine being turned down for sex because of something like that. I felt so shitty, and I remember how his disgust at breast milk was stronger than his attraction to me."

His eyes got wide and he stopped me. "Whoa whoa, Jesus! That was completely on him, and there's nothing wrong with you. You deserve so much more than someone saying 'not enough'." He put his hand on my shoulder, startling me, and I felt my heart pounding in my chest. I could feel my eyes stinging, and I bit my lower lip to keep it from

I barely breathed a tiny "Thanks." and smiled.

He took his hand off of me but stayed relatively close. "So if it's caused you problems, isn't there anything you could do to stop? That way you don't have to deal with

"I mean... yeah, if I stopped masturbating, essentially. But... I kind of don't want to stop, you know? I like it. I like making milk. Most of the time I feel really satisfied with someone who was into it, or at the bare minimum okay with it. You know, of the few people I've told, you're the only one who didn't immediately make a face?"

"Yeah well... it was unexpected, but I don't think it's all that weird. I mean, I've never really thought about it before. Like, what I would do if a girl I was into told me she was

"Why can't more people think like you...?" I said softly.

He just looked at me and shrugged. "I'm sorry..."

"For what?"

"Just that... you've been going through this. Sorry for today. I'm sorry that you had to have this conversation with me."

I looked at the floor and we sat silent for a few seconds before I looked back to him. "... I'm not."

We half smiled at each other, and then he got a serious look on his face. "Can I- ... can I tell you something I've never really shared with anyone?"

I felt my body go hot. A million things ran through my head. Was he about to tell me he found lactation hot? Was he about to tell me he found ME hot?! Was he about to tell me he had raped someone? I could kill him. I was panicking silently and internally. But I managed to eke out a nonchalant, "sure."

He exhaled heavily. "Sooo... I've never had sex." And he paused for a second, making me think that was the full confession.

"Oh. Well, that's no big deal, you're young and, I mean some people experiment in college, some don't until their older. There's no required age to do it, you just h

"I've ALMOST had sex." He added.

"Um... okay. Did you get nervous or ... what happened?"

He shook his head. "I didn't. SHE did. She called me a freak. Kind of kills the mood."

"Like... being called a whore for being 'pregnant with another man's baby'?"

"I- wha- ... Jesus, really?"

"Yup."

"I'm sorry. Fuck whoever said that to you. Seriously." He collected himself for a moment. "Anyway. So yeah. We were about to, and then she saw me and didn't wa

Oh. OHHHHHH. Oh fuck. I was pretty sure I knew where this was headed. I felt my pulse quicken. "I... what do you mean she saw you?"

"My... pe- She... she saw my dick."

I tried to say 'oh' and it came out as an embarrassingly choked whimper. Thankfully he didn't seem perturbed. "Well... I uh... what's the problem? Is it...?"

"She... found me intimidating. I guess." He was quiet and his cheeks were a little more red than normal.

"Oh...?"

"Yeeaaahhh... so... I mean maybe we weren't about to have SEX but she was going to... well... I had just done it for her, and she was about to do it for me..."

"OH." I felt like I should have been giving him shit for giving too much information but I was riveted and kind of turned on.

"I don't know... her reaction made me sort of... afraid of other girls reacting the same way, so I haven't tried as much as I probably would have otherwise."

"Well, that's understandable. But... I'm sure you're okay, you know... your dick. I'm sure you're perfectly normal, and someone will be excited to take that step wit positive, you're young, you'll find someone-"

"-So, she was actually the third girl I'd reached that point with, and the third girl that gave me that response." He added.

"Oh, okay, wow. Well... so maybe you do understand a bit of what I've been through in that sense."

"Heh, yeah. That was mainly why I guess it felt right to share." He rubbed the back of his neck and I squirmed a bit in my seat.

"Hey," I started. "I'm glad we're having this conversation. I feel like this is the kind of stuff I've missed out on while I had been at college. It's nice."

He smiled. "Yeah. It is."

"You know I love you right?"

"Yeah. I love you too."

I leaned over and gave him a hug, rubbing his back a little before separating.

"I'm sorry you had to see so much of me today." I said, hoping to lighten the mood.

"I'm not." He just stated matter of factly. To which I immediately felt my jaw go slack and my eyes widen. Did he just? But he quickly turned to me and amended tl conversation!"

"Yeah, true." I responded, feeling myself calm down from that spike of anxiety.

We sat quietly for a bit until he spoke "Uhhh... sis?" I looked at him only to find him pointing back at me. At my chest. "I think you might need to go finish?"

I felt it even before I looked down. My right breast had started leaking. Maybe from the excitement, and how turned on I had gotten at various points in the conver over my nipple, and it was growing. "Oh, fuck. Yeah. I'd better go take care of this." And I quickly, awkwardly left to my room, shutting the door behind me. I went just sort of let the milk run off my breast into the sink while I spaced out for a second. Mentally collecting myself after the events of the night. It felt like so much h about was how he didn't seem grossed out by breast milk. And him semi confirming that he's seriously packing. I got turned on again, and soon my left breast star milked everything I could from myself. It still hurt a little, but I could power through it.

By the time I finished, and checked my phone on the bed, I had a text from him.

[I'm exhausted, I'm gonna turn in. Love you, goodnight.]

I sent him a goodnight text back, and then went back to the bathroom to wash my face, brush my teeth, and turn in for the night as well. It had been an exhaustin

In hindsight, after proofreading this post in preparation to share it, it seems stupid that I even contemplated not sharing it. Hope you all enjoy it though.

07 -

We're getting to the stuff I've been so eager to share with you all. You have no idea how hard it's been to pace myself with these, and make sure to get everything things developed. This post was supposed to include two entries, but the second entry is giving me a lot of trouble because of the character limit. I didn't want to k that out so I decided to just post this first one for now. I struggled for a good while trying to figure out how to get this to work with one post but I just couldn't. I'm knows what I can do about the next post and any potential future ones that are too long, PLEASE let me know, I would really appreciate the help. I don't want to h. kind words you all have had to say about my writing. I don't want to have to cut anything for you guys.

Saturday

I slept in today. Well, actually I just stayed in my room a little longer than usual. I really wasn't sure how to feel about last night. I wasn't sure if it would be awkwa had. My boobs were still a little sore but luckily there was no bruising, and the veins that had pushed against the surface of my skin were no longer visible, thank g

Around 1, I figured I had waited long enough and had no real excuse to stay in my room. He had been up and about in the living room for a few hours now, so clea put on some yoga pants and a pastel yellow crop/tank, hesitated for a second, deciding whether or not to put a bra on, when I was distracted by a text from him.

[Are you feeling okay today?]

[Yeah, I just needed the rest.]

He was quiet for a few seconds, and then I saw the typing bubbles appear and disappear a few times. [Oh, you weren't like miking were you?]

I made a soft sound of indignation at that. [NO wtf]

[Sorry, that was supposed to be more joking than serious]

I rolled my eyes but couldn't help the corner of my mouth turning up. [Mmhmm. I'm coming out.]

[Do you want the world to know? Do you want to let it show?]

I opened my door and came out to the living room where he had Days Gone paused. He turned to me and was surprisingly serious considering his cavalier tone via

"Are you okay? After... all of that?"

I sat on the couch next to him, maybe a little too hard because I remember feeling my boobs bounce pretty intensely from the force. He clearly noticed too.

"You're not still in pain are you?" He kind of motioned toward my chest with his head. I was feeling weirdly excited/nervous at him being so blatant about checking concern for my well being.

"I'm okay, I promise. Just a little sore, but I should be better in a few hours, tomorrow at the latest." I absentmindedly gave my boobs a test squeeze just to be su

I gave him a sort of quizzical look before pushing my chest out and using my hands to subtly lift my breasts. "See something you like?"

He looked confused for a second, "What?!"

"What?" I returned and feigned innocence. I felt my body grow hot and to be honest I wasn't sure if that was an attempt at flirting or just me trying to make him u going to say something but thought better of it.

I figured I'd break the silence before it became too prolonged. "What about you? Are you okay after last night?"

"Yeah? Why wouldn't I be? I wasn't the one in pain, or who got walked in on like that. I know I've already said it, but I really am sorry about that."

I smiled and put my hand on his. "I know you are, and it's okay you don't have to apologize. I meant, are you okay after the conversation we had? I know some of share. Especially not with someone like me."

"Why? Because you're a girl?"

"I was thinking more because I'm your sister?"

"Oh, yeah. No I'm okay. Honestly? You're easy to talk to. I didn't even think about it like that, you opened up to me first and I felt comfortable opening up to you. I problem?" He looked a little sheepish, it was kind of cute, really.

"Umm, well, not really. Is it weird knowing what you know about me now?"

"I don't think so, now I'm just curious I guess." He was staring at the screen and seemed a little lost in his head, but my thoughts were running wild.

"Curious? ... about what?"

He seemed to snap to attention, "oh, um, I don't know, how all of that works. With the milk and stuff. I always thought you had to be pregnant to make milk."

"Well I'm living proof that you don't." I leaned back on the couch and relaxed a little.

"I guess so." He looked over at me and I met his eyes for a second.

"Look, you know I love you right?" I said matter of factly. He nodded, and I continued, "I don't want you to feel embarrassed to talk to me about anything. I'm here comfortable with, and you know I won't judge you. You can ask me whatever you want and I'll answer the best I can. If it's something I'm uncomfortable with, I'll I afraid you'll upset me or something. Okay?"

He nodded slowly. "Okay. Same for you. Last night was kind of embarrassing for me to talk about, but I felt better afterward."

"I did too, I'd never shared that stuff about my boobs with someone close to me. It was kind of nice to get it off my chest, no pun intended." I knew he would have

"I feel kind of honored that you told me. I'm sorry it happened for the reasons it did, but at least you don't have to hide that about yourself in your own home anyr

"Fuck, yeah that's true." I wasn't really sure how that would change things because it's not like I planned to express in front of him or anything. He interrupted my hard in that though.

"I feel like I could tell you anything."

I felt heated, thinking about things I wanted to say. I could feel my nipples harden against my arms, crossed over my chest. I looked at him pointedly, and challeng

He looked at me again, brows raised, "okay... anything." Even he seemed disappointed in himself at his own joke. But it did kind of clear the tension I was feeling. have anything to tell right now."

I nodded, not quite disappointed, not quite relieved. "Well, I feel like I could tell you anything too." And in my head I was thinking about how I was lying to him. I s

"By the way?" He added.

"Mmm?"

"What's up with this pillow?" He asked, pointing to the chair where I had placed the pillow I'd used to cover myself last night. It was still there uncovered.

"Oh shit! I forgot to take the cover out of the wash last night!" I ran to the laundry room and set the towels and pillow cover to wash again, before returning to him

"What happened to it?" He asked innocently.

I scoffed slightly, "what do you think?"

"Did you get... did you milk on it?" He looked uncomfortable asking.

"Not on purpose, but yeah." I sighed.

"Oh. Alright." He looked like he wanted to say more but instead unpaused the game. The conversation had passed.

We chilled for the rest of the day and I finished cleaning the towels and stuff. The rest of the day was relatively uneventful.

Anyway, I'm hoping to have the next post out sometime in the next day or two, to make up for the slightly longer wait on this one. I just need to figure out how to get things caught up soon but with work and life in general, it's just hard. Currently there are about 2, maybe 3 posts worth of events left to get things caught up (them are also long, so I have no idea how I'm going to handle that.

I hope you're all still enjoying going on this journey with me, because I'm really enjoying being able to share it. Thank you all.

08 -

As you may have read, I finally hit the character limit for reddit with this particular entry. The limit is 40k characters, including spaces. This entry (without the intro previous posts, is over 43k characters, and a little over 8k words. So you'll find the rest of the post in the comments! Sorry about the confusion!

It also took a while to proofread because of all the people mentioned. Up to and including this entry, I had been writing them all down using real names and changed proved to be incredibly confusing when it came to this post, I had mixed up names until I realized it was much easier to pair up couples with names of the same first

Monday

(This one's going to feel like it's leading toward something unfitting for this subreddit, and that some of you might not be excited about, but just keep reading.)

The fucking A/C went out at some point in the early morning before we woke up. By the time I got out of bed I was covered in sweat. I went to the bathroom and showered and tied it into a loose ponytail. I splashed some cold water on my face and contemplated taking a quick shower, but decided to go into the living room to check the only wearing the crop/tank from yesterday, and a highlighter pink thong, and I felt stifled from the heat. I cracked some windows to get a breeze flowing through the apartment complex. Apparently since it was a holiday it would take a while for maintenance to get out to us. Perfect.

Kelly and her boyfriend (let's just call him Ken to make this easier on me) had cleaned their pool earlier in the weekend, and we planned on swimming and hanging had the day off. But that wasn't going to be until about 1pm. It was barely 9:30am, so I figured I may as well make some sort of plan with my brother, and see if I knock on his door and it opened, it was unlatched.

"Hey, are you awake?" I whispered. Nothing. "Hey!" I opened the door further and stepped in. I was having trouble adjusting to the darkness so I flicked on his light face me.

"Hey what? Why?!" He groaned and turned to me, squinting. "Where's my shirt?" He threw his sheets off and I immediately felt my body flush with the combination to be fully hard in his boxer briefs. I only saw a glimpse before I turned away, but it was enough to see that it was very restricted. It looked painfully hard. And once unrestricted, to finally see just how big he is. I stepped back into the doorway and looked at the wall opposite his bed.

"The air conditioning is broken, and it's going to be a while before they can fix it. We need to get out of the apartment, I can't live like this." I said shakily. I could feel currently flooding my head. I thought to myself how if it wasn't so fucking hot I would absolutely go throw myself on my bed and shove my hand between my legs.

"Oh, that probably explains why my shirt is gone I guess." He yawned out. I could hear him stand up and stretch. I couldn't help glancing over as he raised his arms over his hips forward in a way that, thanks to his anatomy, looked obscene. He literally looked like he was about to burst from his briefs and I felt like my eyes were going felt bad for looking, and stepped out, briskly heading for my room while I called back over my shoulder.

"I'm going to take a quick shower and get dressed, you should do the same!" I closed my door, made it to my bathroom and threw my clothes off and into my hamper whether from sweating or from being aroused, I wasn't sure, but my nipples were hard, and I felt the ache between my legs. I turned the shower on and waited for in. I let the water cascade over me and couldn't help letting my hand slide between my thighs. I clamped my legs together, trapping my hand as I rubbed my finger shower wall to brace myself. It didn't take long for me to cum, but it wasn't enough. I knew what I needed but I also knew I wasn't going to get it. I leaned back against and parted my legs a little, with my fingers, I spread myself open a little so the water could spray against my clit. It felt intense, I was still sensitive from the first time much. I hooked my fingers and sunk them into myself, pumping a few times before I came again. I was so pent up I honestly could have kept going, but I was feeling of the heat and the exertion. I didn't know if I could take this any more. I really needed to satisfy the ache between my legs.

I was thinking about the get together later today, and who all was supposed to come. Obviously Kelly and Ken would be there, and for a second I imagine what it would never do that to Kelly... unless they wanted to share me. Hmm... Now I was getting even more heated. Monica would be there, and I know she's also bi, but that really needed. The other couple who had gone to my show a few nights ago, (uhhh let's say Steven and Sarah) we're coming as well. And another guy, Rick.

Oooh, Rick. He'd been single for about a year and a half now. He's incredibly sweet, usually my go to guy for moving furniture and putting things together that I need groceries and feminine products when I was sick once, and we hung out occasionally just the two of us in the past. I remembered the way he looked at me the very when we took a group vacation to a cabin that had a big hot tub. Everyone was surprised, I had just started to come out of my shell with my friend group, especially most skin I'd ever shown around them, and I felt incredibly self conscious when all of their eyes were on me. Particularly the first night, because the other girls had guys in that hot tub that night (something that fueled a very intense fantasy for literally months afterward). Everyone was very polite and they weren't making me enjoyed the occasionally glances they would take at my cleavage. But he had looked surprised, and speechless, he looked like he blushed, and I don't know, somewhat goddess that night.

I'd thought about asking him out, I was pretty sure he was into me beyond just my physical appearance, Ken and Steven had both told me he had a huge thing for of the self esteem hit I'd taken previously because of reactions to my breast milk, it made me afraid to get to the point where I'd have to share that with him. What opinion of him I was afraid to lose that. But with how well my brother took it a few nights ago, maybe it wouldn't be as bad as I thought. I was horny enough that I pants TODAY and then seeing where the relationship went from there. I might... actually get laid for the first time in years. I finished my shower, doing my best to

I dried off, did my skin routine, and put on some light makeup that wouldn't run if I got sweaty again, as well as sunscreen. I redid my ponytail, this time tighter around a little jean shorts, and a baby blue shirt that's covered in donut print. It's very thin and lightweight and the bikini top was completely visible through it, but it breathes turning and twisting for different angles, giving myself a once over, trying to make sure I could do this. I pulled on the waistband of my shorts to check myself out. but I didn't think he'd mind my situation at all if I was being honest. Then I heard my brother's shower running.

Fuck. How could I do this and not risk my brother having to hear or know. I wanted to let loose and I know I can be vocal. There was no way I'd be able to stifle myself quickly figured that I'd make my intentions clear with Rick, surely he'd be on board. We could find an excuse to make a drink run or something, and we'd volunteer way with me, and then we'd come back with a box of Capri-Sun that we'd picked up from the corner store at the last second on our way back when we remembered hours earlier. No one would suspect a thing! It was perfect, a fool proof plan. I started getting both ways too turned on and way too over confident about this. I was shattered. I picked up my phone and text the group chat.

[Ladies, our A/C is busted, can someone please offer us sanctuary until the party today because I can't stand another minute in this sweat box.]

Kelly responded pretty quickly, we could come by early if we helped her and Ken set up. Score! I went to the living room, packed up the Switch, and checked the stove anything that needed to be eaten right away. We were golden. I was getting antsy sitting on the couch, waiting for my brother to come out. I kept bouncing my knee was doing it, only to catch myself doing it again seconds later. My hand was shaking as I tried to type on my phone.

[Just waiting on my bro to finish getting ready to leave.]

[Come on in when you get here, we'll probably be out back or in the kitchen.]

Finally he came out, still getting his shirt on. He looked much more awake and presentable. "Fuck, it's so hot! It wasn't this bad when the power went out."

"Yeah well, it was also night time when that happened. We still have the sun beating down on our building."

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"True. We're not staying here until the party right?" He asked, already tugging the collar of his t-shirt to fan himself off.

"Actually we're going over there early, are you cool waiting until it starts to eat? We can head over now if you're ready."

"Awesome, I'm ready."

We ended up stopping at Sonic on the way there for some cream slushies and mozzarella sticks. Being out of the apartment, despite the sun, it felt good to be in the fresh air and not worrying about my more carnal needs. We made it to Ken and Kelly's and by that time they were pretty much done setting up. I offered to help with some food prep as it got close but otherwise they had taken care of everything. The boys started playing Cuphead co-op, and Kelly and I talked for a bit. I hadn't seen her since my show, and she was all in and forth about singing in general, how she knew I was good but that was next level, and we talked ourselves into running to Best Buy and buying a karaoke set up.

By the time we got back, it was about time and people started texting to say they were on their way. Kelly and I set up some snack trays and finished preparing for the party. I brought some bugs and such, and my brother set up the karaoke stuff just in case. Monica arrived first, brought a bunch of alcohol with her, but neither my brother nor I drink so Steven showed up and then Rick. As soon as I saw him I started to feel heated, remembering my intentions. My plan. I came up to him and said hi, gave him a hug, and then I talked to him about work and stuff. I caught myself doing that thing we girls do sometimes where we can't stop playing with our hair and twisting it around our fingers. I was interested in. I was keeping it innocent though. I'd crank it up once we were in the pool and wearing less clothing. I finally let him come say hi to everyone else and then I went to the bathroom to check myself out again in the mirror, nothing had changed, but I just wanted to adjust my boobs, and double check that I still felt good about my body. I could get in the pool if they wanted, so took off my top and the shorts, throwing them on the desk chair in their office. Kelly, my brother and Rick were already getting ready, even just up to my thighs it was so refreshing. I undid my ponytail, put the hair band on my wrist, and fully submerged myself, swimming over to my brother before he got in.

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"How are you doing? Are you hungry at all yet?"

He turned to face me and I didn't miss the quick glance down to my cleavage, which also added fuel to the fire. "Yeah I'm good, I've been snacking for a little bit, and I'm not hungry, that everyone's here, so I can wait."

"Okay! If you want me to take you home at any point, let me know." I offered. I didn't want to let my quest for dick get in the way of being a good sister. He nodded and started talking to us both. She laughed and put her hand on my shoulder.

"Hey (she called me some sort of pet name I don't quite remember, I think it was 'Sweet Tits') don't hog your boy all night, let him have some fun!" She leaned against the desk, arms on the edge, pushing her shoulders back, and her chest forward. Was she... oh my god... was she flirting with him? I didn't know how to feel about it, I felt a mix of things. Anger? Maybe sadness... no I'm pretty sure it was jealousy. But there was nothing I could do about it anyway. If I cock blocked either of them I'd just come off as a dickhead. I want to deny my brother the opportunity to have fun with anyone else. Oh my god I'm a mess. I just needed to take care of myself first. I turned to locate Rick. I was looking for him.

He was swimming in the deep end, nursing some sort of mixed drink. Oh god, why did I use that word? Now that's all I'm thinking about! Anyway, I readjusted my position, and I made my way over to him.

"Hey there." I said softly, trying my best to sound cool and calm. I'm pretty sure it came out as the equivalent of texting the word "hey" with like 17 'y's. But it got the job done.

"Hey! Wow, Rose. You look amazing, as always." He said, so genuinely and so warmly I could have wrapped my legs around his hips right then and there. Jesus, it was so nice to be seen. I myself feel anxious. But I smiled, and I'm sure I blushed hardcore.

"Thank you, you're looking pretty good yourself, kind of a whole Chris Evans vibe going on here." I gestured toward him kind of highlighting key areas. His very broad shoulders, his arms hooked my legs over when he's- ... Um, also his face, looking very much up to the duty of being my new favorite chair. These were actual fucking thoughts I was having. I was a mess, I only knew what I wanted to get into me. Oh my god! I can't stop! Sorry.

Anyway mostly his eyes and hair and really broad shoulders have that vibe. He shook his head but laughed. "Shut the hell up."

I moved a little closer. "No really. 'Least, I think so." He playfully backed away. I ended up with my back to the pool wall and his back to the open water. We had more of a conversation, he could actually stand in the water, which had the effect of making him either have to crouch in front of me or just stand and tower over me. He elected to crouch.

"I've missed you these last few weeks." I said softly, looking at his chest as I placed my hand against it, letting my fingers spread in his light chest hair. I could feel his heart beating. Really doing this wasn't it? He gently grabbed my wrist, and lifted my hand from his chest, backing away just a little before smiling at me warmly.

"I've missed you too! I'm sorry I missed out on your show the other night! Everyone said you were great, I wish I'd known earlier, we figured you didn't really talk to us there."

"Well, no one really ever asked me about it so I thought no one was interested."

He met my eyes. "I was." There was a weight there, at the end. 'Was', and I felt my face fall a little, maybe I was reading too much into that.

"Well, you know how shy I can be. I kind of got used to it being my own thing, you know?"

He nodded, and perked up a little bit. "Kelly said you guys went and got stuff for karaoke, are we going to get to hear you sing tonight?" He looked hopeful.

"Oh, I think you're going to have to earn that." I answered with a bit of a sultry shoulder move.

He laughed softly, "Not sure what I'd have to do to earn that."

I was ready to respond with something like "I'll bet you could think of SOMETHING." When a pair of hands appeared from behind him and covered his eyes.

"Who can it beee now?" A sweet voice sang from behind him.

"(Rachel)! You made it!" He said with excitement, before taking her hands and turning to face her. A pale brunette girl with blue eyes, that my brother pointed out to me we had left.

"Yeah, they let me go early because we were pretty much dead." She responded.

"Awesome!" He turned to me, "Rose, this is Rachel, my girlfriend-" And there it was. I should have guessed. Suddenly his, what I thought to be playful ways of teasing me, not engaging and not hurting my feelings. I felt like a huge idiot. It was my fault really. I'd had plenty of chances, plenty of times to express interest in him and I let it go. That chance. I also realized how stupid I felt for getting the idea in my head that I was going to take him to bed TONIGHT. Knowing that I don't work that way. I just smiled and smiled as genuinely as I could muster. "Rachel, this is Rose."

She reached to shake my hand, "Oh! YOU'RE Rose, he's talked about you some! Nice to meet you!" I shook her hand and expressed similar sentiments, then asked her how it was going. Been dating, the usual. I felt my arousal crash and burn, which was probably for the better, it was getting the better of me. I expressed how happy for them I was and then I went to go find others to talk to. Everyone seemed deep in conversation so I took advantage of the sunny weather, sprayed on more sunscreen, and then I went to the pool.

I convinced myself it was the heat in the apartment that had my head all messy and unable to think straight, it made me feel a little better. But truthfully I felt kind of awkward. Well, except for Monica... and my brother. I spotted them in the hot tub, sitting across from each other, Monica was talking with broad gestures and excitement. He was nodding. He was either being polite or he was totally into her. And I felt it again. That pang of jealousy. I knew it was irrational. He didn't belong to me. I realized my jealousy as it was the protective big sister instinct rearing its ugly head as if been afraid of. I knew Monica wasn't the type for relationships currently, and I think she just didn't want him to get hurt. As I was thinking this stuff over, I saw her move around in the hot tub to sit right next to him and touch his shoulder. It set me on edge. Conversation but I didn't want to be clingy.

Suddenly Kelly showed up and saved the day. She brought me a water and sat on the lounge next to me. "I know you just got out of the pool, but do you want to brother looks like he could use some backup."

I laughed, and agreed. She gave me her hand and pulled me up off the lounge and we made our way around the pool to the hot tub.

"What are you ladies gossiping about?" Kelly teased as we sat on the edge, letting our feet in the hot tub. The bubbles were off so I could see nothing was happening. I scooted so there was a little space between her and my brother, and she spoke up.

"I was just asking him about school and if he had to fuck a dude at this party, who would he pick." My brother instantly made a face that suggested that wasn't at all. He couldn't help laughing hard. Kelly and Monica took turns suggesting who would be the best candidate of the three other guys at the party. And both of them settled on Kelly.

"Speaking of, Rachel's sweet, have you met her Rose?" I nodded.

"Yeah, I have she seems cool. We'll find out for sure once we play some games."

They nodded, and Kelly added. "It's funny, I kind of thought you two had a thing, I'm surprised you guys never dated." Please don't rub this in Kelly.

I shrugged. "I thought about it, I guess I just... thought too long."

"Mm." Kelly huffed. "Well, now your partner will have to get your brother's approval before you can bring him back to the apartment." She nudged my brother. "Or sis' type?" She put on a gruff voice and made stomping motions in the pool while she said it.

He shook his head. "I trust her judgement." He looked at me and smiled. I smiled back. Really he shouldn't. He was there at the end of my last long term relationship.

Monica interjected, "So does that mean you'd let her pick out some ladies for you?" She elbowed him playfully and he rubbed his arm.

I looked to Monica, "if you're hoping you made the cut you're sorely mistaken." I cocked my brow at her and she put a hand to her chest in mock offense.

"Okay, bitch!" She added, and we all laughed.

The rest of the day flew by, Monica didn't flirt with my brother as much as I'd been afraid of, in truth she was just being herself and I was being paranoid. We ate, and Rachel was Overcooked. Rachel turned out to be decent at them all. We got in a heated round of Mario Party that was Monica and I against Steven and Ken. Monica made the last play. We all went together. Truthfully I didn't want to skinny dip at all. I was incredibly nervous about the whole thing because with Monica you never had any idea if she was being serious or not. I was in time and then in the last couple turns and with the bonus stars, Monica and I managed to finish with 6 stars and 90 coins, while they had 0 stars and 6 coins. The couple tried their best to negotiate the terms of the bet now that they'd lost. They agreed they wouldn't have to skinny dip until the sun had gone down, and we moved on to the next game.

Kelly and Ken kept talking up my singing prowess from the other night and it made me feel a little awkward for being put on the spot. Instead I did a few duets and kept it low key, and then agreed that I'd close it out so no one would have to feel embarrassed about following me. I ended up singing Snake Eater from Metal Core. The Blondes so the party could join in.

After that we played a card game and ate some leftovers. And by that point it was about 11. Rick and Rachel had left, and Steven and Sarah followed. Monica gave me the side of the bet, to which he shrugged and Sarah shook her head. I'm pretty sure they only left so he wouldn't have to do just that. Once they were out, Monica immediately held his hands up in mock surrender.

"Okay okay! But only because I have the right to be naked in my own home." He went to the side of the house and turned on the pool lights, and the bubbles in the hot tub and made a show of reaching down, and then holding his trunks up over his head before setting them on the ground outside of the water.

"Wooooo!" Monica yelled. She was definitely a little buzzed. Ken was more than a little buzzed. He was being more blunt and vocal. Kelly was fine, I'd seen her drink and it had no effect on her the entire time I'd known her. She sighed and stood up, unwrapping the towel from her body.

"May as well join him." She said as she went out and sat next to him in the hot tub. She kissed his chin and rested her head on his shoulder smiling.

Monica laughed and took her skirt off, and went to go sit across from them in the hot tub. My brother and I looked to each other and I rolled my eyes when Monica and I both made our way back outside.

My brother and I sat across from each other in the water, and we just kind of soaked in the warmth of the hot tub, I sank in my seat and rested my head on the edge of the tub.

"You know, Kelly. When you said you was gonna join him, I thought you meant skinny dipping. Can't believe you'd make your man suffer alone." She said with a playful tone.

Kelly laughed. "Oh, he's hardly suffering. This is a typical Saturday night kind of thing for us."

Monica scoffed, "So even if we weren't here, you'd STILL be wearing your swim suit?"

"Well- no, but-" she started.

"It's okay, Ken. I'll be the one to show some solidarity, I gotchu." And before anyone could process, she slid the shoulders of her one piece down, and then gripped the sides, shifted, and was clearly raising her hips, and before we knew it, she had her one piece wadded up in her hand, and tossed it over my brother's head onto the patio.

My brother's eyes bugged for a second, and he focused on something behind me, I guess trying to avoid looking at Monica. I'd seen her tits plenty of times before : she was sitting so low that her nipples were only occasionally visible when the bubbles fluctuated low enough. And you couldn't make out anything below the surface clearly nude. I glanced over where Ken was and couldn't see anything either, but I thought maybe I could make out the shape of his cock but I didn't want to look too closely. Head. Honestly, this was to be expected from Monica, Ken was a surprise. Monica looked to Kelly expectantly.

She sighed. "Oh what the hell." She leaned forward and slipped the straps of her bikini top down holding the cups to her breasts as she took it off. I figured she was showing her nipples as well, but as she did this, Monica sat up, her tall body seated a little straighter, and her small breasts were fully visible. Kelly made a face and went totally out of the water but her nipples were mostly visible apart from when the bubbles reached too high. My brother definitely looked at both of them now. They both probably right up his alley.

Monica mimicked the impatient Judge Judy gif. "Bottoms?"

Kelly made a smug face, "not my fault you wore a one piece."

Monica clicked her tongue. "You really gonna let Ken hang dong and argue semantics?"

Kelly relented, and reached into the water. She leaned forward as she tugged her bikini bottoms down her legs before she balled them up and threw them at Monica.

"I don't need this charity from you!" Monica joked and tossed them in my brother's direction. He panicked and sort of half attempted to catch them half attempted to throw them with his forearm so they landed behind Ken on the patio. Kelly laughed and even I was kind of distracted at her tits reacting to the energy. But now I was feeling going to let it end here. And if Kelly and Ken hadn't relented, I would have been able to stand my ground. But now that they'd given in they'd be teaming up with her. To make matters worse... I was feeling kind of turned on at the tension in the air. As I noted this, Kelly and Monica both slowly turned to me.

I sank in the hot tub until the water was at shoulder level. "No way." Was all I could say.

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"Come on Rose! We're all adults! It's a bonding experience!"

I shook my head. I felt hot with anxious energy, different from the heat of the water.

"Party pooper!" Kelly teased, but Monica had already turned her attention to my brother.

"Come on, clearly YOU'VE got the balls here." She laughed and it looked like she touched his knee and shook his leg. I couldn't tell if he was uncomfortable or not, about it. I sat up. Short of shaking my head no, and making a slicing motion across my throat, I was doing everything I could with my eyes to communicate to him Monica were chanting "DO IT DO IT DO IT" and Ken was happily clapping in time.

I reached to Kelly and Monica, putting my hands on their shoulders. "Guys, please lay off of him if he's not comfortable with this. Don't-" and then my brother's arm sheepishly held his trunks over his head. I gasped "-OH MY GOD?!" Monica and Kelly cheered and clapped, laughing as he tossed his trunks behind him. He hunched together, the polar opposite of Ken's man spread. I couldn't see anything beneath the bubbles, and I definitely lost all pretense in pretending I wasn't trying. Now t

I deflated in defeat, and gave my brother the stink eye. "You fucking traitor." He just smiled innocently, like the cat that caught the canary. Of course he had no ren Even if it meant having to see his sister's. Which I was hoping wasn't a problem for him. I took the strap off my left arm, and pulled the cup forward, slipping my h nipple was rock hard. I grazed it enough to send a spark right down to my pussy. I pulled the right cup forward and slid my arm over to cover that one with my har free arm. I was able to remove the rest of the top with my right arm and I tossed it behind my head. I sat awkwardly holding my arm to my chest, causing my boo arm. Monica gave me a look that told me I wasn't done.

I sighed and leaned forward. I raised my butt just enough to slide my bottoms out from under me, and pulled them down my legs. Trying to keep my tits covered v placed them behind me on the edge and then looked to everyone else. Everything was way too quiet. My brother was met with cheers, and everyone was just stari

"What?!" I shout whispered. And then I gave up and let my arm fall. Finally exposing my breasts to everyone. I sat the way Monica had initially. My nipples at the v bubbles were low. I felt vulnerable and I couldn't even dare to look my brother in the eye. Monica whistled and nodded her head sagely. I caught Ken looking slack

"Holy shit, Rose..." he said softly, almost reverently. I didn't know how to respond. Suddenly Kelly reached toward his lap and fidgeted, Ken tensed for a second. Sh

"He really means that, Rose!" She declared. I felt a wave of heat in my hips and the ache started to creep it's way back.

Monica wagged a finger at them. "Uh uh! Hands to yourselves! None of that now!"

Kelly held her hands above the water innocently before adding, you know that means you have to behave yourself too right?

Monica huffed and looked to my brother, "Sorry babe!" She punctuated it with a wink. And I finally looked at my brother. He was wide eyed and staring at my chest held my legs together tightly to prevent the water level from rising a few inches. I tried my damndest to look through the bubbles over his lap, I needed to see if h peer pressure, I'm sure he had been already. I looked down to my chest and it was completely obvious how hard my nipples were. Luckily I wasn't the only one in t however, the only one leaking beads of milk. I swiped a little bit of water at my chest and splashed it away, and hoped no one else would be looking hard enough to

Eventually the silence broke and we were able to engage in casual conversation. But for me, the air was still incredibly sexually charged. I was sitting naked, five fe naked. I was incredibly turned on, and suspected he might be too, whether because of me or my friends or both i had no idea. But I wanted nothing more than for across to him and straddle him. I couldn't believe the situation. It was almost a nightmare in actuality, but such a hot fucking moment at the same time.

The conversation continued for a while, until it lulled and we decided to call it a night. I had work in the morning, my brother had classes. Monica got up out of the ass. Kelly asked Ken to get her bikini bottoms, and he just straight up fucking stepped out of the water, and my eyes went wide as I couldn't help but see his half n My brother made a face like "well, if I had to look at one dick to see six tits tonight then so be it", and I laughed to myself. Ken grabbed his trunks and pulled them Kelly's suit and handed it to her. She put on her bottoms and then stepped out to put her top on.

(Continued in the comments.)

(Continued from main post.)

Monica was still walking around naked like it was nothing, but my brother was looking at me, looking nervous. It took me a second to realize why, his trunks had be telling him to wait a second, and I found my bottoms behind me. I put them on under the water, and turned my back to him while I grabbed my top and put it back scampered around the hot tub to find his trunks and hand them to him. He quickly put them on, but didn't get up right away. And I knew why. But I wasn't going to headed inside. So I stepped over by him and leaned down, holding my arm out to him to grab so I could pull him up. He looked at it, and contemplated for a little t hold.

I pulled him up, and as he stepped out of the hot tub, I saw it. Fully hard. Outlined by his trunks. Jesus. Christ. I was wishing for something, anything brighter thar I felt like I was on fire. I looked up at him as I held myself.

"Are you okay?" I asked softly.

He gave me a half smile. I could have melted at how soft he looked in that moment. "Never better."

I nodded and turned on my heel. Heading inside to grab my towel, leaving him to will his erection down before coming to join us. Monica was dressed and looking f already jumped in the shower, and Kelly was drying off/picking up what surprisingly little trash there was. My brother walked in and grabbed a towel. I could see he doing anything to attract attention to it or let the girls do anything else to get him excited. Having dried myself off, I went to go grab my clothes from their office, a goodbyes, I thanked Kelly for hosting and inviting us and everything, and we left. I laid a towel out in my seat just in case I was still wet, and my brother did the s

We talked during the drive home, he commented how he couldn't believe Monica actually got us all to skinny dip.

"Yeah she's weirdly persuasive sometimes. You didn't help to be honest."

"Sorry. I felt bad that Ken was outnumbered."

"Mmmhm, I'll bet. Probably just needed a little breathing room for your dick." I said out loud and my eyes widened. I would have clapped a hand to my mouth but instead gripping the wheel tighter.

"Yup, totally." He laughed. I relaxed a little bit, glad I hadn't crossed a line. "Would you have been that hesitant if I wasn't there?"

"Honestly? Probably not. I wasn't sure how I felt about you seeing me naked."

"What are you talking about? I'd already seen you naked the other night!" He said energetically.

"I'm not sure that was quite the same. That doesn't count." I countered.

"True..." He got a little quiet.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked.

"Yeah, actually! Your friends are all really nice."

"Like Monica?"

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I could almost hear him roll his eyes, "yes like Monica. There's nothing going on there by the way, she was just asking me about school and if I had a girlfriend here relatively well behaved when you're not around."

"I'm shocked!"

"Well don't be. She said she knew you'd kill her if she did anything 'untoward' with me."

I'm sure my confusion showed on my face. "'Untoward'? What the hell. I've never even said anything about that to her." I felt a little hurt, even though deep down I felt bad. I reached over and gently placed my hand on his leg. "Listen, I don't want you to feel like you can't... date someone or have fun, with people you feel a connection to get in your way, or for you to worry that I'm going to be hard on them or something. I'm not your mother. I'm your sister, I'm your friend, I want to take care of you, be a parent, or prevent you from being yourself."

He put his hand over mine and squeezed it lightly, it honestly sent a spark through me. "I know, you've never done anything like that, I promise. I don't feel like you haven't quite found someone that interests me. Monica's cool and all, and hot, but she's too much. Kelly's taken-"

"Oooh so Kelly's more your type then?"

"Yeah, I mean, she's a bit more low key, but still fun. Kind of like you." He let that sit for a second and then I think he got flustered with how it sounded. "I mean like what about you? They said that stuff about me having to approve of your partners. I don't want you to feel like I'm in the way of you being with someone either."

I thought for a second. "I feel like we've practically had this conversation already. I don't feel that way at all!" I laughed. He made a noise of affirmation and then we both laughed. Finally he spoke up. "You like that Rick guy, don't you."

I exhaled. "Oh god. You know... I actually intended on asking him out today."

"No shit? Ouch."

"Yeah, I'm glad I waited long enough to realize he had a girlfriend"

He sucked in air through his teeth, "yeah no kidding. ...I'm sorry."

I waved my hand, "Ehh it's okay. I've dealt with worse. Plus, maybe this is tmi. I mostly just wanted to have sex today. I mean, I wasn't going to just use him for sex, but that he could be a good guy to date, but ... I don't know what was wrong with me today."

"Oh..." he started, "well, instead you ended up in a hot tub naked with four other people including your kid brother."

I laughed, "Dude, I've seen and heard enough of you to know that you're definitely not a kid anymore, Jesus."

He laughed awkwardly, "thanks?"

"Anytime."

He sat quietly for a little bit. But from my peripheral I could see him glancing over at me occasionally. Finally I looked over at him. "What's up?"

He was quiet for a second, "Rose, you're gorgeous. You know that right?" I gripped the steering wheel tighter. My heart was pounding and I didn't know how to respond. I escaped me.

"And I know I'm supposed to say that kind of stuff because I'm your brother and I should be supportive. You're not supposed to call your sister an uggo, WHICH YOU'RE beautiful. You always have been, but I don't know, it's different seeing you now."

"You mean now that you've seen me naked?" I asked completely deadpan.

"Well, no, I mean, maybe? But I mean in your element. With your friends, when you were on stage the other night. It's a different side of you. It's good. Physically gorgeous. Is ... that weird?"

I felt my stomach doing flips. "I- no... it's not, I mean... thank you." I said softly. I know I should have returned the sentiment, but I didn't know how to get it out, so we made it home. I gathered my stuff and got out of the car, walking around toward his side before we made our way to our apartment. He stepped out from the car again.

"Jesus dude... you should address that." I commented. Doing my best to suppress the aching temptation to just... reach out and grip his thickness for once. I whispered.

He shrugged and covered himself with his towel. "I don't know, I was thinking of the hot tub."

"Of course you were. I'm sure Kelly would be SO flattered." I commented sarcastically.

He got defensive, "Shut up! Don't say anything to her!". We were at the door and I turned the key. As soon as I opened it I noticed the maintenance note on the kitchen wall about the air conditioner over the course of the day. Thank god it had been fixed. I adjusted the temperature and we closed all the windows.

I quickly and awkwardly said goodnight and was headed to my room when he suddenly spoke, "Oh my god what's the rush?"

"I don't know about you, but I need to milk and rub one out, I'm fucking dying. You should probably do the same." I said, gesturing toward his pants. I made my way back to the living room and caught a glimpse of him still standing in the middle of the living room looking dumbfounded. It made me smile.

As soon as the door was shut I practically tore off my bikini and went into my shower. I couldn't keep my hand from between my legs, I strummed my clit furiously, remembering the tension, Kelly confirming that Ken was hard in the tub, and generously attributing it to me, just everything, cumming several times before my breasts got dry, powering through a couple more orgasms before finishing off by pumping my fingers into my pussy a little bit until my arm was too tired to keep going. I finished how he called me gorgeous and beautiful in such a genuine and heartfelt way. I felt like he actually meant it, and wasn't just being nice. It wasn't an obligation for him to be nice to me as his sister. It felt like he meant it... from man to woman. I felt my heart swell. I finished the shower quickly, did my skin care routine, put on a pajama top and a text from my brother.

[We left the Switch at Kelly's house.]

I yelled into the air "FUCKING DAMMIT!"

I swear my goal is to get these caught up. The posts that go over the character limit present problems for me though that I'm trying to work past. I'll give it a few more days you all enjoyed getting two in the same day! Sorry about the length of this particular one. Thank you all so much for reading!

09 -

I've been getting a lot of messages asking when this update would come, I'm sorry for the wait. This week was super busy at work because we had to get a lot done for the 4th of July. And then my parents came up for the 4th. Friday was really the first day I've had to myself since I posted the last update, but this one is incredible, I made sure I cleaned it up well because my initial notes were frantic and confusing, I hadn't labeled any of the dialogue or anything. But, hopefully it's worth the wait.

Tuesday

For anyone wondering, I was able to stop by Ken and Kelly's place after work to pick up my Switch. She had just gotten home when I arrived, and we talked a little while waiting for Ken to make it home.

"Sooo... last night was... something." I started.

"Oh my god. I can't believe we did that. Well, more that you did. You AND your brother."

Luckily she was prepping some food, otherwise she might have caught the blush I could feel coming to my face. "I know! I mean, I knew Monica wouldn't drop it if I did."

"You know now that you've let her win, she's just going to keep trying to push everyone's boundaries, right?" Kelly said quietly as if Monica was hiding in a couch corner.

I just sighed, "I don't know what more she could push for us to do at this point, short of an orgy or committing a crime."

Kelly laughed, "I think Ken would have DIED if things had gotten that wild. Mostly because he'd probably have forgotten by the morning."

"Aww, too bad we didn't just tell him it happened, we could have really fucked with him!" We both laughed at that.

Once we calmed a little, Kelly went back to cooking, and I figured I should get out of her hair and home to my brother to see what he wanted to do for dinner. As I was leaving, he was half turned toward their driveway as he locked his car, and while turning forward to enter, he called out, "Kellyyyy, I hope you're still horny! I'm ready to-" he looked at me, "Kelly, he almost jumped. "-FUCK! Hey Rose, I uh-"

He turned a little red and gave me a quick anxious once over which made me wonder how much he remembered seeing from last night. I decided to have a little fun with him. "I'm sorry Ken, Kelly's not home right now. But I could take very good care of you if you'd like. Kelly doesn't have to know."

Kelly was audibly cutting vegetables from the kitchen, "Rose, don't tease my boyfriend please, you're going to make him pass out." I laughed and winked at him, but Kelly was a little flustered.

I held up my Switch carrying case. "We forgot this last night."

"Oh, right, I didn't even notice." He said, calming down.

Suddenly Kelly appeared next to me. "Probably because you passed out on the bed the second we came back inside." She turned to me, "He slept like a fucking baby, I was worried about the redwoods from a helicopter." I couldn't help giggling at that and he looked like he wanted to protest before Kelly spoke up. "Hey, that's your punishment for eye fucking me, his arm lightly."

"Like you're the innocent one here, should I share what you said this morning?" He added, smugly.

She immediately turned red and gave him a very panicked look before crossing her arms over her chest. "Not if you want sex anytime soon."

I couldn't help prodding, "What did she say?" I asked sweetly.

He started to open his mouth, and she immediately interjected, "NOTHING!" she turned to wag a finger at him, "DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE!" He held his hands up in surrender, saying my goodbyes and heading home. I wanted to know but I didn't want to cause any more friction between the two than was about to take place once I'd left them. I knew sex would have been better for them. Hmm.

When I made it home I realized it would be the first time seeing my brother since last night. I wasn't sure what to expect. I pretty much told him I was going to go home, he suggested he do the same. We'd sort of seen each other naked. I don't know, I didn't count it as seeing each other naked because the bubbles obscured so much, but I think that was electrifying- for me at least.

It was chill for the most part. We weren't too awkward around each other, and we sat to watch Chernobyl, which is definitely not the most... titillating or uplifting show. A few times I caught him kind of looking over at me. I was wearing tiny shorts and most of my thighs and ass were on display the way I was sitting with my feet under the table and just casually asked, "Did you take my suggestion last night?"

He looked confused for a second, "What sug- oh... uh, yeah. I did." He looked kind of ashamed.

"Good, we need to keep that beast in check." I stated, sternly. I was being facetious, but he might not have read that in the way I said it. He rolled his eyes.

"God, I should have never told you about that." He sighed.

"Dude, I'm pretty sure if you hadn't told me, I'd have found out yesterday anyway."

He blushed a little bit. "Was... it that obvious?"

"When you got out of the pool, and the car? Yeah."

"Ugh." He slouched a bit on the couch.

I didn't really know what to say at that point. I knew he was probably just wanting the subject to change in general, so I let the conversation die. The rest of the evening I was on the show, ate, played some video games and then I went to my room to take care of my nightly routine and go to sleep.

Saturday

I had just gotten my legs waxed and my bikini area sugared after work yesterday, so I was feeling particularly sexy, soft, and smooth, fresh out of my morning shower. I knew that I was really the only one enjoying that part of me. I wanted someone to see and touch me there and show appreciation however they saw fit. And then an idea came.

It was laundry day for me, I needed to wash all of my jeans and yoga pants at the very least. And my panty drawer was a little low on options. But my brother, as I mentioned, he was a little more into it, so I picked out a purple thong. I'd been around him in panties before, I'd been in front of him naked, (though obscured), but I hadn't shown quite as much as I did today. A major mood and I was ready to tease myself and him today. I put the thong on and a little neon blue Lion King top, and then went to my bathroom to collect my hairbrush and the mirror though.

I had burned a little from the Memorial Day party, mostly in my upper chest and shoulders, and it was pretty much all better now, unfortunately I don't tan at all so my skin is a little pale from the SLIGHTLY pinkened pale skin. I turned my hips to see my butt, it was relatively modest, as far as thongs go, but it showed almost the entirety of my ass. I was a little nervous, I was a little shy, but I was a little more into it, so I picked out a purple thong. I'd been around him in panties before, I'd been in front of him naked, (though obscured), but I hadn't shown quite as much as I did today. A major mood and I was ready to tease myself and him today. I put the thong on and a little neon blue Lion King top, and then went to my bathroom to collect my hairbrush and the mirror though. I was a little nervous, I was a little shy, but I was a little more into it, so I picked out a purple thong. I'd been around him in panties before, I'd been in front of him naked, (though obscured), but I hadn't shown quite as much as I did today. A major mood and I was ready to tease myself and him today. I put the thong on and a little neon blue Lion King top, and then went to my bathroom to collect my hairbrush and the mirror though.

He was in his bathroom, so I went ahead and made my way through the living room and kitchen to the little laundry room. The washer and dryer face out into the throwing my clothes into the washer to start my first load. As I was throwing handfuls of clothes, I caught a single white sock mistakenly thrown in with my jeans a rim of the washer to recover it. I stood on the tip of my toes, and bent over slightly so I could reach in and grab it.

"Uhhh, good morning?" I heard from behind me, causing me to stand up straight, startled. I'm pretty sure I yelped. I hadn't heard my brother approach at all over

I brushed the hair out of my face and stood with my back to the washer, noting how cold the metal felt against my exposed ass, and suddenly realizing the sight he the laundry room when he startled me. "Oh, good morning."

He smiled and poured himself some cereal. I finished loading the washer, and shut the door to the room so the load could wash without making so much noise. He few eggs out of the fridge. I felt a little on edge. I was trying to be as nonchalant as possible, to not let on that my wardrobe choice was intentional or pointed. But my ass. I imagined him eyeing me hungrily while I whisked the eggs, causing my butt to gently jiggle. I imagine him fighting the urge to reach out and squeeze my and-

"Those smell like they're burning!" He said, snapping me out of it. I had poured the whisked eggs into the frying pan but I hadn't started scrambling them, so they actually burned, but they probably would have had he not said anything. I felt so stupid for letting my thoughts distract me so easily. And then I realized I was gett But I finished making the eggs and started to serve some for both of us.

"Can you pour me some milk, please?" I asked him while I grabbed us both forks and put some dirty dishes in the sink.

"Uhh actually", he started as he finished his cereal, "I just got the last of it."

I pouted slightly, "Rude!"

"Sorry!"

"It's fine. We'll have to go get some later, or I'll have some delivered or something." I filled myself a glass of water from the fridge and started bringing my plate to to me. We caught up on some YouTube and ate in relative silence. When I finished, I took my plate to the sink and washed it, then made my way to my bathroom t couldn't help noticing the blanket that had been on the couch between us, the one I intended to use to cover myself up if I became too self conscious, had been mc

Regardless, I grabbed an Xbox controller and sat back in my spot. I was leaned against the armrest, with my legs tucked, and my hips cocked so my butt was facin acted preoccupied with my phone, but kept focusing on the reflection on my screen, trying to see where he was looking. I couldn't really make it out, so I opened n acting like I was posing for some selfies. In the background I could see him glancing over at me every few seconds, and I swear I could feel a wave of wetness roll started up Sunset Overdrive, and started to play.

We talked a little bit about the game, about E3 coming up and what our plan was going to be. It was my first time where I didn't have to be at a booth for my studi open. I just had a pass through work to basically enjoy myself for doing so well in years past. If my brother didn't have classes I would have probably scored some me staying alone at a hotel near the LA convention center, and going to a bunch of parties to represent my studio, always a joy for someone who doesn't drink and who do.

By this point I realized I was no longer able to focus on the game, so I quit and set the controller down. I turned toward my brother, who had gotten quiet, and saw phone and typing something. I shifted in my spot so my back against the arm of the couch while I faced him, my elbows behind me with my arms rested on the coi watched him for a little bit, just to see how long he would go for, but I grew impatient and reached out with my right foot and tapped him on the side of his leg wit

He startled a bit and quickly snapped his attention to my foot, and I watched as his eyes traveled up my leg, to my panties. I pulled my right leg back up until my f r/kneesttogether, you'll probably have a good idea of what he saw, though covered of course). He stopped there for a very brief second and it was enough to send a goosebumps. His eyes finished traveling up to mine and I could feel my panties getting a little wetter. I kept thinking how much I just wanted to take his hand and pussy over my panties. I wanted him to feel how smooth I was, I had the urge to just blurt out for him to touch me. This all happened over the course of like three up.

"Well, I don't have anything clean or decent to wear out today, and the renovations at the club started last night, so my weekends are completely free for the next today?"

He looked away for a second at the shelf of games. "Do you have any coop games that are less stressful than Overcooked and Cuphead?"

I knew off the top of my head a whole list of games I had for that, but instead I decided to walk over to the shelf and get down on my knees so I could be low enou straightened my back and put my hands on my hips, tilting them forward to make my butt look particularly high and perky, and slowly made suggestions.

While we were deciding, I pulled at the waistband of the thong, purposefully making the front wedge slightly between my lips. Not enough to make the gusset of th completely expose my outer labia, but enough to be a massive tease. We settled on A Way Out and I walked myself over to the PS4 to put the disc in the system. I looking straight ahead in my direction, but couldn't tell where his eyes were aimed. I bent over slightly to use a hand to help push myself up onto my feet, and I tu arms up and pushing my stomach forward so my shirt could ride up. I had intended on watching his reaction but it turned from a fake stretch into a real one very c missed seeing what he may have been looking at.

I sat and we ended up playing the game for a while, I'd been meaning to play it for some time but had trouble finding a co-op partner so it was nice to finally get to stopped when I remembered I needed to move my laundry to the dryer. I remember looking at the washer and thinking of how some women will sit on the corner v never tried it but suddenly found myself getting curious. Maybe later... I transferred my clothes to the dryer and started it and turned around to my brother washin behind me like that and honestly? It was kind of exciting me.

We sat back on the couch and I got back in my knees up position. The thong felt like it was riding up a little too much and without even thinking I reached down an gently extract it from me. I was FAR wetter than I thought, and suddenly I heard my name.

"Rose?!" It snapped me out of what I was doing and I realized that I was sitting with my hand between my legs-and my brother looking right at it with his mouth a hand back up from between my legs, causing him to meet my eyes. I could feel myself flushing hard and my mouth went completely dry. I could feel how wet my f awkwardly behind my knees, hopefully out of his view. My heart was racing, and he looked away, he looked like he was trying to look anywhere but at my eyes. I fi

"I uhh, um. I need to change." I sat up quickly and turned on my heel, holding my hand with the glazed fingers up awkwardly. I rushed to my bedroom door and cl My hand immediately shot back down to my pussy. I was completely soaked, and the thong was saturated. I let it fall to my ankles as I trapped my hood between i shuddering at the sensation. I plunged my fingers in and as I heard the obscene sound of my wetness, I also heard the door to my brother's bathroom shut loudly. pumped myself until I came.

I didn't want to stay in my room too long so I would have to settle for that one quickie. I picked up the thong and saw the clear distinction from the part of the mat part that I had soaked through. I could practically feel the color drain from my face. I felt like I was pushing things way too far. I rinsed the thong in my sink and le before I could put it in my hamper. I washed my hands, and went back to my panty drawer, found a relatively conservative pair of panties, and put on a pair of yog earlier, but I still wanted to cover up after that.

When I came out to the living room again, my brother was still in his bathroom. The fan was on, and part of me was thinking he genuinely had to use the restroom wondered if maybe he was- and then I heard his sink running, he was washing his hands. It actually ran for quite a while before he finally came out and awkwardly

"I'm sorry about earlier." Was all I could muster. He made a weak sort of grunt of affirmation. His eyes were fixed on the tv, watching the uncharted theme on the F

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"What are you apologizing for?" He said softly.

"Oh. I... I thought you might have seen- I don't know?" I felt mortified, like maybe he hadn't seen anything and I was worried over nothing, but I knew there was a reason to throw up, or cry, and I didn't know what to do. I was embarrassed, and the only solution I could think was to turn the situation on him. "Were you... jacking off just now?"

His hands clenched, I expected him to be caught off guard and go silent, but instead he turned to me. "Weren't YOU?"

Fuck! Fuck him. Oh my god. I couldn't even say anything, I just felt the color rushing back to my face and I knew no matter what I said he already had his answer. My head bristled, like he was ready to lash out. I felt frozen in place and wanted nothing more than to disappear. And then he spoke again.

"What got YOU so worked up?" His features softened a little as he looked at me expectantly, but it didn't make me feel any more comfortable answering him.

"I don't... I don't know. I just was." I felt small, curled up in my corner of the couch, my body closed off. I felt like the little sister, being scolded or something. I felt like my attempt to turn this whole thing on him had backfired. "What about you?"

There it was. Now he looked flustered, his face pinkened a little, and he averted his gaze, focusing back on the tv. I couldn't even relish this tiny victory at this point. "Please... don't make me say it." I sat up a little, completely at attention. I felt like I was on fire. This was fucking happening! My mouth was completely dry, and I was breathing intensely, expectantly.

He did an awkward double take, realizing I wasn't going to drop this. "Fuck! I mean, you've been out here wearing next to nothing! You know what you look like, I'm not fucking help it, okay! I'm sorry- I-"

I realized he was spiraling and came to his aid. I put my hand in his shoulder. "No! It's- you're good. You don't have to apologize! It's okay." He tensed when I touched him.

"Really...?" He asked tentatively, turning to me, looking kind of terrified.

"Yes, I promise." I smiled weakly. It seemed like it reassured him well enough. "We talked about this though, if my state of dress made you uncomfortable, you could tell me. I guess things are a bit too much... or too little?"

"No, I mean, it's not the same kind of uncomfortable. I wasn't about to make you stop. But yeah, maybe the thong was a bit too much for me."

"Mm." Was all I could say. I wasn't sure where to go from here. We sat in quiet for a little bit, the menu music for the PS4 playing softly. Burned into my mind at the time, off with a text from Monica, but I still felt frozen in place and couldn't reach for it on the table.

I sighed. "I'm sorry if I pressured you into telling me. If I'd have known-"

"No, you didn't pressure me, I could have said literally ANYTHING else, I was just panicked and didn't know what else to say." He deflated on the couch.

I turned to him, trying to lighten the mood. "So you're saying you DON'T find me attractive?" I gently teased.

He buried his face in his hands and groaned. "Are you fucking kidding meeeeeee." After he got that out he turned to me. "I'm sorry... I know that's so fucking weird, with you, you're the coolest sister and I just can't-"

"It's not weird." I interrupted, practically blurting it out in a shy mumble.

"-what?"

"It's not-I don't think it's weird."

He looked confused and surprised and suddenly I couldn't look him in the eye.

"You don't think it's weird... that I think my sister is hot?" He asked, dripping with doubt.

"As your sister?" I quickly glanced at him. "You could be a hell of a lot weirder." I felt the corner of my mouth lift slightly. My heart was fucking pounding. "Honestly you always thought like that?"

He looked astounded. I really wish I could have read his thoughts in this moment. Finally he answered. "I don't know. I've always thought you were pretty-are prettier than your friends drooling over you, I couldn't help but start to see what they were talking about. I'm pretty sure you were the cause of my first boner-Jesus Christ I really just admit that... You remember how I used to have a crush on [actress]? It was because you looked just like her, even if I didn't realize WHY I liked her. You STILL look like her when mom confused her picture thinking it was you and I agreed way too quickly, I was practically praying you wouldn't remember that I'd had a crush on her, you know? I'll stop talking?" I didn't even have to say anything because he stopped there and just kind of awkwardly sat gripping his legs.

"Oh... wow." I breathed. I could hear my pulse in my head, and my stomach was doing flips. I felt afraid to open my mouth, like I could be sick just from the nerve of him being so guilty for essentially teasing him to this point. "Listen, I'm-"

I felt him tense from his side of the couch, and immediately snapped my attention back to him. "Oh my god, if you're going to kick me out, just tell me now. I'll understand."

Dumbfounded, no doubt showing on my face, I lost my train of thought entirely. Even he started to look confused, until I processed what he was saying. "Oh my god, I'm sorry because of this, oh my god. You haven't done anything wrong! I promise you it's okay!" I wanted to reach out and hug him but it kind of felt like it wasn't a good time.

He sat back pulled his legs up under him and sat cross legged facing me. "Are you sure?"

"One hundred percent."

He exhaled shakily. I wouldn't have been surprised if he had been sweating he seemed that anxious. I couldn't stand watching him squirm like that so I bit the bullet.

"Listen, I- I know how you feel." I softly spoke, while wringing my hands nervously. "It's been hard for me not to notice how much you've grown, what a warm and caring person you are. My friend's even back home have all made some sort of comment about it over the past year or two, and I don't know. My eyes have been opened to it and I feel guilty for that bottled up for over a year now. You're attractive. And I'm... a terrible big sister to you for-"

"-no! You're the best." He said, looking at me earnestly. I felt tears well up in my eyes because I was getting so overwhelmed.

"No—I intentionally wore what I did today." I gestured to my yoga pants. "Obviously I had other options. I purposefully teased you on a whim, and that was so wrong of me. I'm sorry for keeping you safe and making you feel loved and-"

He leaned forward slightly and touched my arm. "You ARE. You've always been good about making me feel both of those things. And yeah, maybe that wasn't an excuse, but about it, and you don't need to apologize. Most guys would probably kill to have someone like you prancing around their home like that." He blushed a little, and I felt like I couldn't help smiling.

"Thank you... I love you." I said, grabbing his hand.

He squeezed mine gently in response. "I love you too. Even without all of this other stuff." We stayed that way for a bit before I pulled my hand back to brush the hair from his forehead and sniffled and sighed from the release of the anxiety that had been building over the last few minutes. My stomach was still uneasy, but it was getting better.

"So was the hot tub as brutal for you as it was for me?" He asked suddenly, a half smile on his face.

"Oh god. I think even had you not been there it would have been too much for me."

"Did you ... really... take care of yourself that night?" He cautiously asked.

"I told you I was wanting sex that day. I thought for some reason that I'd get Rick to take me to bed. Then the hot tub happened and it really didn't help things. I r
He looked embarrassed. "Yeah..."

"Dude, it's nothing to be ashamed about. I don't think you realize how much I do it. It's totally fine. Even without what I learned today, I pretty much assumed you

"Maybe once or twice..." He muttered.

I laughed, "Does that include about 15 minutes ago?" He just gave me a look of exhaustion. "How was it?" I smiled, feeling a little more comfortable teasing him a

"It was-it was good. I needed that." He said, looking at the floor. "You?"

"Well... I could have used more, but I didn't want to be in my room for too long. Had I known you were preoccupied as well, I would have gone a little longer."

"Damn." Was all he said. I wasn't sure what was going through his head. But I couldn't take any more of this today. I was emotionally exhausted.

"You know you can't talk about this with anyone, right? Not your friends, not my friends, definitely not mom and dad. This has to stay between us. If you need to t

He shifted a little uncomfortably. "I know, I know. I promise I won't do any of that. But what IS this exactly?"

"I mean us admitting that we find each other attractive."

"Okay."

"And... do I need to dress more conservatively around the house, would that be easier for you?"

"No, I mean, I know how that sounds, but like- I still want you to be comfortable in your own home. I promise I'll be fine." He looked sincere, but honestly I wasn't he feels now. It would be hard to not be making a deliberate choice to show off for him. I'd have to play it by ear I suppose.

"Okay." I confirmed. And then I couldn't my help leaning toward him and hugging him tightly. I kissed his jaw gently. "I love you. Thank you for being so sweet."

He squeezed me a little bit tighter. "I love you too."

We separated, and I felt a calm wash over me. Eventually we moved on from the subject, we continued playing A Way Out. Eventually I got hot and took off my yo kind of thrill as he more openly gave me a once over and smiled warmly at me. But the rest of the day was calm and uneventful, my heart appreciated the mercy.

I guess some of you on here were right. He did find me attractive. Apparently he had for a long time. Some of you called that too, that his friends sexualizing me c about what to do with this information. Even if... nothing physical ever happens between us, I don't feel like it's wrong for us to admit to each other what we did to incredible about being able to be a little more honest with each other. And now that I know this, maybe something physical COULD happen. I just don't want to pus because of what happened today.

I intended to include three entries here but the next one is long too, and I didn't want to have to fight with the character count again, and hoped to avoid splitting u update. But I hope you all still enjoyed this one. It's hard to overstate how important this was for me, and I hope the weight of it translates to you guys as well. Th on this journey with me. There's still more to come, and I'll have the next update out as soon as I can. 🥰

Edit: Also, I'm sorry to those of you waiting on pm responses from me. I got pretty overwhelmed after the last entry, but I do intend to respond to as many as I ca
10 -

Thanks to those of you who have been so patient, waiting for my updates and keeping yourselves entertained in the comments of my other posts. I appreciate it, a hanging for too long at any point, but please, I would also appreciate it if you could NOT send me private messages just asking about the next update or simply say don't need the additional pressure, and while I know a lot of you are messaging me to be encouraging and express anticipation, I've gotten several very rude and ii update and this one. I'm sorry about my pace, but I don't have the time or energy to clean these up and post them any faster than I'm already doing.

That being said, I love you guys, and I can't express how much I truly appreciate the words of encouragement and praise you all have given me over the past few i maybe I'm developing a praise kink, I don't know!

Anyway, the rest of the week after that talk was relatively quiet. I had a busy Sunday with my girlfriends, and the work week was pretty busy so we didn't see each to have dinner or watch something in the living room together before bed. I didn't do any teasing, but I continued wearing loose tops and panties, and he continued words were exchanged, but I'd flush almost every time and end up turned on.

At one point Thursday or Friday, while sitting with my hips cocked and my butt facing out toward him, I caught him grabbing at his crotch and adjusting. I couldn't head with my brow raised, as if saying "you good over there?" And he just sheepishly finished adjusting, and gave a single nod. I think I touched myself almost eve kind of par for the course for me.

As a word of warning, this entire post is full of lactation and breast milk talk. If that's not your bag, I'm sorry. You might have to skip this?

Saturday

Technically my E3 schedule started today, but the EA Play event was totally optional for me so I decided to take my time before heading to my hotel today. I slept i breakfast. Eggs, and hash browns, plus bacon and biscuits for my brother. I was trying to let him sleep in but the sound of the sizzling bacon, and the crackling oil i shower and joined me in the kitchen. I was a little more dressed than I typically would be because of the oil, a t-shirt, sports bra, and slightly thicker yoga pants. I alone for the majority of the next week, so I guess this was an attempt to ease him into it.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay for the week? Do we need to pick up anything for around the house before I go?" I asked while prodding at the bacon.

He sat on the stool at the bar that faces the sink. "I'll be fine, just don't let Monica know I'm unsupervised." I scoffed at that and shook my head. "I think I'm good me food money to get like, pizza and stuff while you're gone, anything else I need I can always go get myself."

I nodded and turned off the burner. "Okay, awesome. Just, you know, don't make a mess, stay out of my room, don't delete any of my save files or play on my acc

"Sounds just like when mom and dad went on vacation and you would sneak out to go make out with your boyfriend." He said sarcastically.

Oh, bless his heart if he thought that was all we were getting up to. I laughed to myself. "I TOLD you, I was watching scary movies with my girlfriends." I corrected my back to him.

"OOOOHHH, so THAT'S what it was." He responded sounding unconvinced.

I couldn't help giggling. "Do you remember the time we were home alone for the weekend, and I told you it was okay to have a couple friends sleep over since Sm
to tell mom and dad I was spending the night at a friend's house?"

"Yeah I- oh my god did you spend the night at HIS house?!" He sounded genuinely concerned or something.

"God no, I actually really did go to (Evelyn)'s house, she was having a rough night because her boyfriend dumped her after confessing he'd been cheating on her w crazy drama like that."

"Oh- jeez." He muttered.

"Yeah. Anyway, I didn't end up staying the night because she fell asleep super early, and when I came back, you and two of your friends were busy playing Smash the light was on."

"Oh?" He barely uttered.

"I thought maybe I had left my light on by accident, but when I entered, I caught (Chris) standing there with one hand on the front of his sleep pants, and one of n silk and black lace bra gripped in his dumb little hands to this day.

"What the fuck!"

"I know! He looked like a deer caught in headlights. I was pissed. I actually thought he was jerking off at first. I made him drop the bra, and told him to go home ir told you he'd gotten sick when you guys asked where he'd gone later."

"Wow," he breathed. "I really don't remember that at all. He used to say so much awful shit about you."

"Really? Like- because I was mean to him after that? Or like- what do you mean?"

"Sexual stuff." He answered almost solemnly. "Used to make me so uncomfortable because he'd get everyone talking about you and I'd have to get them to shut up of me either, they were just that into you. He even claimed you gave him a pair of your panties once, he brought them to lunch and everything."

At first I was feeling kind of a thrill hearing about all of this, but the last part caught me off guard. "Wait, what?!" I turned toward him, brandishing a spatula.

"Yeah, like... I still remember, they were like a red shiny-silky material, with black lace. We joked that he just bought a random pair from Victoria's Secret to seem little embarrassed at remembering that detail.

"Oh my god-" I remembered it. It was part of a set. I actually had stockings to go with that set, it was my only lingerie set at the time. I remembered losing the pa something, I was mortified at the idea of anyone else in the house finding them. "I didn't give them to him, he fucking stole them! He probably stole them that nigh when I caught him! Oh my god, what a little asshole! That fucker!" I know it was dumb to be this upset about it years after the fact, but I was offended on behalf o picture the little gremlin rubbing my one expensive pair of panties on himself and immediately wished my imagination wasn't quite so vivid.

He laughed at my indignation, "In case you didn't notice, we didn't stay friends that long. Plus I heard he punched his girlfriend in the side of the head during junio

"JESUS." Was all I could say. He made a grunt of affirmation and I served our plates at the coffee table. I started eating a little, and he went to the cupboard to gra

"What do you want?" He asked. "Orange juice? Mi-Shit! We never ended up getting milk last weekend!"

I laughed, "I guess breakfast hasn't come up since then?"

"I guess not." He muttered.

"Ugh, I kind of wanted milk. What about you?" I asked as he closed the fridge while we talked this through.

"Hmm." He went quiet and thought for a while. "What's faster, having it delivered, going out to get it, or just using your own?" He asked suddenly, and when I turn was already regretting it.

"Are you suggesting I just... fill myself a glass of my own milk?"

He looked embarrassed, but nodded his head. "I mean, have you ever... tried it?"

I had a fork full of eggs in my mouth and waited to swallow. "Do you mean have I ever served myself a glass of my own milk to have with my food? Or just have I

"Uhhh, just tasted I guess. Like have you ever been curious?" He was being cautious but he seemed to be getting steadily more comfortable asking.

"Of course I have. I mean, I've tasted it quite a few times to be honest."

He looked a little surprised, but kept his cool. "Oh, wow. So... what's it like?"

I started to feel a prickling heat crawling up my sides... and an ache in my breasts. My mouth went dry and I'm sure my face went red. "Uhhh, well... it's like... it's better than normal milk, to be honest?"

He looked deep in thought, like he was trying to process that, before finally just letting out a soft, "Huh."

Suddenly the room fell quiet. Netflix was asking if we were still there, I don't even remember what was on while I was cooking. I set my fork down gently, and coul deep in my chest, and I tried to hold it back until it felt like the words erupted from me. "Do you want to try it?"

I couldn't look at him, I tensed, and if the room was already quiet, it was suddenly sucked free of the noise pollution we created by merely existing. You could hear apartment. My ears felt hot, and I fought the urge to fill the awkward silence quickly and change the subject, play it off as a joke, anything, why couldn't I think of internally panicking? Maybe he didn't hear me anyway, or maybe I could convince him he heard me wrong, maybe-

"Uh, really?" He softly asked, cutting through the silence, cutting through my anxious thoughts.

I turned to him and could feel my cheeks burning. "I mean... why not, I guess?" I kind of shrugged my shoulders and smiled awkwardly.

He shrugged his shoulders a little as well, as if weighing the decision, before cautiously putting forth a resounding "Sure?"

"Okay." I responded, it barely came out, crackled and hoarse. Now the wheels in my head were turning as I tried to figure out how to do this.

"Um, how do... how do I-" he tried asking, his voice jump started my thought process and I stood from the couch, making my way to the kitchen area.

I heard him shift in his seat, and thought he might have been getting up to follow me, and without even turning to face him, I held up a hand. "JUST-Just stay whe cupboard and pulled out a small cup. Staring at it in my hand, I tried to decide the best way to milk. Was I okay with letting him watch? I'd never... let anyone see and let the counters block his view of me. I figured maybe I should at least start that way, just in case I couldn't get the flow going? Either way, I was incredibly ne After years of being protective of my milk, having never shared it with anyone... I was finally doing this.

I decided to be a little brave and sat up on the counter, next to the kitchen sink, facing away from the living room with my back to him. With the cup in my left han the top, let the right side of the shirt rest on my shoulder, and unzipped the front of my sports bra, exposing my right breast. My nipples were surprisingly not hard looked back over my shoulder and confirmed that my brother was staring at me curiously, seemingly on the edge of his seat. I felt my heart rate pick up and turne

I rubbed up and down my breast with my free hand, strumming my nipple with the broad side of my fingers until it started to get hard for me. Taking a deep breath to knead the soft tissue, attempting to coax the milk from me. I knew I would normally have been full in a little over 6 hours, so I had a decent amount of milk to offer my fingers, ignoring the sensation it was sending low in my abdomen, pulling at my breast gently, squeezing with my thumb, forward toward the nipple... but nothing more.

I cast a furtive glance back over my shoulder, where he was still watching, looking like he couldn't figure out what to do with his hands. I turned back and set the cup through the strap of the sports bra, and took it off entirely, setting it aside and just leaving my top hanging loosely by the collar and down my back. I tried working to see the nipple hardening. I closed my eyes and thought about how I was once again topless in front of my brother, I thought back to the hot tub, which had continued my masturbation fantasies ever since. I could feel myself getting turned on and looked down in time to see my nipples get just a little bigger and harder, the way they were daring to look back again, I made the last ditch effort and held my right breast up, so I could gently suck on my nipple a little bit. As soon as I tasted a little bit of milk for a few seconds, the whole time ignoring the tingling between my legs, and the heat that was slowly building, then quickly grabbed the cup and held it to my left, switched from nipple to nipple to keep them even until I had about a third of the cup full. I remember feeling like the sound of the gentle spray of milk, trickling into the cup was incredibly loud, cutting through the heavy silence that had filled the room.

I planted my feet on the floor and slid off the counter, with my arm covering myself, I tore off a section of paper towel, and dampened it with sink water to dab at my nipples, then I put my top back on, leaving the bra on the counter. I had been avoiding looking at him this entire time, but I finally made eye contact, gingerly holding the cup over my head.

"Are you sure you want to try this?" I asked, only noticing afterward how serious I was being.

He nodded. And I walked around the counter, making my way toward him, a complete bundle of nerves. I didn't know what I was going to do if he thought it was gross, but if he really liked it. I offered the cup to him and he took it from my hand. He was about to put it to his lips when he stopped.

"This isn't too weird for you, is it?"

I shook my head, "Not if it isn't too weird for you." My voice was so dry and crackly the first few words came out like a weak whisper. I swallowed hard as he tipped the cup, absolutely racing and I was wringing my hands together in nervousness. He tilted the cup a little more, and then reached a point where he made a sort of "Hm" noise, then he switched further until he had swallowed everything I'd given him.

I felt like my eyes were wide, I felt my nipples at attention too, it was like they knew, my boobs knew what was happening, what was FINALLY happening. I felt feverish and up to me, smiling warmly. I couldn't even ask what he thought, I couldn't move. I don't know, maybe this seems really stupid for me to be so hung up and emotional about something as simple as having a little milk. It makes me feel sexy, and like I have something more to offer a partner, I have this overwhelming instinct to feed someone, and that's why I don't know... but I think of my milk as a gift I've been waiting to give to someone, it's precious to me, and it's why I haven't really considered selling it or anything else so dramatic and like I'm vastly inflating the importance of it, but that's just how I've felt, so hopefully you can understand what was going through my head, and throw out the idea that I'm just a weirdo.

He licked his lips quickly and finally spoke, "Wow. That's... actually pretty good." He nodded and inspected the cup like it was the source or something. But I felt a little ache in my nipples almost ache.

"Really?"

"Yeah. It's like... really sweet and I don't know. Kind of rich? I was expecting something like... watery and bitter or something? Like... skim milk maybe." He chuckled and exhaled through my nose and felt the corners of my mouth turn up ever so slightly. I held out my hand and took the cup from him so I could quickly return to the sofa and sit on the couch.

"You know, you're the only person who's ever tasted it before. I mean, other than me."

He shuffled uncomfortable in his seat. "Whoa. Are you okay with that?"

"Yeah. I really don't think there's anyone else I'd trust enough with that right now." I answered calmly.

"Oh." He whispered, and licked his lips again. "Well, it's like... actually really good."

"Thanks," I said, tucking my feet under myself and resting my chin on my knees, "I made it myself."

He laughed at that, surprisingly hard, and I just smiled to myself and let him calm down. When the laughter faded he turned to me, "Hey, were you sucking your own milk?"

I felt myself blush. I mean it wasn't a secret, but I didn't expect him to actually address it. "Uhh, yeah?"

"Wow. That's kind of cool that you can do that. I mean... kind of hot." He trailed off at the end but I still heard.

"Oh? Good to know I guess." I smiled, and honestly I was so turned on at that point, but still coming down from the nerves from earlier, so I just let the tension in my head go, anything when I was about to be out of the house for like a week anyway. After a bit I got up and finished up packing. I left my bags by the door, and then stood by the door.

"You know, getting a taste of my milk comes at a price." I teased.

He looked up from his phone, "What's that?"

I slid the Switch up out of the dock and into my carrying case. "I get to take this with me for the week."

He sighed and laughed. "FINE. I GUESS that's fair." He feigned a pouty attitude and I skipped over to him and gave him a quick hug and kiss on the forehead.

"Be good, stay safe, I love you. Text if you need anything!" I gathered my bags, and left to my hotel. Once I arrived, I threw myself on the bed and immediately fell asleep before freshening up and heading to some of the events for that evening.

Monday

The rest of the week of E3 went by fast, I didn't see him at all really, and it was uncomfortable not getting to milk in the comfort of my own home, even if it was at that hotel room though. And unfortunately when I got back home Friday morning, I had already been hit with con-flu.

I felt awful pretty much all weekend, and I could tell my brother was kind of disappointed that I didn't come back at 100%. We talked a lot about the things I saw at the parties, and me having met some of our favorite voice actors and Internet personalities. I gave him this little Link's Awakening keychain I'd gotten as a big deal because it's adorable as fuck and I was SO close to keeping it for myself. I wish I'd gotten two. He took such good care of me for the weekend, it was so in my blood to want to let him get on top of me even more.

I was completely recovered by today, and able to go to work without it completely draining me, so I came home peppy and ready to do something after having been home for a few days and unable to play video games or anything.

I actually made it home a little before he did, so I took advantage and finished up unpacking from last week. I realized I still had the switch in my bag and felt bad about the chance to touch it at all while I was gone. I had kept myself otherwise preoccupied. I put it back on the dock and changed out of my jeans and into a loose skirt that I had bought then I went back out to the living room to wait for him to get home.

By the time he made it home I had my feet up on the back of the couch and my head hanging off the seat while I tapped around in Pokémon Go. I flipped over so I could see each other. We discussed our days a little bit, and then we settled and I watched him play more of Days Gone. Eventually I turned to him.

"I know it's a Monday, but do you want to do anything tonight? We can go out to eat or to the movies or something, since you took care of me all weekend."

"Umm so- I Uh..."

I felt myself blush. "Sorry, I just... I figured we should get some real food in you."

He nodded and burst into an awkward laugh like he'd been holding his breath. "I Uh... thank you...?" He said softly.

I nodded my head back and he helped me down from the counter while I wiped chest clean with a damp paper towel, briefly stopping when I saw the still wet, saliva on my chest. He shivered and made my pussy ache. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I realized if I hadn't stopped it— god. My heart was jackhammering in my chest and I felt like I was going to faint.

He had gone to the bathroom briefly and came back out. I looked up at him. "Umm did you enjoy that?"

He nodded slowly. "Yeah. Very much. You know, you didn't have to do that... right? I don't want you to think you had to do that for me or ... or—"

I reached up and put my hand on his cheek. "You took care of me. I wanted to take care of you." I kissed his jaw, and checked my phone. "Let's just go out and see what's going on after that."

He agreed and we put our shoes on and left. We went to a Dave and Busters, and were able to cool off and think straight again. When we got home it actually kind of felt like a relief. I looked over and saw the light over the stovetop still on. I felt my nipples harden a little at the reminder, but shook it from my head as we wound things down for the night. I love yous, and I went to my room to take a bath where I promptly finished draining my tits and plunging my fingers into myself. I'm going to sleep like a fucking baby.

I'm sorry to those of you who struggled with the wait this past week. I knew this one was a very big one and I wanted to make sure to give it the attention it needed. I hope you understand why it took time. I don't even really know what to say after these two entries. It's been almost a month and I still feel my head spin when I think about it.

Somehow this didn't go over the character limit and I can't express how surprised by that I am. Also relieved because it's a headache trying to figure out where to stop for reading! I hope you're still enjoying this journey with me. Please take it easy on me during the wait for the next entry. ❤️🥰

11 -

Hi everyone, I've missed you. I hope you've missed me too! ❤️

I wanted to start by saying thank you for taking it a little easier on me during the wait for this one. I know it was a little longer, but there are 5 dates covered in it. I hope. Hopefully this is worth the wait.

Also, there's a lot of lactation stuff in it, that doesn't seem to be bothering anyone nearly as much as I thought it would though, especially with all the comments I've gotten some of you curious if not completely into it. But I just thought I'd warn the silent handful of you who might still be uncomfortable with that. This is also why I initially try to keep things more vague but it didn't feel right to me and it made the writing sound more detached, so I just let myself enjoy 🥰 reliving these moments you would have preferred this way anyway.

I also really wanted to thank you all for the birthday wishes in my profile! I seriously didn't expect that much of a response, I felt so loved. I didn't think anyone would like that. And also thank you to those of you who sent me gifts! I was a bit unsure whether I wanted to accept anything despite the numerous people expressing their love surprised at the amount of you who were serious! Thank you so much! If anyone else is ever feeling generous my most recent personal post has the info.

Heads up, this post also exceeded the 40k character limit. So it continues in the comments!

Monday

I woke up from the most incredible dream today. So vivid. He was sucking my tits hungrily, and I was giving him so much milk, reveling in the feeling of it being drawn out, nipples, the release of pressure, the sensation of his tongue occasionally brushing my sensitive nubs. He made me cum, there was just no avoiding it, it was too much. I flushed, minutes before my alarm went off.

I was actually kind of disoriented when I woke up from the dream. My nipples were aching in a different way, and I felt extremely rested. Not quite the kind of uncomfortable I was used to. And then I opened my phone and checked my notes and immediately remembered it was absolutely NOT a dream. I had straight up offered myself to my brother. I was giving him my breasts. I felt myself go hot and red, and felt my stomach doing flips. How the fuck do I talk to him after last night?

By the time I took my shower and got ready, he had already left for his class. Which now meant he would be waiting for me by the time I got home from work. I was a bit anxious about coming back.

Luckily/unluckily it was a busy day. It went by fast despite having to stay a little later. But then the drive home was excruciating. We needed to talk. There was no avoiding it. I pulled him over it with me, and we needed to talk about what that was going to mean for us. I was more nervous about this than when I confronted my ex about his feelings. I was more nervous than when my dad found a totally unopened pregnancy test under my bathroom sink and I had to admit that I was sexually active (I wasn't having unprotected sex, but I had the test just to be safe). I felt like I hit every single red light possible coming home, just drawing out the inevitable. And yet still, when I got home for a few minutes just feeling my heart beating in my chest. But eventually I did force myself to come inside, only to find that he wasn't even home.

In my nervousness over what I would say to him, I'd failed to notice his car wasn't even there. I text him to ask where he was and if he was okay, and he said he was working at school. I was starting to worry that... maybe last night had been too much, and now he wasn't comfortable being around me. I felt such a weird mix of emotions. I forced myself to eat something and tried to milk a little bit, but because of the anxiety of the day, I was feeling pretty drained, and ended up going to bed early.

Friday

We've missed each other all week. I've had late nights, and so has he. But this whole thing has been killing me. I can't delay this any longer, I need to talk to him about it.

He's started another group project so I knew he'd potentially be home a little late, but I made sure he'd have to face me when he got home, now that I could stay in my room. I was just nervous about the conversation, now I was nervous because I hadn't seen him since that night, and I had no idea what he was feeling about me, if he was still the same, normal, but I was actually a little afraid of how he would look at me after how I'd behaved that night. I didn't have to wait long to find out, however. He came home and I was waiting for him.

I was sitting in the chair that faces away from the door, still in my clothes from work. I was sitting sideways with my legs over the arm so I could see the door, and I was waiting for him. I felt like my heart stopped. I couldn't read his face at all. But he closed the door and came closer.

"Hey," he said as he approached, "I've missed you this week!" He smiled, and it made me feel better. Clearly he didn't hate me or think any less of me. In truth he was just nervous, and I could tell I wasn't being myself.

"Me too." Was all I could say.

"Is... everything okay? You look kind of pale."

That kind of caught my attention and I felt my face grow hot.

"Well, you DID look kind of pale?" He observed, and it actually got a slight chuckle out of me before I felt the anxiety return. I looked up at him, pleadingly.

"Have you been avoiding me?" I asked as evenly as I could muster.

He looked genuinely confused. "What? No! I- it really has been a busy week. I- why would I be avoiding you?"

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"Well, because of... Look, umm... this is really hard, okay? But... about Monday-" I started.

Now it was his turn to go red. He tensed and I wish I could have read his mind.

"-We need to talk about it. Okay?" I said softly while I sat up.

"Yeah..." he admitted as he set down his messenger bag and sat on the couch facing me.

We sat in silence, and I was wringing my hands, trying to figure out how to start. I opened my mouth to talk a few times before changing my approach. And finally

"I'm sorry, for putting you in that situation. I- I shouldn't have done that, and... I just... I don't know. I hope you don't hate me, just-"

"HATE you?" He interjected. "Why would I HATE you for something like that?"

"I-"

"You don't have to apologize for what happened. I wouldn't have gone through with it if I didn't want to."

I paused and contemplated for a second. "I just never want you to feel forced to do something- I don't want you to do something you'd regret- I don't want you to

"I felt- I FEEL none of that. Seriously. You gave me a choice remember?"

I thought about it, I know I did, but I feel like the way I presented the options may have felt a little... weighted. "I know, but I was just afraid of you feeling like yo

"I wanted it just as much as you did." He said. And it pierced the air. I felt my eyes widen. I gripped the arms of the chair a little tighter.

"So... you don't regret... anything? Even though I'm your-"

"Not at all. It was the hottest thing I've ever experienced. And I don't know. I love that it was you. I never thought I'd say that, but it made me feel closer to you?"

"I mean, it's kind of hard not to feel closer to someone after you nurse from them and make them... yeah."

He sat back a little and nodded his head. "Look, do YOU regret what happened?"

I stared at my knees and shook my head. "No... I- I really don't. If it had pushed you away from me, or made you hate me... I would. But really... I couldn't stop n happened. I'm kind of glad it did though. In the moment I wanted nothing else. And I just wanted to be close to you, and for you to enjoy my milk and-

He touched my hand, startling me. "Me too. I'm still here, and I'm not going anywhere. I definitely enjoyed it. Maybe I'm wrong, what with my lack of experience, I

I blushed hardcore.

He sat up a little higher. "So wait, did you REALLY- did you cum?"

I nodded my head, embarrassed, and held up two fingers.

"Twice?"

I nodded a little faster.

"Whoa..."

"I told you I was really sensitive... plus I'd never had someone drink from me. It felt a lot better than I'd imagined."

"Yeah but, I didn't think- Seriously that was the hottest thing ever. I can't believe I made my sister cum. TWICE."

I felt a prickling sensation on my skin when he said that. It felt so... it was thrilling, in a dangerous way. But it reminded me of the reality of all of this. "You unders secret, right?"

He nodded stoically. "I understand. I know this is- that we- I know it stays between us."

I turned my whole body in the chair to face him head on. "If you can't use discretion as far as this is concerned... I need you to tell me right now."

He looked me in the eye. "I promise. I get it. This is weird, and I never thought I'd be having this conversation with you in a million years. But to me, what happen much I love you. And I don't need anyone else to know or understand the way I express that when it's just the two of us."

I smiled weakly. "I love you. This is all new for me too, and I just want you to know that I never want you to feel like you can't say no if something like that were to looking out for you, and I still want to take care of you, and I'm always going to be your big sister. That always comes first."

He perked up when I mentioned something in the future. I'm pretty sure he thought that night was a one time lapse in judgement. And maybe it was... but I didn't more. Not after how good it felt. Not with how much more I wanted, hoped for.

He nodded. "I understand."

"So are we good? I don't want things to be awkward after... well..."

"We're more than good. I loved every second of that night. I would do it again if I could!" He kind of stopped himself but didn't look like he said anything he didn't i attention but I felt like we needed to decompress after that conversation and jumping right into something wasn't the way to do it.

"I loved it too... seriously. You were uh... you made me feel really good. And I'm glad you don't seem to mind the milk."

"I actually really love it. It tastes really good. And I'm glad I could make you feel so good while I did that. It makes it so much better."

I nodded and could feel myself reconsidering whether or not I didn't want a repeat tonight. But I decided to stick to my guns. "Do you want to go out and get some

"Yeah actually I'm super hungry."

We ended up getting a group going and went out to eat with my friends. I felt a little numb, and maybe wasn't myself while we were with everyone. We kept catchi was a little awkward. By the end of the night the feeling had mostly subsided and I felt more like myself. When we came home, we played some Crash Team Racing getting my ass handed to me. Despite how much I'd played the original as a little girl, I was too used to Mario Kart's mechanics at this point. I was having a hell of silence for a little bit, but eventually I got tired and headed to my room to milk a little and do my bedtime routine. It took me a while to fall asleep. It felt like I'd le organize my thoughts in the moment. It felt like we understood each other though, and I saw that as a success. He didn't hate me. In fact it sounded like the oppo reassured enough to finally doze off.

Saturday

The days following that talk were a little awkward. I think we were just unsure of how to navigate each other. How do you continue being siblings and cohabitating your kitchen counter while drinking your breast milk. I couldn't tell you how many times I caught myself watching his lips and biting my own, aching for that feeling almost every night that week. As the days went on we fell back into our comfort zones and routines. And everything felt right. I was dressing a little conservatively but by now I was back to being comfortable in my more casual clothes. I was wearing my cute panties with Angry Beavers print all over, no bra with a pink tee cover and my hair up in a messy bun. I was even wearing my glasses today, mostly to fight the fatigue from staring at my computer all through the work week, which has spend much time with my brother lately.

I was making myself some eggs when I heard him step out of the shower. While I absentmindedly prodded the eggs in the frying pan, I was scrolling through com when suddenly I felt him behind me. Before I could react, he lightly touched my sides with his fingertips, causing me to jump, and almost drop my phone as I scar

"Oh my god, you're jumpy today!" He laughed.

I brushed some loose strands of hair out of my face and held my boobs for security. "You dick! I could have burned myself! It's too early for this!"

"Rose, it's like 11. Some people are already drinking." He gave me his smart ass smile and I rolled my eyes, turning to tend to my eggs. "I'm sorry though, you did

I shook my head, before looking back over my shoulder. "What if I had? I bet you'd feel like a real asshole right now."

"Oh, the biggest. How would I make it up to you?" He asked in a mock concerned tone. I could have slapped him.

I'll admit. My mind went a few dirty places. You could kiss my boo-boo. You could make me feel something to take my mind off the pain. You could- "You could let r

He scoffed. "Where's the satisfaction in that? How about we do battle mode instead since racing isn't really your forte at the moment."

I made a face, and quietly ate my eggs while he started up the game. I watched him do a little bit of the adventure mode while I finished, getting up to wash my p back he offered me my controller and we played a few rounds. I ended up winning more than losing, but I think it was more luck than actual skill that helped me th though. I said I needed a break and he went back to adventure mode.

Really I just felt a bit of an ache in my breasts and wanted to milk a little bit to avoid getting uncomfortable before my usual time. I went back to my bedroom with when I an idea hit me and sent tingles through me. I came back out and grabbed a small towel and the mixing bowl I'd been using the night he first walked in on n table and sat on the couch next to him, placing the towel in my lap. He glanced at the bowl for a second and then went back to the online race he was in the middl looking at me just as I was hooking my fingers in the bottom of my shirt.

"Is this okay?" I asked innocently. "I figured you're probably comfortable enough with this that I don't have to seclude myself to express."

He looked a little fried but nodded gently. "Uh sure, go ahead." And he went back to his game, now in 8th place.

I hesitated for a second, undressing this close to him was even more intense than doing it from the kitchen, even if his eyes weren't glued to me. I was also fully a next move. If anything that made the decision easier. I pulled the shirt over my head and threw it on the floor, making sure he saw it land. He definitely glanced at game. He'd worked his way back to 5th.

My breasts needed no coaxing at this point, my nipples were achingly hard, and when I grabbed the bowl and started to knead, the milk came easily. I let out a sm tingle of release, before biting my lip, unsure if he'd heard me. Before long the gentle spray of the milk hitting the bowl could be heard slightly amongst the din of t and the hectic soundscape of the race. He was in 2nd now.

I switched breasts and he glanced over at me, as if to confirm that I was really doing what he thought. He looked back quickly, but not before I caught his eyes wid going slack. I acted like I was just casually watching him play while I did this. As he looked back he was flattened by a player boosting into him from behind. He we

He never recovered, I think after he saw me his head just was not in the game. He ended up finishing in 7th, only above the sole AI player in the race. I felt a smal the game as I continued to massage the milk from my breasts. He backed out of the lobby after the race and I looked over to see him watching with rapt attention, He swallowed hard and met my eyes.

I worked the milk from me while maintaining deliberate eye contact with him. It was electric. I wanted him to just snap and swat the bowl out of my hand, pin me fuck. I was getting wet. I slowed what I was doing and cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Did you want to help or something?" I asked casually.

His eyes dropped to my boobs and he nodded his head wordlessly.

"Okay." I said softly. I stopped my hands, and with my finger, collected the bead of milk still threatening to drip from my nipple and brought the finger to my lips to table, well away from the edge, just in case. I pulled my legs out from under me, bringing my knees up, and turned to face him. I let my knees fall gently apart, ar my breathing became shallower.

He took the hint and set the controller down on the table, he turned to me, and leaned over, planting his hands on either side of my waist. I felt my heart racing, ar more, I leaned back, until I was against the throw pillow in the couch, laying on my back, and he was on top of me. I looked up at him, he was still on his knees, n his hands planted on either side of my ribs and he froze there, looking at me intensely. I couldn't keep still. I arched my back a little, pushing my chest up for him, myself, running my fingers over the smooth, round flesh of my left breast, before gathering the mass of it and bringing the nipple to my own lips.

I suckled a little bit, just enough to get a taste, and let it go with a soft pop sound. I smiled and let my breast sway gently until it settled, and innocently asked, "W

He adjusted so he was resting on his elbows instead of his hands. His face almost resting between my boobs. He looked up at me for a second, over the rise and fa right breast. I moaned in surprise. I hadn't forgotten how good it feels to have his lips on my nipple, but my memory definitely didn't do the real thing justice. I felt much more intensely than last time. I wanted to squeeze my thighs together and grind my clit between them, but his body was in the way. Instead I clutched my h my chest as I rolled my head back and arched my spine up to him. He made soft sounds while he drank from me, and it was the sweetest sound, even above the b is now burned into my head because of this).

I closed my eyes and just let myself enjoy this. He felt a little more insistent this time, maybe because he was probably super nervous the first time. But he was su even from this position. I felt so fucking good. I hadn't had someone on top of me in so long. I'd forgotten how safe and warm it can feel with the right person. I cc desperate to grind on something but I couldn't bring myself to ask for what I wanted. I panted and moaned instead. He ran his tongue over my nipple in little circle back of the couch, and came for him. I let out a cracked moan and knew I had just soaked my panties a little more. As I came down from the orgasm, he let go of if I had just cum.

I nodded my head and let out the most pathetic and whimpering sounding "Mmhm..." which turned into a surprised moan as he planted his lips on my other nipp grabbed my, now free, breast and started to massage it, pinching my still wet nipple and rolling it between my finger tips, relishing in the sensations being sent str help it. I needed to— before I could finish the thought I felt my hand traveling down my stomach. As I tried to slip my fingers into the waistband of my panties, I fe hand that gave me pause.

I felt him make a sharp intake of breath through his nostrils as I bumped it. And there was no doubt what it was. Now suddenly my hand had a new mission. I forg against him with the back of my hand, and felt the heat of him through his lounge pants. Oh... fuck. I kept my eyes closed, now just trying to imagine what I was t sensation at my breast. I slowly turned my hand around, facing upward, and let my hand close around him. Oh my god, he's thick. He's very thick. I couldn't stop t

frozen there. I was touching his cock... oh fuck... after all this time. I was touching him. I felt my pussy tensing between my legs, all of my kegel muscles tighten touching. I felt like I had to pee, my muscles kept tightening and releasing on their own, and suddenly a bit of his teeth caught on my nipple and it was enough to gripped his cock harder when it happened, causing him to make a startled "Mm!" Sound against my skin.

I let out a soft and breathy sigh as I rode the wave my chest thrusting forward and my hips tilted, driving my ass into the couch cushion. I held onto his cock the w body, I started to run my hand along his length. I pulled my hand toward me, slowly sliding up his shaft, anticipating the end. It took longer than expected before I and the bulb of it, and let my fingers dance and twist around it before drawing them to the tip. Oooh he liked that. I felt his hips falter and push forward until the u stomach. I felt goosebumps as I realized how tight the tent of his pants had become. But I wasn't done.

I held him again and let my hand slowly make it's way the opposite direction, my arm reaching forward, further and further until I opened my eyes in concern beca it was. The root. Fuck. There was no way he was as big as the mental map my fingers just made implied he was. My phone started buzzing on the table but we bot from the whole situation. I delicately let go and let my hand slide a little further until I cradled his balls. They were so warm, and overflowed my hand even through and he made a pained moan that caused me to moan in response. Now the ache in my panties was becoming much more insistent. I released him and moved my f fingertips drag toward his tip. My phone buzzed again, it could wait. Oh my fucking god I needed it to wait.

He was still drinking from me, and the occasional brush of his tongue combined with the overall sensation was definitely building me up to another orgasm. His pho tongue in irritation. I started to pump him a little bit with my hand, through the pants, I wanted to prime him a little bit before I could reach in and— his fucking ph frustrated sigh and he let go of my tit, also groaning in frustration. He sat up and checked his phone, and I slid off the couch, onto my knees to check mine.

3 missed calls from mom. What timing. If only she knew. It made my stomach feel a little off at the mere thought.

"Hey Mom, what's going on?" I heard him answer next to me. I signed and blew hair from my face as I felt myself coming down from the heat and the rush of a fev my panties started to feel cold and I knew I had completely saturated them. I looked over and saw he was sitting up a little bit, the tent in his pants subsiding as h was a good place to stop. I got up and quietly padded my way to my bedroom, shutting the door behind me. I peeled my panties from me, so wet that I still was p the bathroom so I wouldn't get anything on the carpet.

I stood in front of the mirror, and looked down as I let my finger skip between my swollen lips, my knees faltering as my skin dragged a little against my clit. I rest forward a little as I sank my middle and ring fingers in, sighing immediately and letting a small orgasm wash over me. I pumped a few times and slowly extricated clean and washing my hands. I cleaned my breasts a little bit, and found a fresh pair of panties, put on some comfy pants and returned to the living room to find m

He was still on the phone, so I put my big, dumb, instigating tits away and sat next to him on the couch. Our parents were with our grandma and wanting to talk a blah. It was like an hour of passing the phone back and forth between me and him, talking to both parents and grandma. Updating on how we were doing and such passed, even if I did feel myself blush a little when he looked at me.

I looked over at the bowl on the table and saw the milk still waiting in it. I motioned toward it as I caught his attention. "So did you get your fill?"

He smiled and took the bowl, tilting it to his lips and drinking a few gulps of what was in it. "Now I did. Did you?"

No. I didn't get filled at all. Of course I didn't get my fill. But really, it had been amazing and while I was still aching, I was feeling too sensitive. My boobs were mo rein it in for now. "I think so." I said softly. "Thanks for the help!"

"Anytime!" He responded, eagerly. I laughed a little at that and took the bowl from him. I tipped it to my lips and downed what was left in it. Taking it out of my fa somewhat stunned.

"What? I get thirsty too." I said matter of factly, before taking the bowl to the kitchen to wash it. We ended up meeting up with friends in the evening and playing s we played a little more CTR but I was tired by that point and didn't do well. I was still aching by the time I went to bed, but too exhausted to address it.

Thursday

We hung out at Kelly and Ken's and had a small get together for the 4th. But Monica was sick so it didn't get TOO wild. I was a little nervous when I caught my bro I might just be paranoid, and I don't think anyone would make a big deal of THAT, but still. We played games, we watched the first few episodes of Stranger Things

By the time we got home though, I needed to milk. He asked if I wanted to continue watching Stranger Things, and I let him know, and he asked if I wanted to do my legs and just softly responded with "Okay."

I changed into comfy pants, and took off my shirt and bra. I came out to the living room where he was starting up the show and he looked over at me as I approac

"Fuck" I heard him whisper under his breath.

"What?"

"Just... you have such nice boobs." He said sincerely.

I felt my skin get a little warm. "Thanks." I smiled softly and sat on the couch, perfectly aware of the bounce I'd caused while he openly gawked at my chest. "You exasperation.

"Can we?" He asked.

I took one of the pillows from the couch and set it in my lap. "Here, put your head here."

He took a second to adjust his position before laying down with his head in my lap and my breasts hovering by his cheek.

"Okay." I said, and I offered my left breast to him. My nipple met his lips and he started to gently suck. After a few seconds the milk started to release and I relaxe sensation. We sat quietly while I gently ran my fingers through his hair and he drank his fill from me. I did have a small orgasm at one point, but for the most part, intimate than explicitly sexual for me. The kind of interaction I've dreamed of sharing with someone since I first accepted my breasts this way. Getting to feed som

When he was done, he thanked me, I put a shirt on and we started watching the show. I ended up cuddling up next to him at one point. I've just been enjoying ho so well tonight I can tell.

Sunday

So apparently the handful of times my brother has nursed from me were enough to send my body signals. Demand is up! Must increase supply! Thankfully my bool definitely producing a lot faster. Before I only had to milk once every day and a half to two days, I would do it nightly anyway just because it was easier to make a of you have seen what happens when I live on the edge). Now though, it's almost imperative that I milk every night. Now I'm so full by then that I just know I'll wa but I thought it was worth noting.

I explained it to him while we were eating out at lunch today. He looked surprised, but also kind of proud of himself.

"REALLY!" He commented, not even a questioning.

"Yeah, I think my body thinks I'm trying to feed regularly."

"Oh... wow." He said, looking a little unsure of what to say next.

"Look," I started. Hesitating a little, feeling a bit nervous about what I was about to suggest. "If we're going to keep doing this... if you want to keep-"

"I do." He said quickly.

"Okay, well, if you want to keep doing this, I'm probably going to need you to... do it a little more? Honestly, you can have it any time you want, WHILE we're home else is going to drink it... so, it's really all for you. IF you want it."

He slowly chewed his food, as if mulling it over for a little bit. Honestly I was getting anxious waiting for him to respond. I started to realize this probably wasn't the best idea but we were speaking in hushed tones, and I figured with how loud and busy the restaurant was that it was incredibly unlikely anyone could hear. Finally he swallowed.

"Oh wow, uh, okay. Yeah, I mean, of course I do. If that's okay with you, I mean." He looked like he was holding back excitement, probably trying not to seem too greedy for his big sisters tits whenever he pleased. Honestly it was another moment when I wished I could have read his mind. Aren't siblings supposed to have some kind of telepathy?

"I wouldn't be telling you any of this if I wasn't okay with it." I said softly, with a weak smile.

"Then yes, definitely." He said, returning the smile.

"Awesome. You might want to save some room for dessert then." I hinted playfully. He huffed through his nose in a quiet laugh, and we finished eating. We ran a few errands, and I made a conscious decision to completely pass over the milk section, smiling to myself. And then we made it home.

I changed into my usual comfy attire, panties, a Funhaus tank top. I started playing CTR. I've gotten a lot better at it and now we're pretty evenly matched, mostly because of this came out. Though, I'm still all over the place when I play online. I did a few online races until I got a little frustrated and looked over at him. He was sitting next to me.

"Hey, wanna play me?" I asked.

He finished sending a text message and set his phone down. "Sure."

I grabbed his controller and handed it to him. "Okay, if I win, you have to help me with my milk." I threw out.

"Are you sure that's what you meant? That sounds like more of a prize for me if I win."

He was right, I don't know why I still treated this like something he didn't enjoy. I think I was still a little self conscious for some reason. "True. But if YOU win... Well, I offered, letting it hang in the air for a bit.

He looked unsure, but intrigued. "Like what?" He asked.

I just shrugged my shoulders. "We can decide that later. Just race me?"

He made a distrusting face but turned his controller on anyway. We did a whole cup of four races with the AI set to Hard. I got first on the first two races netting me 10 and 9, third, netting him 9. On the third race, I was leading for a while until one of the AI players completely fucked me with a blue shell equivalent, and a string of consequences, and I finished in 6th while he got second. The score was 18 to 15 now. And while we were having playful banter and shit talking up until this point, the last race was a close one.

He was ahead of me for most of the race, but near the start of the last lap, I nailed him with a red potion and was able to pass him. I knew I had this in the bag as I was leading him from 4th place or above. But truthfully, I didn't care whether I won or lost. Maybe that was what caused me to take a chance. I made the jump for one of the shells off consistently, and I undershot. I fell off the track, and immediately dropped four places to 7th. "Fuuuuccckkk!" I yelled, getting into the race, leaning forward in my seat making his way into first. But before the final turn I managed to get a blue shell equivalent, and sent it toward him. It was a futile effort, there was no way I could catch him, but I could knock him below fourth place and still win in overall points. He got hit just before the finish line, but only fell to second, jumping up from the couch and pumping his fist at his final score. He had 21 points to my 18.

"Fuck that was close! Well played." I laughed while I set my controller down.

"Yeah I thought I was fucked when you dominated the first two races." He added.

"Wish I could be that good consistently."

"Well, you're definitely getting better at least!" He conceded.

I stretched, feeling my shirt ride up and show a bit of tummy, before reaching for the controller and quitting the game. I didn't need to hear the main menu music to know I was winning.

"So... are you ready to collect your winnings?" I asked, sitting up on my knees, patiently.

"Definitely." He replied, turning and starting to move toward me.

I put my hand flat against his chest, pushing him back gently. "Wait. Sit back."

He did as he was told, and I scooted toward him, I put my hands on his shoulders, and threw my leg over his, straddling his lap. He looked completely overwhelmed.

"Hey," I said, noticing where my hands were and how I was unintentionally channeling Into the Spider-Verse.

"H-heh." He choked out. Looking very much flustered, which was having a definite effect on me.

"Is this okay?" I asked sweetly. He nodded slowly, and I wiggled my hips in response. Until I was fully rested in his lap. I tugged my shirt over my head, letting it cover my breasts and bounce on release. I felt him stir underneath me, and the realization immediately caused the heat to build between my legs. He couldn't keep his eyes off my chest I knew my nipples were hard.

(...continued in the comments)

"Wow... they look so..."

"Full?" I guessed. They certainly felt it. I swiveled my shoulders a little to make them jiggle for him.

"Yeah... oh my god." He exhaled. He looked ready to devour them, and it made me wet with anticipation, but I held him back for a second.

"Are you sure this is okay...? I know this is a bad time to ask and you might not be thinking straight, but I just don't want to exploit any power I might have over you by letting you live with me and stuff. I just want to make sure this is something you actually want and not something I'm making you feel like you have to do. It's okay, I poured all of this out and could tell I was rambling, and luckily he interrupted me before I somehow talked myself out of everything.

"This is more than okay. I want this too. I want to do this for you. I promise I don't feel like you're abusing any sort of power, this feels like something we both want."

I relaxed, not realizing I had tensed up. I let my hand play with the hair on the back of his neck. "Okay... thanks for... thank you."

He didn't say anything, he just put his hands on my back and urged me forward until he could catch my breast on his lips. I immediately responded with a sigh of contentment trying to get the flow going. I let out a few gasps of pleasure, and pants of need, and I realized that the more we did this, the more comfortable I was getting letting him have my hips around and trying to find something to grind on, and finally the milk started coming.

He hummed contentedly as I squirmed in his lap, mewling for him, and cooing as he purposefully teased my nipple with his tongue. He was starting to learn what s him from exploiting that and melting against him. I leaned forward, crossing my arms behind his head and smothering him against my chest. He sucked harder and came there on his lap, holding him tightly to my chest without realizing it as I felt my pussy clench, desperate for something to grip. When I came down from my p up on him while he switched nipples. I took my right hand off of him and played with my free breast, gently massaging it and strumming the nipple between my fin keeping it at attention for him. My hips continued moving in his lap and I finally realized I could feel him, hard under me. His cock straining against his pant leg.

I let him drink from my left breast while I stopped playing with my right, and I let my hand travel lower, between us. I rubbed the broad side of my fingers against a small noise, almost a whimper, and his hips lifted slightly, driving me fucking wild. His teeth caught my nipple as he sucked in air in a sudden gasp and it pushed as I let out a shaky sigh and felt his cock twitch under me. When I collected myself. I gently pushed his shoulders back so he'd release my breast. He looked up at

I brought my hand up and brushed some strands of hair from my face as I cleared my throat. I nodded down between us, and looked him in the eye. "Do you want voice, barely above a whisper.

His eyes widened and I could see he breathing become a little more rapid. "Are you serious?"

I know I looked serious, I wasn't smiling, I could feel the blood pumping through me. I gave a small nod. "I'm okay with it if you are."

"Okay." He whispered. Cautiously bringing his hands to his waistband. I lifted my hips and spread my knees a little bit so he could have room. He pulled the front o hand to pull his cock from within. I felt my heart racing as I stared down between us in anticipation. He actually had to work a little bit to get it completely free, and place.

I scooted back a little to give him room. And to take in seeing it finally. I covered my mouth with my hands. "Oh my god..." was all I could say. I've said before, I c difference between seeing an impressive tent in someone's shorts or feeling it through pants and ACTUALLY SEEING IT. "Holy shit." I added. My brows knitted toget looked embarrassed. I looked back down at the thick cock towering from his grip. I looked back up at him and he looked like he just wanted to put it back away and should probably reel it in and scale back my reaction. I let my hands come to rest on my thighs, my fingers itching to touch him. "Sorry, I just- wow. It doesn't feel He laughed and relaxed a little, but he still looked uncomfortable.

"Are you okay? Is this okay?" I asked sweetly.

"Yeah I'm okay." He said, but I wasn't totally convinced.

"Isn't this more comfortable for you?"

"Somewhat." He said, and I just felt bad.

I looked back down at it, watching it throb with his pulse. I was still in shock. I bit my lip and felt my hand start to lift from my thigh and I tentatively reached for t

"C-can I?" I asked, softly.

He nodded slowly and swallowed hard. I gently placed my hand against him and closed my grip. My fingers couldn't even touch. He was thick. And smooth... and b hard. "Whoa..." I sighed, awestruck. I rubbed the underside of his shaft with my thumb, before firmly tugging upward, bringing my grip up to the head. As I got clc from him. "Oh fuck" I gasped. I looked back up at him, and he looked completely frozen in place, as if afraid to move. I scooted forward a little and offered my tits

He slowly leaned forward and took my nipple between his lips. I sighed and let my body fall forward to him, and we both let go of his cock for a second. I felt it con traveled down straight to my pussy and I could just feel everything down there flaring in anticipation, just aching with need. Between his cock against me and his li gripped his shoulders and bit my lip, clenching my eyes shut as I rocked in his lap, feeling his cock drag against my stomach as my hips rose and fell. He switched l cock again. I pumped my fist around the middle of his shaft while I let him drink. I could tell he was losing his focus though, and I could feel his cock leaking again: in-fucking-sane. I pushed him back, my nipple popping free from his lips, it actually almost hurt the suction was so strong.

I looked him in the eye, I could feel my chest rising and falling rapidly. "Since I lost, it's time for me to pay up." He looked confused but his eyes went wide. I scoot the couch and reached behind me to push the coffee table back so I could have room to sit on my knees in front of him.

He let out a shaky breath as I sat back on my haunches, and for the first time I got a good look at his cock. I felt my jaw go slack. "Holy fuck dude... how big are y

"Uh, I don't know. The last time I measured I was like... 16. I don't even remember what it was then." He said. I really fucking wanted to measure him, but I didn't bigger than anything I'd had. I think my ex was a little over 7 and a half inches long, and easily the biggest I'd ever been with. Not sure about thickness, but judgir was definitely thicker. While my ex's cock was wider in the middle and got a little more pointed toward the tip, my brother's cock was pretty consistently thick, at le little bit, while my exes arced to the left. My ex was also circumcised, and my brother isn't, which I've never really experienced before. Ugh I feel bad mentally com size isn't everything, but fuck. In this case it was certainly still impressive. But I started to realize that there was a very real possibility that he could be too big.

While I initially thought the girls who had turned him down in the past might have just been intimidated because a big dick at that age WOULD be intimidating, now where they were coming from. It would be uncomfortable to blow, though I would certainly give it a try. And as much as I've wanted it inside of me, I started to wc didn't want to disappoint him. If given the opportunity, I didn't want to add to the list of girls who had made him self conscious of his size. If no one else could take

I reached for him again, and gripped him tight, pumping him. Letting my hand glide up just to under his head, and down to a few inches above the root. He was ab hand caress the head, getting it coated and then sliding it down his length again, letting his own arousal get him nice and slick for me. I did this a few times until b coated, and then I gathered more on my hand and brought it to my chest, spreading it all over my cleavage, getting the inner swell of my breasts thoroughly cover

He realized where this was headed and I heard him softly choke out, "oh fuck." And I could feel my chest flush as I radiated with pride.

I sat up and leaned forward, grabbing his cock, making sure it was still slick for me, he scooted to the edge of the couch and spread his legs for me, and I pushed h sternum. "Oh god..." I gasped. I already loved the feel of him hot and thick between my tits. And the visual when I looked down was making me so fucking hot. I l arching my brow to get his permission to proceed. He nodded in a combination of enthusiasm and desperation that put a big smile on my face. God I wanted to ple

I brought both hands to my breasts and held them firmly, trapping his cock between them against me. I pushed my palms into the sides of them, making my cleav to pump them up and down his shaft.

"Oooh, my god..." he groaned. It was fucking sexy and guttural and it made me ache between my legs. But I stayed focused on him. I watched as his cock emerge thought about how many times I'd fantasized about doing exactly this for him. The reality was everything I'd hoped for and more. My imagination hadn't done the : fucking has been my favorite method of foreplay since I first tried it. I get a lot out of it because of how sensitive my boobs are. Just the feel of his cock gliding aga could feel my nipples leaking a little bit through my fingers, which added to the whole thing as well.

I looked up to him, and saw him struggling between throwing his head back and enjoying what I was doing, and wanting to watch me work. I couldn't imagine wha I kept the heel of my palms firmly pressed against my tits and started to tease my nipples with my fingertips while I pumped him faster, and harder. It was too mu flood as I came. Moaning at him while I interrupted the rhythm I'd had going.

"Holy shit, Rose..." he said, watching me cum in front of him. I felt his cock throb against me and as I collected myself. I picked up the pace and started to pump h between letting my breasts glide over his length together, or alternating them and moving them asynchronously. His hips jumped and rose off the couch slightly, ar

"Are you close?" I asked sweetly.

He nodded and groaned out a weak, "uff-huff"

"It's okay. Don't hold back." I said. And apparently he had very much been holding back, his abs tensed, and he jerked a little, and I couldn't take my eyes off his f my tits together as hard as I could and grabbing them tight. He gasped for air and I felt a warm splash hit my chin. Holy fuck, I was making my brother cum! He le to run down my neck and another splash hit my chin, followed by another at my throat.

"Yesss, keep going for me." I urged. Another splash burst along my chest and rolled up to my neck. I started to slow down for him as I felt each burst lose reach ur my cleavage. I looked down finally and saw my chest covered in streaks of white up to my neck. It looked so hot against my flushed skin. Fuck... I'd missed this. I love to have someone cum on my chest. I released him from my cleavage, grabbed his cock with my right hand and held my boobs together with my left arm as I s his cum. When he was done I let him go and he rolled his head back for a second and let out a heavy sigh.

I couldn't help collecting some of his cum on my fingers, quickly sucking them clean, and getting a taste of him. Fuck! I'd also missed this part! He was so good. I ɔ clean, then rubbed what was left into my skin. And then I remembered something I've fantasized about trying for years now. Not just with him, but in general. I he and sucked myself clean. I got to taste him mixed with my milk, and while the taste was a little weird, the thrill of doing it was intoxicating.

"Jesus..." I heard, and snapped out of it. Realizing he'd been watching me the whole time. I sat on my knees with my hands between my legs. Slightly embarrassed

"Did I do okay?" I asked him innocently.

He laughed incredulously. "Are you joking? That was fucking amazing... you didn't have to do that, you know? But... oh my god, thank you."

I put my hand on his knee. "You're welcome! And... I know. I really wanted to though. You looked like you needed it. And I've lost count of the amount of times you was the least I could do." I leaned down a little and kissed his knee, causing him to jerk slightly, and making me jump a little.

"Sorry", he laughed "little sensitive still."

I smiled and stood up. Enjoying the way my skin felt cool where he'd covered me. "I'm gonna go clean up." I plainly said, before collecting my shirt and phone, and panties were, once again, thoroughly saturated. I took a quick shower, cleaning off the evidence of what had just transpired, expressed the rest of what I could for last quick orgasm. I did my skin care routine, and as I did so I started to feel a little weird about what had happened. In my head, it was one thing to just let him d it. But it was another thing to actually touch him, and directly bring him to orgasm... and to have the thoughts I kept having, and to taste his cum, and... I don't kr out to the living room, thankful to find him also cleaned up and changed so I could make sure to talk to him before work tomorrow, just in case.

"Hey", I started. "Are you okay with what just happened?"

The smile on his face faltered a little. "Yes. Definitely. If you're asking me if I have any regrets, I don't. It was unexpected, and I've definitely never done that befor it do you?"

"I don't think so." I admitted. "Truthfully I've wanted to do that for you for a long time. I enjoyed doing it for you, and for me. I just... look I like having fun with yo being close, but I don't want it to get in the way of what we already had. You know? I loved you before all of this. And I love you now, and I don't mind showing it t

"I get it. You're still my sister, and you'll always be my sister. I know that's supposed to make this whole thing uncomfortable... and it only does when I overthink it you... makes me feel more comfortable and safe. The fact that it's you makes it better, to me at least. Does that make sense?"

"I think so. I think I agree, honestly. I don't know, it's complicated. I just, wanted to make sure you don't feel weird about me after what I did. I don't want to not you, as long as I still get to tell my friends embarrassing stories about you, and make fun of you for things, and vent about mom judging my body to you. You know nervously while I said my piece, I couldn't get the words out if I was looking at his face.

"I know. I don't feel like that has to stop, and I don't want it to either. I feel good about tonight, and you're always going to be you to me." He said sincerely.

I nodded in understanding, and we sat quietly for a second.

"So are we good?" He asked.

"Yeah, I think so. Thanks." I answered. "We should probably get to bed though."

He agreed and we got up. I hugged him tight, and stood up to kiss his jaw. As I walked to my room, I said aloud, "Can't believe my little brother gave me a pearl n

He laughed, and just before I shut my door, I heard him respond: "I thought you said you couldn't call me 'little' anymore?"

I rolled my eyes. "OH KAY. Don't let it go to your head." I closed my door and went to brush my teeth. My skin was buzzing and I could still remember how it felt w tingle went right between my legs. I threw myself into my sheets, and ended up staying up until 3AM just writing the notes about today. So much I don't want to fc read. I'm going to be so tired at work.

Oh my god, this was easily the longest post I've compiled so far, nearly 60k characters. I'm sorry I couldn't get it out when I originally said I would, but that last er debated how explicit to go. But the details kept flooding back to me and I wanted to share it all with you guys. Hopefully it's not too much. I'm so close to getting t my inbox was flooded intensely after the last post I made, and I can already tell this one is going to get some feedback. Anyway, I love you all, I'll see you in the cr

12 -

I know, I know. This was a bit of a longer wait. I wish I had a better excuse than just how much I've been working. I know you all don't really have any concept of you all enjoy this update! Thank you to those of you who have continued to send me gift cards! I seriously appreciate them! I love you guys! This one's also split in need to clean it up a little more over the next few days.

Monday

When I woke up today I remembered everything from last night. There was no second guessing whether or not it was a dream. Everything was still so vivid; the fe sensation from the smooth glide of him against me, lubricated with his own arousal, the way his hot cum hit my chin and covered my chest. The smell, intoxicating taste. I really had done that. And now I was way too wet to ignore.

I stripped down and jumped in the shower, immediately pulling the shower head from it's bracket. I hadn't done this in a while, usually I'm too sensitive, but I wan! the setting to something a little gentler, and ran it down my body, letting it spray against my tits in a way that made me shiver, and down my stomach, between my before the water hit my clit, and I shoved the head between my thighs, aimed up at my slit. I clenched my legs together and shuddered out an orgasm, holding the too weak and I had to stop.

After replacing the shower head on the wall bracket, I leaned against the wall, feeling the cool tile against my chest while the warm water rolled down my back. Aft shower while my legs continued to shake.

Despite getting a little sidetracked, I made it to work on time, and did my best to make it through the day. I couldn't stop thinking about last night the whole time. intimidating his cock was. The rush of finally seeing it, right in front of me, for the first time. The ache it gave me. Fuck I really wanted to just tear my pants off an incredibly close to just saying I didn't feel well and going home early but I knew that would be shooting myself in the foot for the rest of the week.

After I'd had lunch I was better able to focus though, and managed to get a lot of work done once I found my groove. I was still wet and turned on like 80% of the goals for the day. I stayed a little late since I'd had a slow start though, and didn't leave until around 9. My boobs were already super full and I knew what I wanted my brother. We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#). Policies.

[I'm headed home, what are you doing?]

[Working on a project at school, I'm probably going to be home a little late.] [Why?]

[I was going to see if you wanted to help me with... a thing.] I was half tempted to send him a picture of how my tits looked trying to burst from my bra, but decid

[A thing?]

[Oh] [FUCK] [I really do but I can't] [Fuck]

I was really getting turned on watching his texts come in, I could almost picture him struggling to prioritize. But I knew I needed to be SOME sort of good influence

[It's okay! Your thing is more important, I can take care of it myself!]

[I'm sorry! I probably won't be home until after midnight. If you're still up when I get home maybe I can still help a little?]

[Maybe] I responded, and made my way home.

I ended up taking a bath and expressing in the water, my fingers busy between my legs. Maybe it's weird, but I've always found it kind of hot when you can tell how much I had teased him earlier in the week and we hadn't had a chance to make good on that since.

The last time I checked the clock it was like 12:40 and he was still at school. I could feel myself getting sleepy, so I gave in and let myself fall asleep.

Saturday

We hadn't seen each other most of the week, I was putting in overtime hours at work and the two times we did see each other in the evenings, we mostly just checked in. I knew I had teased him earlier in the week and we hadn't had a chance to make good on that since.

The girls wanted to get together and go out, so I left him home alone while Monica, Kelly, and I did our thing. We went to the beach, which I'm pretty sure Monica and I hate it. But it wasn't too bad today. It was a little busy, and we had never gone without the guys before.

I wore my bikini, which I normally just reserve for a private pool setting with friends. I'd typically wear my one piece for a public setting, but I actually hadn't seen a big deal out of my "going out of my comfort zone" and I just rolled my eyes. Honestly she was making me more self conscious than I would have been otherwise.

Really the girls just wanted to tan for a little bit, which is an entirely fruitless endeavor for me. I'm literally the only one in the family who can't tan and burns easily. I waved and I laid out my towel and started slathering the sunscreen on myself. I looked around to make sure no one was watching, and I reached into the cups of my bra to feel my breasts.

"You look like you could use some help with that." A voice suddenly sounded from in front of me.

I startled and looked up to see three guys standing in front of me, seemingly out of nowhere. I quickly pulled my hands from my top and adjusted the cups to make sure I was aware of the amount of movement it was causing on my chest, but unable to do anything to prevent it.

"Uh, no thank you, I got it." I replied, sounding less convincing than I had hoped.

"How about some company?" Another one of the guys said. I started to feel isolated, everyone else on the beach felt miles away, and I tried to look behind the guy but he was too far. I realized how tall all three of them were. The were all very good looking, and I'd be lying if I said I DIDN'T start to imagine one of my more depraved fantasies playing out. I pulled my knees up to my chest and closed myself off while I gestured to the obvious additional towels and cell phones around me.

"I'm all set, thanks." I responded. And then noticed a fourth guy making his way toward us. No. Fucking. Way. It was Poor Man's Avan Jogia.

"Oh shit! Hey Rose!" He called out as he closed the gap between us. I waved half heartedly. He stopped beside the group of guys and made no effort to hide the way he was looking at me. "You have no regard for anyone with a heart condition, coming out here looking the way you do. How have you been? I've missed you, girl." I couldn't help blushing.

"Wtf, dude you know her?"

"Yeah, she's that roommate I was telling you about." His voice dropped low for the last half of the sentence, apparently I wasn't supposed to hear that part. "The clampus."

"OHH THIS is THAT Rose..." they looked back at me and I stopped holding my knees to my chest. I let my legs lay straight in front of me and I leaned back resting my head on my hand.

"What. Rose." I asked pointedly. Staring down the guy that had said it, as I got their attention.

"PMAJ said one of the people in his group had a really hot roommate. None of us believed him, or expected him to undersell-"

"What's with the barbershop quartet over here? Y'all take requests?" Monica said, cutting off the conversation as she and Kelly approached. I couldn't help laughing at the situation where they couldn't gang up on one of us just flustered them because their whole demeanor changed and they were no longer all cock and swagger.

Monica came up to me and held her arm out to help me up. "If you boys don't mind, this is a girls day, and you're not even doing a good job of giving us shade, so before they could respond. The first guy that had talked to me held his hands up in mock surrender and started to walk away, with the other's following suit.

"Our bad! Just didn't want your friend to get sunburned out here all alone!" Like I wouldn't sunburn from being in the same room as someone with a sunburn.

PMAJ gave a wave as he walked away from us backward. "It was great to see you, Rose! Let me know if your boyfriend isn't treating you right! I'll take care of you. I'll be there for you, Rose." Monica and Kelly looked at him, then at each other, then at him. They shouldered and the others laughed at him.

I waved demurely and called out in a sing song voice "See ya later boys, thanks for the shade!" Before turning my attention back to the girls.

Kelly was looking at me expectantly, "Boyfriend?" she asked.

I sighed, "Do you really think I'm going to let a guy like that know I'm single?"

"Hah! Fair." She admitted.

"I know you don't work that way, Bee. But I'm sure at least one of those guys is a decent lay." Monica observed.

"Oh my god yeah, the short one looked like he'd actually go down on you and enjoy it." Kelly added.

"Kelly what the fuck."

"And your friend seemed like he was thirsty enough for you to do anything you asked and worship you while doing it." Monica said with that smile that told me she was enjoying it.

"Yeah no thanks, I know that type too well." I answered. "Look, if I go get my feet wet with you two, will you drop it?"

Kelly nodded and Monica relented. "Deal." They both said simultaneously. They held my hands and pulled me out to the edge of the water as they ran toward the w only burned a little on my nose and a small areas in the middle of my back, and as usual I didn't tan. We ate at this little vegan restaurant that had a patio, and the an interesting change in tone for the day, before I finally returned home a little after 8.

I took a quick shower and came out in a green tank top and simple pink panties, then headed to the living room to join my brother, who was watching some sort of "PMAJ text me and said he saw you at the beach." He said suddenly.

"Oh?" I responded, "What else did he say?"

"He said, and I quote. 'She was looking fucking FINE. I don't know how you can live there and not be hitting that.'" He read in a newscaster type voice that made n

"Oh my god, what did you say?" I asked through laughter.

"That I came on your chest the other night." He said stoically.

I stopped laughing and felt my eyes go wide. "Did you really?"

"God no!" He responded with a smile. I relaxed a little. "I just said 'oh so that's where she went' and he stopped responding. Don't worry, I'm not telling anyone, ev related. Just in case they do find out about that."

"Okay, thank you." I said softly. "So how was your day?"

We filled each other in on what we'd done for the day, he had worked on some coursework, made himself a late lunch and then talked to our parents before sitting bit as we watched the tv. I noted how full my chest was starting to feel and felt a tingle between my legs.

"Are you hungry?" I asked, trying/not trying to be subtle.

"Eh, I could eat." He said, hardly looking up from his phone.

I huffed softly. "Okay, well, are you THIRSTY?" I asked, with clear emphasis.

That got him to look up. "Oh, uh... are you needing help with that?" He asked sheepishly.

"Yes please. And, you know... you don't have to wait for me to ask for help. You're allowed to ... to want it too." I explained, unsure of what I was really saying.

He nodded, and sat up, looking at me. I took one of the throw pillows and placed it on my lap again, and quickly took my top off, immediately noting how hard my

"Fuck... that reveal is always such a stunner." He said, reverently. I swear I'll never get tired of him praising my tits like that. I've always loved when my partners g him, it just makes me melt. Sometimes I wish he would just devour and maul them the way I want to do to him. He turned around and laid back onto my lap, with

"Whenever you're ready." I practically whispered, unable to keep from smiling warmly at him. He scooted up slightly so he could start with my left breast, but he to my breast with his hand while he turned to me, and kissed all around the outside of my areola. He focused on what he was doing and I sighed, biting my lip. I didn wanted the release! I looked down to him and our eyes met as I watched him tongue delicately around my nipple, before letting it lick up directly across my nipple, button at the end. I could see the milk starting to leak, and I breathed heavily as I felt his touch sending signals between my legs. I groaned in frustration and he i nipple between his lips and sucking.

The second he started to draw the milk from me we both moaned softly. I actually almost laughed when I heard it but then the sensation made my pussy tighten a to my right and saw his cock straining in his pajama pants, and my hand instinctively reached for it, rubbing the my fingertips firmly on the warm, bulge.

His hips rose slightly as I reached the tip, even through his clothes. He made a small noise against my breast, a tiny vibration of surprise. It just made me want to my hand into his waistband with my hand shaking. I tugged his pants out of the way, and gave his cock a quick caress through his boxer briefs, turning into a gent hips rose for me again and I could see a wet spot forming against the material. The sight made me bite my lip again and as if he knew, he squeezed my nipple bet lose my nerve and shake in orgasm.

My other hand held him to me as my eyes closed and I collected myself, still savoring the relief from my breasts as well as from between my legs. As soon as I cou boxer briefs down his legs and let his cock free. "Hohh..." I couldn't help exhaling as soon as it came into view. Maybe I related to how he responded whenever I sh hard, throbbing, and almost dripping, it was captivating. I reached for it with almost reverence, pulling back slightly when it jerked as I made contact. When I final feel how wet I was at the intense heat radiating from him. I kept running my eyes along the length and I just... I had to know.

"Can I measure you?" I asked, almost blurting it out. He suckled a little longer before releasing my nipple and looking at me again.

"Really?"

I nodded, looking at him at my chest while slowly caressing his cock. "Please?" I asked as I twisted my fingertips around the head.

He sat up from my lap, turning to sit like normal, with his pants around his ankles.

"Okay, go ahead." He said. I held my boobs to my chest as I quickly made my way to my bathroom to grab the tape measure I usually take my own measurements stood out in the open area.

"Come stand over here." I beckoned. He stood and kicked off his bottoms, before coming to stand in front of me. I reached for him and gripped his cock, pumping i could get him back to 100%. I closed the space between us, feeling him crush against my stomach as my breasts made contact with his chest. I reached my hand making him turn his head so I could whisper in his ear.

"I can't wait to find out exactly how big you get for me..." I exhaled softly against his ear and neck. I felt his cock jerk, pushing against my stomach, and I knew he down to see it throb, and then I made sure I had the end of the measuring tape in hand. I held it on the top of his length, keeping it against the base with my thun length of tape until it was taut. I bent over a little bit to get a more accurate measurement.

"Fuck, dude. You're like a little under 9 fucking inches?!" I couldn't hide the shock. I knew he was long, but I figured maybe the dry spell I'd been having had made analogy work? Basically I thought he just looked particularly impressive because it had been so long since I'd seen a naked cock in the flesh. But no, he's genuinely "Whoa" and stood awkwardly.

"Okay I'm almost done." I said, as I turned the measuring tape and started to wrap it around his shaft. I took three measurements, at just behind the head, in the of uncomfortable, but he joked that I looked like a cute scientist with how focused and determined I looked while wearing my glasses. I mock slapped his cock awa

All three measurements were solidly in the 6.75-7 inch range. Truthfully I don't really know what counts as a "thick" measurement but just from eyeballing him, an that he was as thick as, if not more so than anyone I'd been with. How the fuck... it was so intimidating. Wow. I remembered him using that word specifically when botched attempts at losing his virginity. I definitely understood where those girls were coming from, as much as I hated to admit it. I could literally feel my body ac was afraid that I couldn't REALLY take him.

He didn't even ask me to relay my findings. Instead I let the measuring tape fall to the carpet. "Okay," I supported my breasts with my hands, "d'you want to even We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#) Policies.

He took my hands as he backed to the couch, sitting down and urging me to straddle him. I almost fell forward into his lap, and then I sat back, feeling him beneath resting against my ass. It felt so dangerous. And then he gently pulled me to him, until he could latch onto my right breast. I sank a little further into his lap as I re being relieved, and when I felt his length, warm along my butt, I slowly gyrated my hips, letting him rub against my panties. I kept this up and closed my eyes, sav mound, the weak friction against my clit, just letting myself enjoy it all.

After he had nursed from me a little longer, he started purposefully using his tongue on my nipple, quickly getting a rise out of me. I squirmed in his lap while he h in the apartment. The only sounds being our soft breathing, and the low hum of the refrigerator. He opened his mouth a little wider, and took more of my breast int nipple firmly, while still drawing the milk from me. I arched my back and pushed my chest forward, letting my head fall back a little as I moaned toward the ceiling heat of his breath filling his mouth and radiating across my skin. The vibration making me tingle, and sending me over the edge.

I clamped my hands on the back of the couch and shuddered, tilting my hips forward and pushing down so I could rock my clit against his cock. I felt myself gush s think of anything else but what I was feeling in the moment, looking back, I'm wondering now if he could feel how wet I was against him. I sighed and reached bac I came down from the orgasm. He unlatched from my breast and looked at me with a big smile on his face.

"Do you always get so red when you cum?" He asked.

I felt my face grow hot and he laughed. I knew I didn't have to answer. I could see a drop of milk on his lower lip, and I gingerly wiped it away with my thumb, bri fell as he looked distracted by the whole thing.

"You know... you CAN just drink from me. You don't always HAVE to make me cum." I explained, feigning irritation.

He let his hands slide down to my hips, his fingers gently rubbing the waistband of my panties. "Oh, trust me, I know. But I DO have to." He gave me a cocky smile my head slowly, realizing that maybe this whole thing was giving him some much needed confidence. I turned my hips and lifted my leg, giving his cock room as I

"Well. I GUESS that means I should return the favor." I said sarcastically, yet unable to hide my smile. I pushed the table back again, and got down on my knees in his cock in my hand, gripping him. I did my best to work my shoulders seductively, as I looked up at him. Watching his mouth go slack and his eyes lose a little foc drop to the task in front of me, and exhaled heavily as I watched my hand work him. He made my hands look so small-

--Can I just... take a second to vent here for a bit? God he has a nice fucking cock. It's literally unfair. I could have gone my entire life without ever seeing it or kn HERE. Fully aware that I'm not supposed to be doing this. That I'm not supposed to even THINK about this. And it sounds RIDICULOUS to me now. It's like if dogs while fully cognizant of the fact that it's toxic for them. And no, it's not JUST about his cock, or course it's not. But it doesn't help. It started this whole thing. It wor already curious and fantasizing, and he moved in and I just accidentally saw him one time. Maybe then I would have reacted the way I'm supposed to react, without it, about him, in this light. Maybe I'd have been so unnerved by the surprise of it all, and maybe I'd have still had the curiosity after seeing that, but maybe I'd hav avoid having to deal with my own thoughts and fantasies, and maybe I'd have gotten over it. But that didn't happen. And now I'm HERE, in my bed, using my epis from the day I MEASURED MY LITTLE BROTHER'S DICK. Soaking wet, and thinking about how easy it would be to go wake him up and... I don't know how my life c at this point, chronicling how I got here, but I still ... have moments like this. Where it's a lot. It's too much. I'm crying for some reason as I write this? The confusi happening. What's happened. I love him, and I love getting to share this with you guys. I don't regret any of it, and I hope I never have to. But sometimes I am sti very surreal. I'm sorry I interrupted this moment with... whatever this was. But I just couldn't contain it anymore.--

-looking almost like I was holding two cans of Redbull stacked on top of each other. I used my other hand to tease his head, using the arousal leaking from him to c shaft, followed by the other, immediately followed by the first hand again, hoping to create the sensation that he was pushing through a never ending tunnel. I stop Pumping my fist just behind the head, periodically changing the pace by using my other hand, or moving further down his shaft with longer, slower strokes. I held t them in my palm, squeezing them slightly, causing him to twitch. His hips rose from the couch suddenly and he made an almost pained sounding moan, so I stoppe

I let my hands rest on his thighs, just next to his root. He opened his eyes and looked at me, he almost looked panicked, as if asking why I'd stopped. I sat up a lit my shoulders to let them sway side to side. That caught his attention.

"Do you want to cum on them again?" I asked sweetly, tilting my head in mock innocence. His eyebrows knitted together as he nodded his head before I'd even fin space to scoot his butt to the edge of the couch. I took his cock in hand again, gripping the middle of his length and tilting him toward me so I could use my other I collected more and spread it all over my cleavage and the inner swell of my breasts, then sat up on my knees and moved forward to let him rest against my stern

"Fuh-huh-huck..." he sighed as I let my arms rest on him, pushing my shoulders together to make my cleavage tight around him. I fucking love it when he just sou fucking sexy.

I bounced a little in place, keeping my shoulders together and letting him slide between my boobs, no-handing this titfuck. It's a little more difficult, and with his s occasionally, but it felt good. I stopped after a bit and switched to using my hands to keep my breasts together, the way I typically like to do it. I looked down and v moved to specifically trap the head. I pumped my breasts separately, letting my skin smother his head as I moved them against him. I separated them and smacke in the middle. I was just having fun with this. But I could see the precum practically flowing from him and I couldn't help but lick my lips.

I returned to the normal pumping, fucking his length, and staring at his head as I did it. Eventually I couldn't help myself, I stuck my tongue out and looked down, downstroke. Tasting him as the slick bulb rubbed against and almost into my mouth.

"Oh, fuck!" He moaned shakily. Making me realize what I'd just done. I looked up at him.

"What?"

"I just... were you about to-?" He started to ask and trailed off.

I gave him a second to see if he would finish. Then I pointed to my mouth. "Would you rather cum here?" I asked, putting on the same innocent vibe. His cock lurc answer enough for me. I moved myself to get my boobs out of the way, and gripped his cock at the base, tilting it down toward me again. I swallowed and took a c him a slow lick from root to bulb. Savoring the change in taste as I got to his head which was still releasing a healthy amount of lubrication for me.

I did it again, a little faster, sitting up higher as I reached the tip, and this time finishing by planting a loving kiss on the very tip. He twitched, and I loosened my ja cock spread my lips as I took his head into my mouth. I closed my eyes, listening to him moan as I let my tongue tease along the underside of his head, tracing th letting the tip gently slide against his little slit. I loved the taste, it was only the precum, but I sucked on his head and worked my tongue over him until it faded, ar

I've deepthroated my partners in the past... but it had been some time. And I'd never had anything this big in my mouth. I knew I was going to need practice to ev inch or two into my mouth and bobbed my head on those first few inches, feeling his hips shake. I took a little more, and a little more, and my jaw was starting to to relax my throat, and I tilted my head, using my hand to angle his cock for me. I slowly pushed forward, feeling his head against the back of my tongue.

Suddenly I heard him groan and his hand landed on the top of my head, his fingers knitting into my hair. He didn't hit me hard, but I wasn't expecting it, and the s of my mouth weird, and I felt myself start to panic. I carefully, but quickly pulled back, withdrawing him from my mouth. As soon as he was free, I turned my head

"Oh fuck, oh my god I'm sorry! Are you okay?" He asked, clearly concerned.

"Yeah, I'm good, I'm okay." I waved him off. Swallowing and catching my breath. "I just... I don't think I'm going to be able to do THAT for you, tonight at least."

"It's okay! You don't have to do that." He looked at me earnestly. It made me want to try again, but I knew it wasn't a good idea. Now that I had calmed, I took hir bobbing my head on his cock again.

"Oh, fuck, Rose!" He moaned and sighed. I could see him struggling to keep his hands still. He clearly wanted to touch my, and instead he alternated between balli sucked his head and fucked my face against him, with my hand gripping him just in front it my lips so he could feel like I was taking him deeper. With my other har gusset of my panties aside, and fucked my fingers into myself, pumping them with the same rhythm I was blowing him with. I moaned around him when I made m

"I'm ... I'm close" he said, surprisingly clear and measured.

I took him out of my mouth and pumped him with my hand. "Cum for me, please." I softly encouraged him. I put him back in my mouth, focusing on his head as I

"FUCK!" He yelled. And his hips tensed. I closed my eyes and it felt like he expanded in my mouth before a hot jet of cum hit the roof of my mouth. Oh fuck yes... : another shot burst from him. I was loving the salty tang of him. Of his cum. I know that probably never sounds appealing to read, or talk about, it's hard to explain really love the taste of cum. He shot another few times. A surprising amount, I had to swallow when my mouth felt too full, and he was still going. I squeezed out t swallowed again, before sucking him clean.

"Oh my god, stop— too much!" He muttered. And I let him go with a satisfying -pop- and sat back on my heels, wiping my lips with my thumb. He caught his breat kiss before standing up and moving to the kitchen to get myself a glass of water to wash him down with. I stood by the sink and took a few sips, smiling as I watch up. He ran his hand through his hair and looked over at me.

"I- that was ... fucking so good. Thank you?"

I drank a little more water nonchalantly. "You're very welcome."

I ended up finding my clothes, and changing panties. We sat on the couch together as we came down, and eventually I felt my stomach rumble.

"Look, as much as I enjoyed the appetizer, I think you got a little more to eat than I did. Can we go get some food now?" I asked, patting him on the thigh.

He laughed, "I'm actually kind of full to be honest. But I'll go with you."

I ended up ordering something for myself, and we chilled out and threw on a movie (The Nice Guys). I was actually kind of zoned out from the high of everything tl

"Hey... seriously... that was amazing earlier. Thank you." He said suddenly.

I turned to him. "I'm so happy you enjoyed that. I did too." I rested my head on his shoulder, and ended up dozing off.

I actually woke up in my bed... so I guess he carried me here. I did my nightly skincare routine and brushed my teeth... already craving the taste of him again.

Thursday

On Sunday, we chilled at home pretty much all day. I kept glancing over at him and could see that he was hard occasionally. I really wanted to touch him, to make mindful of not initiating things like that constantly. I would just feel better if he would initiate occasionally. I did a bit of teasing, and made comments about blowjob want something, but before long, Kelly text me asking if she could come hang out because she likes testing makeup on me. So she came over and we did that whil watched a movie before Kelly went home, and he and I talked for a bit about the day, played some games and went to bed.

The rest of the week has been pretty long, lots of busy days and our schedules not lining up again. I had to milk myself those days, as usual. And today was another caused one of my files to save to the wrong location, and so the people who needed to access it couldn't find it and were frustrated with me because they thought I with the file iterations I'd had for the last two days somehow got corrupted as well, IT came to run diagnostics on my computer, I had to resort to an iteration of my back up to date and essentially redo what I'd done so far this week.

Then when I was almost done, they managed to both recover my files AND the other department found where my file from earlier in the day had saved. So basically of work for nothing. And then at the end, because of a setting IT had changed on my computer, I accidentally deleted an entire folder off of one of the servers, which from ALL departments over the last month and a half. At least, that's what I thought had happened. I went to my lead, panicked and scared to explain what I'd done frustration with my files earlier in the day, and the stress that we're under while crunching for this current milestone, he blew up at me. I felt small and cornered.

He's almost 7 ft tall, and he's very imposing despite being normal a very warm and fun boss. He stood at his full height and yelled while I was sitting at the chair b eyes started to sting, and by the time I noticed, the tears were falling from them. He noticed too and backed off immediately. It looked like it brought him back to r softened quickly. I excused myself and went to the restroom to collect myself, and broke down into a full on sob in the mirror. I was really frustrated with myself fo hard as a woman. And I've made a point to never let myself cry in front of anyone, not at work. I try my best not to show weakness, to do my work, to do my best Once I've cried in the bathroom before this, on another bad day at a different studio, but actually doing it in front of my boss... I was embarrassed and angry at my

I cleaned up, fixed my makeup as best as I could, and tried to wait for the redness in my cheeks to go away. When I returned to my desk, I figured out what the pr cried in front of my boss, stressed us both out as well as almost the entire studio, I hadn't actually deleted anything. The folder had been moved, and I called my b and verify that replacing it would fix everything that had broken. It did, and we both breathed a major sigh of relief. He pulled a chair up next to me and apologized he didn't mean to aim the stress of the day at me, or hurt me. It was an incredibly sincere apology. And we're all good now, but I was very drained after everything end of the day.

So when I got home I was tired, and kind of irritable. My brother was concerned and asked about my day and I was kind of short with him, not mean or anything, j comfortable clothes and sat on the couch next to my brother.

"Have you eaten dinner tonight?" He asked softly.

I shook my head. "I'm not really hungry."

He held an arm out, opening up his side for me to come closer. "Come here..."

I buried my face under his arm and curled up against him. I breathed him in and let out a long heavy sigh, closing my eyes. He rubbed my shoulder gently and lea

"I'm sorry you had a bad day. It's just one though. Tomorrow will be better. Plus tomorrow's Friday." He was trying, and it wasn't not working. I was just tired.

"I'm sorry if I've been a bitch to you tonight." I mumbled into his shirt.

"You haven't been! Not at all. It's okay, I just want to make sure you don't go to bed upset. What can I do to make you feel better?" He asked.

I thought he might have been hinting at something sexual, but I really wasn't in the mood. "I don't know." I breathed.

"Want to beat me at CTR?"

"No..."

"Game Grumps compilation?"

"Maybe..."

"Do you need help with your boobs tonight?"

I realized how full I was as soon as he said it. I'd been too distracted by everything else to pay attention to how much my boobs were starting to hurt. "Yes please.

"Okay." He agreed. He ended up putting on a compilation, and I took my top off. He didn't say anything, but I could still see the way he reacted when I exposed my everything. I put the pillow in my lap and he laid down, his lips against the underside of my boobs.

I nodded to him, and he gently latched on. My nipples were still getting hard for him, but he did a good job of teasing me with his tongue and speeding up that pro breaths as he started to suck on my nipple as soon as it was hard. When the milk started to come, I let out a whimpering sigh, the release felt so good. He moaned feel the stirrings of an orgasm building already.

I chose not to look at his cock and see if he was turned on doing this. I didn't have the energy or the drive tonight to please him. I felt guilty about it, but I wanted opened my eyes and looked down at him. He looked so at peace, like he was in heaven. It made me feel so warm, and important, and loved. I just wanted to take needed. I ran my fingers through his hair and gently played with his scalp. With my other hand I took his and placed it on my free breast, where he immediately st

He drained my left breast after a while, and then switched to the right. He wasn't doing the thing he does where he actively tries to make me cum, I think he knew I was on edge. I'd been holding off an orgasm for a while. His teeth grazed my right nipple and the sudden sensation sent me over the edge. I let go, and shook un let my head fall back and I whimpered softly into the air. He made a sort of satisfied sound against my skin, and I held his head to my breast as I came down. He d and then he sat up and licked his lips.

"Thank you. I love you..." I whispered.

"Love you too. And of course, anytime." He said warmly.

We watched another video and I laid out across the couch, resting my legs in his lap. When the video finished, I said I was tired and wanted to turn in. We said go I laid down for bed. He stayed up and I think played something, but I passed the fuck out.

Monday

I had to work all through last weekend, making up for the time I lost on that really bad day. But I had a half day today. I'd been preparing my post today about tha absolutely fucking dying I've been so horny reliving this. I couldn't wait for him to come home from his classes.

I decided to refrain from touching myself all while I was writing the post, even as the notes had me desperate for it. Instead, I text him, letting him know I was hor home, and when it was almost time, I took my top off, laying on the couch in just my panties, teasing my nipples with my fingers, waiting for him. I almost jumped I realized he was talking to someone-FUCK! I jumped up and held my boobs as I ran to my bedroom and quickly slammed the door behind me just as he was comi

I had my back to the door, and realized it was a girl's voice I could hear. After some time I realized it was Trish, the girl from his group project. I heard some muffle door opening. Oh my god was he about to get laid? I felt a weird pang of heat in my stomach. Jealousy? I don't know. I contemplated getting dressed and coming c door open and close, then lock. I waited a beat to listen for anyone, and then yelped when my brother knocked on my door.

"Hey, you can come out now, it's just me."

I stopped clutching my chest and turned around, opening my door to see him headed back into the living room. He sat on the couch and then looked over at me.

"Hey-oh... wow."

"You didn't say you were bringing someone, I was... waiting for you."

"Sorry! I- I was returning the flash drive Trish gave me the other day. I had forgotten to take it to her this morning, I didn't expect you to be... You were waiting fo

I nodded, and walked over to him. I sat facing him on the couch, grabbed his hands, and pulled him over me as I laid back.

"Please?" I said, arching my back up to him, emphasizing my boobs.

He smiled and leaned down on his elbows. His arms on either side of my shoulders. He took my nipple in his mouth and started to suck immediately, the milk came

"Ahhh" I moaned suddenly. He teased me with his tongue and brought his left hand up to play with my free breast, pinching and twisting the nipple. I came almost could feel myself soaking my panties and I wanted to reach down and shove my hand inside them. But when I moved, I bumped into his arm. I couldn't quite man desperate to grind my pussy against anything. I clutched my hand around the hand that was playing with my boob and I slowly guided it between my legs, placing my panties. He let my breast out of his mouth.

"Holy shit..." was all he could say. He rubbed my panties, delicately dragging his fingertips along my covered slit. My hips couldn't keep still as he neared my clit bu placed them where I needed, and pressed them down on my clit before bringing my hand to my breast. He danced circles around the sensitive area, and I was gett

"Press harder..." I whimpered. He complied. "Harder, please..." he massaged slow firm circles around my clit, and my hips moved with them, trying to keep my clit my tit, thumbing my nipple while he drank from me, and my hips rose, pushing my slit against his finger tips. I felt the material of my panties push between my lip fingertips teasing along the waistband of my panties. He let my breast free from his mouth and looked up at me.

"Can I?" He asked, his fingertips waiting just under my waistband now. I nodded emphatically.

"God yes, please!" I sighed. I would have screamed for him to fuck me if I could think straight, but I was so focused on the immediacy of his fingers that it was all and I felt the cool air against my wet slit as the fabric was pulled from me immediately replaced with the heat of his hand exploring between my legs.

"Ohhh." He moaned as he touched me for the first time. I groaned back at him and lifted my hips, causing his finger to push between my lips and slide along my sl my eyes roll back. My hips fell and he found my clit again, directly touching it, and making me moan loudly, a sort of half startled whimper. I came against his hanc desperate for something to grab onto.

"Finger me!" I moaned, and he responded quickly, dipping his fingers between my folds and getting them wet with my cum before searching for my aching opening my hips rose, causing one of his fingers to sink into me slightly. I threw my head back. He pushed the finger the rest of the way in and I felt my kegel muscles tigh around inside me, teasing the spot I can never reach. It was like he found it by instinct. God I fucking love him. He pumped his finger a few times into me, and I fe from me and I continued to squeeze my tit harder and harder. I could feel my hand getting wet but I didn't care. I was so close to cumming. And then he added an

I gasped, and rocked my hips a little as he worked it into me. I must have been really tight even for his two fingers because it felt like he had to use some force. B high pitched whine as I started to cum for him. He started to pump his fingers into me, and I could hear how wet I was, it sounded so obscene as he finger fucked pussy gripping them on the out stroke, not wanting to let go. He nudged my hand out of the way with his face and switched nipples and I grabbed his hair as I shor hair, and I let him know he could ease off of me, I was too sensitive.

He pulled his fingers from me, and sat up, holding his hand in front of his face, looking at the two fingers completely coated and dripping. I grabbed his wrist with t taking his fingers all the way in my mouth, and sucking them clean. Savoring the taste of what he'd inspired from me.

"Holy fuck, Rose... that was so fucking hot." He exhaled.

I smiled and felt my face flush. "Oh my god, that was so good, thank you for that." I sighed, and then I noticed all the milk spilled all over my chest. "Can you get i

He got up from the couch and came back with one, and I mopped up the mess I'd made on myself before standing up. When I looked back at the couch, I could see the couch, and then the big wet spot on the other cushion, where I most definitely had squirted when I came. My face got even hotter as I quickly removed the covers the wash with the towel.

I looked back at him and felt weird to be in my panties while he was fully dressed, not even in his comfortable around the house clothes. "I need a break for a bit a He nodded, and I went to clean up a bit. In the end, we played games and talked about how his school stuff was going, we ate, and I got tired really fast. Still tingl me again for the first time in forever. I didn't get to return the favor, but I knew I'd have plenty of opportunities to.

Friday

I've worked a lot the last two weeks. I worked through last weekend, all to ensure I could get my birthday today off and this weekend free. I've barely seen him as while, which sucks because I'm producing so much that I'm having to milk almost every 12 hours exactly now. Usually before and after work.

But today was my birthday! I started off by getting waxed, my esthetician does it for free on birthdays, and it just happened to line up for me this year. I had lunch dropped by work to quickly grab a file for someone, and while I was there they threw a small party for me and some of the artists signed a really nice lithograph fo brother was waiting for me with his gift. He tracked down some rare Disney art books for me, in really lovely condition, and one of them was even signed. He'd also room since I hadn't had the chance to over the last few weeks. He also wanted to take me out to dinner. But since it was still early, we chilled out for a little bit, and

We ended up getting hooked and binging the first 3 episodes right then and there before going out to eat. He took me to my favorite vegan restaurant that he norm him to try their plant based burger and he agreed with me that it's actually a solid substitute. We came back and watched the next two episodes of the show, and i remember a scene in episode 5 between Homelander and Stillwell that's awkwardly relevant. We both looked at each other and laughed. And when the episode was milk, so we decided to put something else on while we did that.

He put on a podcast, and I quickly threw my top on the chair and placed a pillow in my lap as he got into position. I had been teasing my nipples to hardness with i onto the left one. It didn't take long for the milk to start coming, and we both relaxed as he drank from me. I knew I couldn't do anything sexual today because of pajama pants, as hard to miss as ever. At least HE could get some action tonight.

I reached over and quickly tugged the waistband of his pants and underwear down his legs, letting his cock free. It quickly rose to it's full height out of the confines just under the head. He moaned into my breast, and I felt myself getting a little wet, but had to ignore it. Instead I started to slowly pump him. Taking in the feel c picked up speed, every few strokes rubbing his head and gathering his arousal on my hand to lube him up for me. I reached down and clutched his balls briefly, fee his root. I squeezed slightly and saw his cock bounce in response, and he let go of my boob to gasp and breathe a little bit.

"You okay?" I asked.

"Mmhmm" he responded as he switched to my other breast. I closed my eyes and laid my head back against the couch, enjoying the sensation of my milk rushing i gradually releasing, all the while my hand continued to pump his length as I gripped firmly, twisting my wrist to keep him in his toes.

We did this for a while, I couldn't help having a small orgasm wash over me at one point, and he drank until I could tell I was almost drained. So I started to pump him cum. He let go of my breast once the milk slowed enough, and his eyes clenched shut as he just laid there and let me work him over. Finally his hips started to close.

"Sit up." I urged him, and we quickly moved so he was sitting at the edge while I got on my knees in front of him. I resumed jerking him off while his breathing for aimed his cock at my boobs, and he moaned at the sight.

"Cum for me, please! I want you to cum for me... on me." I spoke softly. He lurched and I looked down just in time to see the first shot hit just between my boobs. pleasure, moving him to help him get more coverage. He shot about a dozen times and the feel of his hot cum against my skin made me really wish I could touch r nipples, before letting him go.

I sat back and ran my hands over my boobs, loving the way it felt to spread him on my skin. I was intoxicated by the smell, the sensation. I brought some to my r my boobs together and made a show for him of his cum squished in my cleavage. After I'd had my fun, I looked up at him.

"Thank you for my birthday gift!" I said playfully, unable to keep the grin from spreading across me face.

"Thank YOU. Oh my god. I'm going to repay you for that as soon as I can."

"It'll have to wait... mom and dad will be here tomorrow morning." They were coming to visit us for the weekend for my birthday.

He nodded and I stood up, excusing myself to go clean up. I took a quick shower, and came back out so we could finish the show, which was pretty fucking good by much more than the comic. We went to bed immediately after so we could be up early enough to go get our parents from the airport.

Thank you all for being so patient! I hope you enjoyed this one! I know there are probably still a lot of autocorrect errors to fix, but I felt like it was in a readable st for another week before I could post this one. I'll see you all in the comments! Thanks for reading! ❤️

13 -

Hello everyone, I know this update took a little longer than usual, and there are several reasons for that. I had to go out of town/country for a bit at one point. I m once with the last update and had a lot of stuff to respond to (sorry if I haven't gotten to you, and especially to everyone who's DMed me, it's very hard to keep up dates happened before I could post this update and I wasn't sure whether or not to have those in their own post or include them here and finally get you all up to s latter, which is hopefully the right decision.

I'm glad so many of you enjoyed my pics, and I appreciate those of you who have been sending me gift cards! Thank you all for the support and positivity! I hope y the comments like the last few have.

Sunday

Honestly, it was a hard week. My parents stayed until Wednesday to celebrate my birthday and basically dote on the both of us and make sure we were handling liv how well that was going. We didn't get a lot of time to ourselves, and I did have to work some so my brother got to spend more time with them than I did. The har milk myself again. There was a point on Tuesday night where we were all sitting in the living room, and our mom went to the kitchen for something, while our dad of looked to me, and pointedly dropped his gaze to my tits, as if asking if I was full. I nodded and made a pouty face, and he bit his lip and huffed like he wanted n alone made my boobs ache so badly.

He had a late night Friday, and a group meeting on Saturday while I went to celebrate Kelly's birthday. I was out late with my friends, and Monica seemed a little di to tease. It was a fun night though, and by the time I got home he was asleep. So I milked in the living room while watching some YouTube bullshit, and went to be

He was up before me today, as I washed my face and contemplated whether or not to put my hair up, I could hear him playing Mario Maker 2. I needed to do launc panties and carried my hamper out to the living room, passing in front of him on the way to the washer.

"Good morning!" He said, sounding very chipper.

"Hey!" I responded, a little distracted as I loaded the washer. I could hear him get up, moving to stand behind me, leaning against the kitchen counter.

"Do you have anything going on today?" He asked.

Everything is going on today. He asked.

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I closed the washer and started the cycle, turning to face him, noting how his eyes immediately fell to my boobs. I wiggled my shoulders a little, purposefully making

"Nope! Other than laundry, I'm free today." I leaned back against the washer.

He looked up at me and I could actually see his cock growing down his pant leg.

"Awesome! I feel like we've both been so busy lately, I've missed you." He explained.

"Ugh, I know. I've missed you too! ...Is there something in particular that you've missed?" I asked, crossing my arms under my breasts, emphasizing them a little. met mine again.

"Well, that too, but mostly it's just weird living under the same roof and barely seeing each other, you know?"

"Yeah, I know. But that's just going to happen sometimes with our schedules. We always make up for it later though, don't we?" I asked, doing my best to stay chip conscious carrying a conversation like this with my tits out.

He nodded, "What should we do then?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "My only plans were getting this laundry done, so it's up to you."

"Okay", he answered, thinking for a second before breaking the silence. "Can I ... have some milk?" He asked, awkwardly, like he wasn't sure how to word the question.

I felt my body immediately start to tingle. My clit, my nipples, all coming to attention. I slowly made my way to him, closing the space between us. Taking his hand encouraging him to fondle me while I leaned into him, looking up at him.

"As much as you want." I replied. I couldn't express how much him asking for it was doing for me. It was a rush seeing him eagerly respond when I would ask him even better.

He smiled and picked me up, causing me to yelp, and immediately wrap my legs around him for support. I hooked my arms around his neck, slightly panicked, as he playfully dropped me onto it, just hard enough to unbalance me and make my boobs bounce hard.

Before I could really react, he was over me, and planting his lips on my left boob. I gasped at his tongue rolling my nipple, and arched my back up to him as I pulled waiting since the last time I'd fed him.

Eventually we both calmed and found our way into the normal drinking position, and I looked over to his crotch and could see him straining. The sight immediately heat between my legs. I reached over and started to rub him as he switched breasts. I could feel him throb and tense his hips as I explored the shape of him through hips and sat up.

"What's wrong?" I asked, sort of startled, doing my best to stop my boob from leaking from his sudden detachment, covering it with my hand.

He had a sort of devilish smile on his face, "I said I wanted to repay you for last time." It was almost a question I guess? But he just sort of looked at me waiting for

"Oh-" I was kind of unsure, I would have been completely fine with him continuing to drink from me and getting me to cum that way. "How do you want to do that,

He turned and got off the couch, getting on his knees in front of me. Oh- ... OH. I stared wide eyed with my knees together, and he started to look uncomfortable.

"Is this okay?" He asked, snapping me out of whatever I was going through.

I nodded slowly, swallowing hard. "Um... only if you're okay with it. You don't have to-"

"I really want to." He interjected. Well, who would I be to deny him? I raised my hips and scooted to the edge of the couch. And he immediately reached for the waist kept my legs together and let him pull my panties from me. I could feel my pulse in my temples, racing, pounding hard. I felt that prickling heat run up my body, a conscious. It had been a long time since anyone had been THIS intimate with me. I'd feel better if I could have had a bath or shower just before. Like, I'm a very clean sleep... what if-

He lifted my ankles to help me kick my panties off, and it snapped me out of my spiral. He looked me in the eye and put his hands on my knees, applying a very gentle him access.

"Have you done this before?" I asked nervously. Why was I so nervous?

"A few times, yeah. Why?" He responded.

"I was just curious." I slowly let my knees part, I could feel myself open up, definitely very wet, and I could feel my face and chest flushing in a combination of anxiety

"Oh... god..." He said softly. I was unsure if it was disgust or reverence and it made me incredibly uncomfortable.

"Was... that good?" I asked cautiously.

He nodded. "How are you so fucking beautiful from head to toe? Oh my god!" I smiled weakly, still feeling a little self conscious, and then he brought his hand to my fingertips, causing me to whimper softly. My hips jerked a little, as he teased my folds apart and ran his fingers between my lips. His fingers gently brushed against through my nose.

He licked his lips and moved forward slightly before stopping to look to me. "Is this still okay?" He asked. I could feel my kegels flaring, and I could only think about head, and he leaned forward. My legs fell all the way apart and I pushed my mound forward to him.

I bit my lower lip and clenched my eyes shut as I felt the warmth of his face against me. His breath on my slit. I exhaled abruptly when I felt him tentatively lick my shivering as the tip of his tongue became a firm point to flick my sensitive little button at the very end.

"Ohh fuck-" I shuddered. Gripping the arm of the couch. I felt him laugh silently and softly through his nose as my reaction, but I couldn't think long enough to rest tongue pressing more firmly, the tip gliding between my lips this time, disturbing the wetness that had been collecting.

"Mm- oh shit" I heard him comment to himself. I made a sort of moan/grunt questioning sound to ask him what he'd said, and he breathed his response against my

"Just... you taste so good." He barely finished the sentence before he planted his mouth firmly against my no doubt engorged mound, lapping his tongue between my shallow depths of the petals hidden in my innie exterior. I moaned in surprise, an almost porn-like effort, and rolled my head back, white knuckling the couch in my

I couldn't keep my hips still for him, and I felt him bring a hand to rest on my thigh, helping to stabilize me a little bit. Then he let it roam north, up my side and to immediately came to hold him against me, squeezing his hand onto my tit. He got the message and started to massage me firmly, while his mouth moved to my clit

He sucked on it, pulling at my clit roughly, holding the hood between his lips and teasing my pearl with the tip of his tongue. My eyes shot open and I looked down, His brow furrowed, as he looked so focused on what he was doing. I couldn't help putting my hand in his hair, involuntarily pulling him to me, grinding my cunt against fingers firmly gripping his hair, and my thighs clamping shut around his head.

A thought entered my head for a fleeting moment, how I should ease up, not suffocate him, the Popclaw scene from The Boys flashing into my head for a brief second gave another rough, insistent lick up my slit, ending with a firm flick to my clit that set me right the fuck off. I felt my hips shake as I came against his face, moaning erratically swiping from side to side, strumming between my lips, and against my clit. I was trying to come down from the orgasm and he wouldn't let me!

I moaned his name in warning, and it only encouraged him, and then I started to feel another orgasm coming on, while I was still waiting for the other to wane. I wanted exactly how I like it, but I could barely form a thought, let alone a sentence. So I think it surprised both of us when I heard myself blurt out in a pathetic whine, "Fuck!"

I felt the hand that wasn't currently manhandling my boobs come up between my legs. His head tilted to make room, and then I felt him plunge two fingers into my pussy.

"OHH!" I moaned in a way that sounded like a sharp question. I could hear the wet sounds of him greedily devouring me become amplified as he started to pump me. He rocked me back and forth on the couch. I closed my eyes and brought my hands to my chest to hold my tits steady, and I sighed to the ceiling as I felt my toes curl. Then, when I felt the second finally come forth and cause my abdomen to tense almost painfully. I felt my walls clamp on his fingers and he stopped pumping me, held in. Suddenly he yanked his hand from me and before I could protest, planted his mouth against my opening, his tongue alternating between going broad and flat to lap at the hole. My abs were clenching so tense that it started to hurt, and finally I got over the peak and started to come back down. My thighs relaxed around him a little bit as he ran his head. He kept lapping at me and my hips started to wriggle as I pushed gently on his forehead.

"Stop-stop-stop-please! S-s-sensitive... too much!" I practically hissed as he leaned back and I felt the cool air at my crotch. I opened my eyes and saw him breathing heavily, coated from the nose down. Just glistening, almost dripping. I didn't know whether to be embarrassed or amazed.

"Oh my god, your face- Did I squirt?"

"Mmhhmm" he interrupted, wiping his chin with the back of his hand.

"Fuck..." was all I could say. I finally felt my body relaxed as the double orgasm subsided and my brain started to regain functionality. "That was... thank you, that was great."

He licked his lips, and I let my arms recoil in an almost t-Rex position, letting my nails lazily drag over my breasts. "Thank YOU. Let me know if I can do that for you next time." He said. "I'd better get cleaned up." He added, and he slowly stood in front of me.

There he was, standing over me. Fully clothed, sporting an obvious hard on, while I laid before him, naked and spread open. I felt my heart start to beat faster as I looked up at his eyes. I think we both had the same thought, and in that moment I wouldn't have been mad if he had just... gone for it. I started to open my mouth, not even knowing what to say. He stopped the washer stop. It broke the spell, and I sat up, we both blushed a little and he went to his bathroom to clean his face. I went to mine to take a quick shower.

I came back out with fresh panties and a crop hoodie on, before moving my laundry to the dryer. He was sitting comfortable across the chair with his legs over the back of the chair and bent over, resting my head on my arms as I rested them on the back, looking down at him dreamily.

"Thanks again. That was. REALLY good." I said softly while fixing his hair with one hand. He grabbed it and brought it to his lips, kissing it gently. It was such a casual moment, intimate and made my heart flutter.

"Good, I was hoping I would do okay. I don't have a lot of experience doing that, but ever since you went down on me I've just really wanted to do the same to you. I'll wash your hair out of my face."

"Well, I'm glad you convinced me to let you do it then. There's a couple little things I like that I'll need to teach you in the future, but then again... it seems like you'll escape me the way his face lit up at the suggestion of getting to eat me out again. He silently nodded, and I stood up to grab some water from the kitchen, bringing a glass. I wash the taste of me off of his tongue.

I intended to get him off as well, once I'd recovered more, but we ended up getting distracted and finding some co-op levels on Mario Maker and just sort of lounging around watching old vine compilations, played some CTR, talking about how his classes were going, while he continued to try and pry me for information about the game I was working on.

While I was cooking, my mind flashed back to that moment when I was naked as he stood over me. I don't know for sure what would have happened, what could have happened. I had SOME ideas, but I felt my stomach turn a little as I realized we needed to have a serious talk before we found ourselves in a situation like that again. I didn't want to regret. I think it kind of tempered my mood for the rest of the evening as I folded up my laundry and put my clothes away, before we said our "good night"s and went to bed. I was hours before finishing up my notes from today. And I suspect I'll toss and turn for a few more afterward.

Thursday

We hadn't actually been too busy this week, but I actually stayed home Tuesday and Wednesday because something I'd eaten on Monday gave me food poisoning for a few days. I stayed home with me and take care of me, but the more time I could afford to suffer through it alone the better. He did come home with crackers, applesauce, and Gatorade to milk yourself while sick like that is a truly awful experience. For me, milking sends all kinds of signals throughout my body, turning me on, and making me feel self-loathing conflicting with how completely repulsive I felt while sick.

Regardless, today I finally felt like myself again, enough that I was able to go to work and everything. By the time I came home my appetite was completely back at a disadvantage of that, but my brother rightfully suggested I should still take it a little easier on my stomach just to be safe. I roasted some potatoes for us and made him pickled at some of the greens from the salad mix and carefully ate potatoes. Afterward he offered to do the dishes so I could continue to take it easy. I took him up on that's going on and played some music over the built in Spotify. When he was finished, he came and sat next to me, and I quit the game, letting the music play over me.

I leaned over against him and thanked him for trying so hard to be helpful over the past few days.

"No problem! I just wanted to make sure you were okay. Is there anything else I can help you with?" He asked. I don't think he was purposefully leading me, but he could have some milk now if he wanted. I grabbed the pillow and placed it in my lap, then shucked my top. He paused as we both watched my nipples come to a head, ready to release. The way my nipples get hard and then almost expand slightly, and my areolae distend, puffing out a little bit. I was about to let him know how much I liked it and started to drink.

I closed my eyes and let myself relax. It felt good, the release, the sensation of the milk rushing through me. I felt a stirring between my legs, but it was easy enough to make a point of not trying to tease me or purposefully make me cum tonight. I knew he was hard, but I figured it wasn't the best night to heat things up like that, escalating anything. Instead, I just gently played with his hair, and hummed along to the music, occasionally singing softly. I felt at peace to be honest. One with myself, warm with the satisfaction it brought me emotionally and physically. I could have stayed like that forever letting him lazily draw from my breasts. But eventually he woke up early, now sleepy from the calm that had washed over me.

Saturday

I woke up today resolute in my intention to talk with him. I actually was up before him, and managed to shower, put on a shirt and hoodie, as well as yoga pants, and watched some of my shows that I'd fallen behind on. I was thinking about what I wanted to say, and became more and more nervous about it the longer he slept in his room. When he finally did emerge from his room, he immediately went to his bathroom and jumped in the shower, leaving me to wait even longer to get this over with.

But eventually he did come join me in the living room. He said "Good morning" despite the fact that it was almost 12:30, and sat next to me, getting comfortable with me. Eventually I quit the game and had the foresight to do something very different. I figured this could turn into a big conversation that would be difficult to remember, so I started recording a voice memo on my phone, placed it face down on the arm of the couch, and turned to face him.

"Hey." I started.

"Yeah?" He asked, checking a message on his phone.

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"We need to have a talk." I said solemnly.

I practically felt him bristle, and he turned his phone face down and looked at me, looking nervous. "O-Kay...?"

"It doesn't have to be bad, but... we've needed to have this talk for a while." I added, trying to soften a little.

He looked at me, his eyes big, almost pleading. Despite how mature and masculine he looked normally, despite him being physically bigger than me in almost every moment. It made me second guess myself. But I swallowed the notion and reached for his hand.

"I love you. You know that, right?" I started.

"I love you, too." He answered quietly. I realized he must have thought I was about to scold him for something. Or cut him off of everything we'd been doing physically. The way this conversation went, I could very well be doing that. Now I was nervous too.

"I'm never going to love another person the way that I love you, you know?"

He nodded.

"The past couple of weeks have been... a lot. Unexpected, and- and exciting. And I don't regret any of it, and I don't want it to stop, but I need to make sure we're

"Okay?"

I caught my breath to keep from just pouring everything out. "First off, how do you feel about things. With me- with us?"

"Oh my god... it's incredible. I feel so much closer to you than I ever thought possible, and I feel like the luckiest, like I have the best sister on the planet. I just want to be with you and make you me so happy already."

I smiled. "I feel that way too, I love how close we've been. And you've made me so happy! But as far as the sexual stuff, how do you feel?"

"I mean... I know it's... I shouldn't. But I do. It's hard to describe. I've listened to my friends drool over you for as long as I can remember. And it made me jealous like that. Because I've always thought you were beautiful, and I've always wondered what it would be like to-" he got quiet.

"To what?" I asked, blankly.

"To get to love you physically. To be able to love you in every way. You know?"

I nodded. "Yeah. Well, I just, I want to make sure you're still okay with what we do. If any of this is weird for you, we can stop, and go back to being a normal brot.

"I don't want to, I mean, I would if you wanted to, but I'M okay with this, and I don't want to stop. I want you."

I nodded again. "Okay, well... I also need to make sure you understand that... we can't be like... a COUPLE couple. Everything about this has to stay in the privacy want that with you— I mean, I don't think you're my one, that I want to marry, and have kids with and spend the rest of my life with, because I DO want that, even your sister. I want to be your sister and still get to make you feel good, and to enjoy you, and to be intimate with you. Because it doesn't feel wrong to me, it doesn't just want more and more. I love you, and I want to be able to show you that in every way. If it's here, if it's just between us, I feel like we should be able to love each other myself and catch my breath.

He was quiet for a bit, contemplative, and he squeezed my hand. "I get it. I'm pretty sure I'm on the same page. Despite everything, I've never pictured this leading to marriage or any of that. I know that's like, a long shot even if we DID want that with each other. But I feel the same way, I want to be able to love you like this, make you cum, and just be close and intimate. I never expected any of this, and I still can't believe it's happening, but I don't ever want to stop, because it feels so good. You. I never forget who you are, and it only makes it more special to me. You said you're never going to love anyone the way you love me? Well, I'm never going to either. You're my sister, you're important to me, you've been there for me my entire life. And I know all of that should make this weird, but it really doesn't. I'm not blind to anything or something, but right now, all I care about is you, and how much fun it is to be with you, because I trust you more than anyone, and I know you're not going to just leave me there for me and not just walk out of my life the way anyone else could. This isn't like you're my soul mate or something, it's definitely different, but it's equally as important." He looked at me, his eyes were shining.

I let him say his piece, mostly because I was fighting back tears. I felt my heart swell in my chest. I squeezed his hand back. He hit on something I hadn't found the words to say. "I'm so glad you understand! Fuck. I feel the same exact way. I trust you more than anyone else. I know you won't hurt me, and that you love me unconditionally. I love everything. And it makes me want you so badly. I feel like the last few months have brought us so much closer and I don't want to lose that while we can enjoy it. I'm happy, marry, we're going to have to figure that out, same for you, but I feel like even if we cut off that intimacy, the experience will still keep us close and obviously I'll still be crying now, and I sniffled and wiped my face with the sleeve of my hoodie. I was just overwhelmed with emotion. He squeezed my hand and held it until I had gotten up and walked away.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

I laughed awkwardly. "Yeah, actually. I was dreading having this conversation, so I'm glad you understand so well."

He nodded. "Look, I'm not stupid. As crazy as everything that's been happening is, I know we're limited in how far we can take things. And I'm fine with that, this is what I dreamed or asked for, so I'm not going to complain. I'm okay keeping it to myself and enjoying what we have in private." He laughed a little bit. "But I will admit, you're a fucking lucky son of a bitch."

I socked him in the shoulder. "Shut up!" I did laugh though. "I'm so relieved that you understand and are on the same page, you have no idea." I finally dried my eyes.
much."

"I love you, too." He replied, chuckling softly. I knew we were repeating ourselves, but I couldn't help it.

Once we calmed and fell into a silence, I exhaled heavily and decided to take advantage and address the next item on the agenda. "So, do... you want me to be your hands on my yoga pants, just in case they were sweaty."

He looked at me, studying my face as if waiting for me to admit I was just fucking with him. "I- uh... I wasn't sure if we were going to go that far, to be honest."

"I'm... I'd like to, if you're okay with that, if it's something you'd want with me—I don't know—If you're okay with losing your virginity to your sister, I mean." I feel uncomfortable having this conversation.

"I'd rather it be with you than anyone else. I seriously can't think of anyone better... I've never wanted it more with anyone else. Are you serious?"

I looked at him with my head cocked. "After all that we've already done? After everything we were just saying? Of course I'm serious."

"Oh- ... wow..." He said, incredulously as if in a trance.

I laughed a little, but needed to stay serious for a little longer. "I just want you to be sure it's what you want, I don't want you to do something in the heat of the moment and make a mistake, I don't want to lose you because of that."

"It's not JUST about ME, you know?" He jumped in, "I don't want you to do something with me that you'll regret or just because you think it'll make me happy. We've been doing if you don't want them as much as I have. But I DO want you. I want you to be my first. I don't want to lose you either, but I think as long as we're honest about it, you should have no regrets." He said this with a confidence that he didn't have before. He was a little nervous, but he didn't stand keeping

I just... felt so nervous but also warm and turned on and like I could have let him have me right there. But this had already been a lot to digest and process without. Now that we've established that, I feel a lot better. How about you?" He nodded and smiled slowly. "Let's take it easy for today though, okay? That conversation was a day, please. ...Plus my face probably looks terrible after all of that."

"Would you believe me if I said I thought you looked even more beautiful?"

"Not even slightly... but thanks for trying." I replied, not missing the way he rolled his eyes and shook his head in exasperation, it made me smile. We both knew I went to my bathroom, stopped the voice memo, double checked that it recorded the whole thing (17 minutes and 44 seconds) despite feeling like it lasted over an apply some light make up so I could feel a little better about myself. I took off my hoodie, threw it on my bed, and put my hair in a loose ponytail before returning

He was making himself some toast when I came back, and I went back to playing Sunset Overdrive while he ate. We loafed around most of the day, neither of us despite really wanting to play something, and eventually we settled on bingeing GLOW season 3 (shoutout to Betty Gilpin and her fantastic T&A). The opening montage was awkward after the conversation from earlier, because I'm pretty sure it got us both thinking, but we didn't act on anything.

He ended up having to leave for an hour or two to meet with his group because they were having some sort of issue with their files and needed face time to get it cleared up and had a nice leisurely bath with the lights off and a little music. I wasn't sure when he'd be back so I ended up milking myself in the bath and enjoying myself a little. I freshened up in a fresh camisole and panties, and had just let my hair down. He filled me in on what happened with his group, and then we watched Detective Pikachu (that Bulbasaur time) before saying 'goodnight' and going to bed. I let out a heavy sigh when I finally laid down, like I'd been holding my breath all day. I think it was just the relief of with finally hitting me. Now I just need to transcribe this voice memo so I can delete it.

Tuesday

On Sunday I had to come in to work for a little bit because someone who was going to be going to Gamescom this coming weekend had an emergency come up, and I had to help with a presentation. It was sudden and it would mean going to Germany for about a week. I have to admit it had been a little stressed, I had to update my passport times yesterday and today, probably even more over the week, as well as get an itinerary, and make sure my brother had everything he needed for the week.

I've never been to this particular event so, while I'm honored they wanted ME to go, it's just a lot, on top of a GameStop event I have to go to almost immediately for a presentation for keeping audience attention having good stage presence, and I think sometimes they just like to have a woman as a forward facing representative.

This meant I hadn't spent much time with my brother over the past few days. I had met him for lunch yesterday, but I spent that evening prepping my wardrobe for the trip, by the time I was done, he was in his room playing whatever it is he plays on his PC (probably Apex). Today I came home at my normal time though, and he

"Hey! I was hoping you'd get to come home on time today!" He said immediately when I stepped in.

"Oh yeah? Did you have plans for me or something?" I replied, a little distracted. Honestly I had been a little stressed because there were issues with the travel arrangements to get something sorted, and I would be flying alone. I'm used to flying, but not internationally, and I feel so much more comfortable having a travel buddy. It's hard being a stranger. I was able to keep the seat the studio had already bought for the return trip at least.

"Not quite," he started, snapping me out of my thoughts, "But I did get something for us!" He fished into a target bag on the counter and pulled out a 36 count (!)

"Oh, OH WOW." I responded in surprise. I felt brows shoot up and my cheeks flush.

"I thought it might be a good idea to get these just in case!" He seemed very pleased with himself. And honestly, it was very sweet of him to think of. I forgot he'd had birth control. I started like a month or two before he moved in, MOSTLY because I didn't want to deal with being on my period while living with him, and also with a condom just in case. But also the realization hit me that this was going to happen, and I felt my stomach tighten for some reason. I think I'm actually having nerves about it.

"Nice! Good thinking."

"Are you free for the rest of the night?" He asked, full of hope. Oh man, I felt bad because I could tell he really wanted to get there but my head just wasn't in the

"I'm sorry, I have some emails I need to respond to before I can do anything. But if you want to go grab some food for us, I'll try and get it all knocked out so we can

He nodded, at least he didn't seem disappointed. "Okay, just text me what you want!" He went to his room to grab his wallet and keys, and I went to my room to check the emails while we ate and did the dishes before returning to sit with him on the couch. We talked for a bit about my upcoming trip, and about his plans for while he would be alone all week so she could be a sort of emergency contact for him. He asked about my itinerary and hotel accommodations. Unfortunately I was the only one there were no options, I would have to share a room with one of the guys from work. He had offered to see if he could find someone willing to let him use their floor but he wasn't sure if I wanted to make him do that, and said we'd figure it out later.

"What are you going to do about milking?" My brother asked.

"Take really long showers I guess." I answered, laughing awkwardly.

"I wish I could go just so I could help you with that." He said dreamily.

"I know... You could help me with it now if you'd like." I offered. Realizing I was actually pretty full. I started to play with my boobs, weighing them and hefting the

"Yes please." He replied enthusiastically. I pulled my top over my head and tossed it aside.

"...So fucking beautiful..." I heard as the top passed my head, possibly missing part of what he said. I felt my face and chest heat up. I never get tired of that reaction. He loves my tits. We assumed the position and he quickly latched on to my now aching nipple. The milk started flowing fast and I let myself relax as he relieved the rubbing my thumb in his hair, while my other hand played with my free breast.

(Continued in the comments)

My hand caught his attention, and when he saw what I was doing, he groaned a little against my skin. I looked beside me to see the tent in his pants growing rapidly. I reached for him, running my hand up and down his chest, while he switched nipples. I squirmed under him as his tongue started to deliberately tease me, flicking it between my legs. He was really trying to amp me up, and it was definitely working. I felt myself getting closer and closer to the edge, biting my lip, and losing my mind about to crest, my phone started to ring.

"OH FUCK" The startling sound combined with his attention set me off and I had a small orgasm, somewhat stifled by the realization that it was our mom calling, I was in Germany next week as I was leaving work, and she was just now responding. Once I was able to think a little more clearly, I spoke up.

"I'm sorry, she's just going to keep calling, we should get this over with." I said, clearly frustrated. He groaned and agreed. We spent the next hour or so talking to who they were visiting. Needless to say it was a bit of a mood kill. While my brother was talking to my parents, I made an apologetic face and let him know I was going to be late, and I didn't want to risk things escalating only to have to get up early for work. I finished milking in the shower, did my skin care routine and came back out to

"I'm sorry we got interrupted..." I said softly.

If he was actually frustrated, he did a great job hiding it. "It's okay! I know you had a lot on your mind tonight, I'm just glad I could get you there at least once."

I smiled, "Thank you for that, by the way. Do you want me to take care of you?" I offered.

He looked embarrassed. "Actually I was pretty pent up, so I took care of myself while you were in the shower. So you don't have to do anything if you don't want!"

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'll make it up to you later this week, I promise! Hold out for that if you can!"

He hit his lip and looked at me, nodding. "Definitely." He smiled, and I had to try not to melt then and there. I sat next to him and watched him play some Tetris Ef him trying to be responsible and getting protection, and showing patience and understanding tonight... I found myself wanting to give it to him that much more.

Thursday

I was all packed and everything was all sorted out at this point. Work was super busy and frantic with the last minute preparations, but I did get to leave an hour e flying out tomorrow morning to start the 13+ hours of flying. I took advantage and ran last minute errands and made sure I was all good by the time he came hom was already lounging on the couch in lacy panties and an unzipped hoodie with my hair down.

"Hey! Wow..." he said when he walked in, I don't know if he was reacting to me or the fact that my suitcase was already packed and ready by the door.

"Hi! Are you free for the rest of the night?" I asked impatiently.

"Yup! I'll make up for it tomorrow but I wanted to make sure to spend some time with you before you have to leave."

"Perfect." I said, unintentionally breathily, "What do you want to do with me?" This time intentionally.

His eyes went wide, "Oh my god, ... anything." He was clearly distracted as I ran my fingertips along the part of the zipper of the hoodie that curved over the swell away for a second though, before adding, "Uhh, but the A/C was out in my last class today, so I really need a shower before I can get comfortable."

"Okay." I said sweetly. "I'm not going anywhere." I assured him. "Are you hungry at all?" I asked as he made his way to his bathroom.

"Yes, but I already know what I want to eat." Was all he said, and I felt my skin go hot, and a hush of wetness flooded between my legs.

I didn't want to get too ahead of myself while he was in the shower, so I started screwing around in CTR again. Knocking out a few online races. I'd already unlocke this point I'm just farming coins. I was definitely distracted though, because I couldn't get higher than like... 6th place while waiting for him to get out of the showe

When he finally did come out, I was a little disappointed to see he was in sleep pants and a shirt. But then again, he didn't seem the type to come out naked at a ti my stomach was doing flips. I was so incredibly nervous, I could barely make my hands function enough to shut off the PS4. He came into the living room, running tv shut off before looking to me.

I sat up straight, with my feet apart and my knees together, and looked to him innocently. "So, what was it you wanted to eat tonight?"

He shook his head incredulously, and didn't say a word as he approached the couch. I leaned back a little, holding myself up with my hands behind me, and arching closed the distance between us, getting on his knees as his hands reached forward and slipped under the hoodie to cover my breasts.

I cooed for him as his thumbs rubbed across my nipples. He gingerly pushed the sides of the hoodie out of the way, exposing me and revealing my aching breasts. off of me, lifting my hands to slip my arms from the sleeves. I then opened my knees so he could get even closer, until he was able to lean forward and kiss up my and all over them. I made a small, barely audible whimper, and he answered by finally putting his lips on my left nipple.

"Ahh!" A sharp but breathy gasp sounded from me as my head fell back. I leaned all my weight on my right arm as my left hand grabbed the back of his hair and h come. He made several moans of satisfaction as he suckled, and I closed my eyes and let him have his fill.

He switched breasts after a little while, but before I could react to that, I felt his fingertips hooking into the gusset of my panties, pulling them away from my soaki sounding gasp escaped me and I pushed my hips forward a little, spreading my legs wider, hoping to feel his fingers slip inside of me. But he kept teasing, teasing i tongue dance around my nipple the same way his fingertips played between my lips.

"Please... god, don't tease me, I can't—" I pleaded, but my voice came out cracked and mostly whispered.

He responded by bringing his fingertips to my entrance, and only just letting the opening try to suck him in. I was barely starting to open for him before he continu pussy and tease me.

"Ohhh that's so not cool..." I groaned, obviously enjoying the tease despite my desperation. He made a satisfied hum against my breast in response. He switched n at him just as his fingers started to focus on my clit. My eyes clamped shut again as I came instantly from the sudden sensitive touch. I shuddered and shook again nipple, instead delicately holding it between his teeth as I moaned and writhed, occasionally causing his teeth to pull at my nipple, which only continued to fuel my

Just before I came down, he let go of my breast and sat back on his ankles, bringing his fingertips to his mouth and causally sucking them clean. He looked down a panties were.

"Damn, those are very good." He said softly.

"I've never gotten to wear them for anyone before." I admitted.

He looked back down at them and nodded his head. "I'm incredibly fucking honored then." He said sincerely. I smiled and tilted my hips involuntarily, my clit cravin emptiness. He glanced up at my face again and as if that alone stoked the fire for him, he suddenly started to pull the panties down my legs, until they were just h them off before I felt his hands holding my inner thighs apart as he moved his head between his legs. I bit my lip and just let them hang on my foot as he buried h

"Hmmmm, yesss!" I hummed and hissed as he devoured me, sucking at my slit and trying to catch my inner lips to drink me in. His nose occasionally bumped my he started to run his tongue through my cleft, over my entrance, and up to my sensitive pearl. He shifted, hooking his arms under my thighs and pulling them furttr craving the contact.

"Pleeeaaase..." I whined, but didn't bother elaborating. I just needed more. I felt his breath catch against me. A huff of air from his nostrils as he started to breathe focused his tongue directly on my hole, trying to open me up and push it inside of me as far as he could. I couldn't help writhing against him, my eyes clenched shu

"F-fingers—" I gasped as he moved back to suck on my clit, "please!" He quickly unhooked his right arm from my thigh, and I get his head tilt as he roughly used n fingers wet. When he was satisfied they were thoroughly coated, he finally plunged them into me, causing me to release a shaken, feminine sigh. He moaned again sensations sent me over the edge again.

I came around his fingers as he held them as deep inside of me as he could, wiggling them, as if walking them inside of me. I could feel myself clamping down on t the pleasure. Fuck I still wanted more...

Once I calmed down, he started to pump his fingers inside me as he tongued my clit, pushing it up with the tip of his tongue and rolling it side to side. I could hear combined breathing and my soft moans. I opened my eyes and looked down at him, it was admittedly weird still, to see his face looking back up to me from betwee completely captivating. This was never supposed to happen, I was supposed to be one of those forbidden fruits he could never taste, and here he was lapping me u skin tingle, and my body once again craved more.

"Can you use another finger?" I asked, my voice unexpectedly low and breathy. He nodded against me, and I felt him extract his fingers from me, rolling them betw opening. He slowly pushed them back into me, this time thicker, I tensed as I felt them stretching me, a dull ache building between my legs.

"Fuck, Bee... it's a tight fit..." he commented, but didn't stop. He pushed them as far as they could go, and I let my walls flare around him, getting used to the slight my pelvic floor to keep it strong, but I'm pretty sure that combined with the past few years of not having anything too substantial inside of me, didn't help. I didn't before he started pumping the three fingers into me. He wasn't able to get as deep, like this, or wiggle his fingers at all, but the feeling was still incredible. I fell ba fingers into me however he please, until he was causing my whole body to rock in place. Fuck this, I was ready.

"Do you want to..." I asked into the air, looking up at the ceiling as I felt his hand slow against me.

"...Really?" He asked, he voice low and shaky. He sounded so serious and anxious it was kind of hot. I wish I had been looking to see his face at that moment, but

"Oh-fuck. Okay-" he nodded back. I sat up and slid off the couch onto the floor, straddling his legs as I pressed my body against him. I leaned to kiss against his ne lifted it up and over head, tossing it behind me onto the couch. I backed off of him and to the side, sitting on the carpet with my legs spread in front of him, as he t pants down his legs. It felt like he was towering over me, with his hard on held back by his boxer briefs, looking like they could split at the seams at any moment v

He hooked his thumbs into the waist band, but then he stopped. "Oh- Just a second!" He said, and then stepped over me to rush into his room. I heard crinkly plas tearing, before he came back out into the living room, completely naked(!), condom in hand, his sizeable cock bobbing stiffly in front of him. I almost laughed, bec was really happy that despite everything that was happening, he was still trying to be safe. He got back in front of me, sitting back on his heels. His hands were so and I finally spoke up.

"You know I'm on birth control right?" I asked sweetly, and his hands stopped fidgeting with the condom. He looked me in the eye, frozen, as if waiting for me to se

"You mean... I can—" he started, letting his words fade out.

I nodded, "It's up to you. I've ... never let anyone. Not without protection. But YOU could be MY first. I trust you. IF you want." I started to feel uneasy the more I

"Fuck." He breathed softly. He gently placed the still wrapped condom on the coffee table, which he pushed away to give us some space. He moved up a little close against my slit. I swallowed hard, I was completely wrapped in my nerves. For the first time, I really took in the sight of his body, completely naked for me. He's a looking chest and nice arms. The start of some abs on his mostly flat stomach. Not a lot of body hair outside of the area in the center of his chest. His skin is slight still looks well tanned next to me. So maybe there was a bit of a thrill in seeing his cock tower over the paleness of my stomach. The heat of him against me made pleadingly... as if asking if he was still sure, begging him to be gentle with me, hoping that it would live up to his expectations. My hips moved of their own accord, the friction. I looked down and saw his cock standing from between my legs. It really did look "intimidating", thick, substantial... the head already slick with his owi his pulse.

"Are you ready?" We both blurted out at the same time, causing us to laugh awkwardly and finally lock eyes again. He looked full of concern, almost scared. Maybe one losing my virginity. I knew it was a big deal for him because he was probably resigned to the possibility that no woman would ever be willing to try taking him, scared of. Maybe it was that it was me. For me it was that it was him, but also that I really was afraid. I felt so small laid out like this in front of him... But I nodded

He exhaled unevenly, and pushed his hips forward, grinding his cock against me, I sighed at the friction, as he pulled back, sawing against my pussy, slowly picking for a while, probably coating himself with my wetness as I whimpered from the erratic sensations against my clit. Eventually he reached down and held his cock firr me, and rubbed it against my clit and up and down my slit. I arched my back suddenly, and my hips pulled back, weirdly, suddenly not seeking out the friction.

When I settled back into place, he continued stirring me up with his head, getting caught on my opening at one point, my body trying to suck him in. Both of our b wide, suddenly alert. I wanted to scream at him to just do it before I lost my nerve, and then I felt him catch again. It was such a dangerous feeling, and I felt my he stopped, aiming his head right at my entrance. I felt off, I don't know what was happening to me.

"Ready?" He asked, snapping me out of my head. I think I nodded, I must have, because I felt him gently start to push forward. I felt his head stretching me open stretch a little more than when he had used three fingers instead of two, and I furrowed my brow and closed my eyes to concentrate on relaxing my kegels. And th more than I expected, and I started to feel myself panic, my eyes now open wide, now unable to relax myself. I recoiled and gasped, startling him and causing him

"Are you okay? Rose, what's wrong?" He asked, his level of concern making me feel even more panicked.

"I- ... I'm sorry!" I replied, sitting up. I looked down at his cock, maybe it was the moment or maybe it was how close he had gotten that made him look somehow thighs and held my boobs for security. "I just, I started to feel really weird and—I don't know if I can take you... yet! I just, I don't know if I'm ready." I looked at h imperceptibly, his shoulders dropping an infinitesimal distance, before he smiled weakly.

"It's okay, Rose. We don't have to do this right now, maybe not ever. I love you." It made my heart hurt, and I could feel my eyes water. He was doing his best to n failed him. I wanted to be the one to do this for him, and thought I could. I had gotten his hopes up, and then I choked at the last second. I felt so, so bad. And hir just want to please him so much more. He deserved it, he really did. In that moment I thought about setting aside everything and just letting him have me, just pc fuck that panic was, but then I remembered my trip. What if he hurt me unintentionally? Did I really want to be out of country, stuck in a plane for half a day, havir potentially in pain? I knew I still wanted to make this happen, it just couldn't be tonight.

"I love you too... so much. I'm so sorry. I still want this, so fucking bad, I promise you we'll get there, just not tonight."

"You don't have to apologize, I understand." He put his hand on my shoulder, and I turned my head down to kiss it, grabbing it and holding it as he caressed my ch between his legs and saw that he was still as hard as ever, and I reached for him. Loving how his cock still jumped whenever I first made contact.

I gripped him, and pumped him a little, making him leak more and more as his hand fell to my chest and started to knead my breasts. We both started to breathe on the floor. "Come here." I beckoned. He moved over my leg and started to come up beside me, but I reached down and pulled his hips toward me, urging him on my ribs. I could feel the heat of his balls against me, and I quickly reached for him again, rubbing the head and getting my hand slick with his precum so I could lu realized what was happening, and I just nodded, as if to say, "That's right."

I pumped him a few times to make sure he was as hard as he was going to get, and then I took my boobs in my hands and held them, cocking my eyebrow at him scooted forward a little, and leaned so he could push his cock down to rest against my sternum after which I immediately pushed my tits together to trap him in plc hands on the floor to either side of my neck.

I made the valley between my tits tighter for him, pushing the heel of my palms into the sides of my breasts even harder, and then I started to pump him. I could t blame him after what had just almost happened. I didn't need to tease him right now, I just needed to make him feel so good. I pumped him steadily, until his hips my tits and tilted my head to lick his head, trying to suck the first inch or two of him.

"Mmm fuck..." he moaned, making me smile. I rested my head back on the carpet and held my boobs still for him.

"Fuck me." I said, only now while recounting this realizing how he could have taken that. He quickly started to buck his hips until he worked up to full on fucking hi the hottest things ever for me. I've never had anyone do it like this, usually I do all the work and like being in control, but I knew he needed this, so I let him poun He bumped my chin occasionally, and he was breathing so hard and groaning.

"Cum for me, baby." I urged. He moaned immediately in response and kept sliding his dick against my tits. I glanced down and could see how how purplish-red his from how wet he was. Without thinking I pinched and rolled my nipples between my finger tips, causing me to gasp and my hips to writhe under him, unable to finc I felt the ache deep inside of my grow more and more intense as my muscles flared and my throat rasped as I moaned. I looked down to see I had made myself lei chest.

"Oooohh..." he groaned, causing me to look up and see he had seen the milk too. I looked back down to what he was seeing just in time to see his cock push throu at the top of my cleavage. And then his body seized for a reason that I have never heard of, and he pulled his cock back, and rolled my head back as I felt his cock tense and cum against my chin. I looked down a little and tried to hold my tongue out for him to aim for but he was too lost in the sensation to aim. His next shot went up th

The third rolled up my neck, meeting with the first shot, and I started to pump him a little with my tits to coax out the rest.

"Mmmm yessss, give me everything..." I sighed as he covered me. Eventually he slowed, then stopped, then pulled out from between my boobs, and sat back a litt splatters all over my chest. I could feel the cum on my neck, all of it just cooling against my flushed skin. I collected some on my fingertips and sucked them clean, down over my tits, fully enjoying his gift for me.

"Goddamn, Bee." He muttered, just looking down at me, a little sedate.

"Was that okay for you?" I asked innocently, or as innocently as I could while I rubbed his cum into my skin.

He nodded. "God yes. Thank you..."

"Anytime! ... sorry about not... being able to..." I started, awkwardly.

"It's okay, it's not your fault, and I'm still happy to get to do stuff like this either way. You're the best." He said softly. I felt him start to relax though, and more of his stomach and lower ribs.

"Good, I'm glad. I love doing this stuff too! ...but... can you get off of me, please?"

"OH! Shit, sorry!" He quickly put his arm on the coffee table to stabilize himself as he stood. He reached a hand out to me to help me stand. We stood there awkwardly, me handbra-ing my now sticky boobs. The smell of his cum hitting me was intoxicating, but I didn't want to start anything else for now. I went and took a shower and making sure I'd packed up the last of my toiletries that I could for now. I dressed a little more modestly when I came out to find him starting some laundry. We miss each other, I told him to reach out to my friends if he needed anything, etc. and then we settled into the couch for a little bit and I rested my head against him.

Eventually I felt sleepy, I may have even dozed off, but I said goodnight and hugged him, letting him know I probably wouldn't see him in the morning since my coach was on his way to the airport. We said goodbye and I retired to my room, did my skin care routine, and immediately started updating my notes for the day before I could find much of a chance to work on the next post while I'm out of the country, but I'll certainly try.

Sunday

Gamescom was nice, the trip went smoothly. I was pretty busy most of the week, not necessarily for work, but just enjoying the event. I slept for most of the flight, which was nice. My "roommate" was very respectful, and even though we had separate beds, he still offered to sleep in another room if I wanted. I didn't feel like I liked to take long baths when I stayed at hotels, which he said he could get behind, and it gave me a chance to milk in privacy. I didn't get to masturbate at all though could get from milking myself, I had behaved so I wouldn't risk embarrassing myself by having him hear me. He's about 10 years older than me and he did a good job of getting overwhelmed at the event and in the airport.

The return was a bit more difficult though. I was anxious. I'd missed my brother, and I was also a little nervous to come back to him after the last night we'd had to be super. fucking. horny. for the last day. I was having trouble falling asleep and had to use a ZzQuil to help. But it was still a little disorienting to arrive at home only to find I left Cologne.

When I walked in the door, he was just finishing washing some dishes, and had some podcast on the tv. He dried his hands and excitedly came and hugged me, squishing me against his chest, making me knock over my suitcase with my feet, and crushing my just-a-little-too-full boobs against him.

"Heeeey! I missed you! How was the flight?" He exclaimed as he spun around.

"OMG! Ow my fucking tits! Put me down you dick!" I hissed, unable to hide my smile. He quickly stopped and set me down gently.

"Sorry!" He collected himself, and I leaned into him, finally hugging him back.

"I missed you too." I mumbled into his chest.

We left my bags by the door, and moved to the couch where I filled him in on my week, and he filled me in on his. I hadn't missed much on his end really, just complaining about having the house to himself and caught up on some of his shows that I don't watch. That kind of stuff. He asked me if I'd had any issues relieving my breasts at all.

"Other than the flight there and today, no. I haven't gotten to milk in like 18 hours, I'm super full."

"Oohhh?" He responded, clearly intrigued.

I laughed. "Are you thirsty then?"

"Oh fuck yes. I've missed it."

"Me too." I admitted, quickly shucking my top and dropping it on the arm of the couch.

"Oh wow..." he commented, and we both looked down to see how much my boobs were filling out my bra.

"Yeah..." I reached behind me and I hooked my bra, tossing it aside and pouting a little as I looked at the red marks the it had left on me, bisecting my breasts. "You know, I know all I did was fly today, but I slept on the flight and I'm probably a little bit sweaty." I explained, feeling a little self conscious.

"I'm okay with that." He replied, and he placed his hand at my waist and urged me to him so I could straddle his lap. My nipples were already hard and aching for touch, a small of my back, gently pulling me forward. I arched my back and let out a long moan of satisfaction as I felt his lips close around my right nipple. Before long he was sucking hungrily. It drove me fucking crazy the way he moaned against my breast, sucking hard, draining me. I sighed and settled my hips a little lower, reveling in the rush of his shoulders, and rocked my hips involuntarily, feeling his bulge, firm against me.

I reached down with my left hand and felt him, rock hard in his sleep pants. I massaged him a little bit, teasing the head, and then I felt something dripping on my thigh. I saw my left boob was rapidly dripping.

"Oh, whoops!" I commented, and licked my arm clean. He saw what had happened and switched to my left boob to relieve the pressure, causing me to shudder. I fell off of him, his lips letting go of me with an exaggerated pop as I pulled it over his head, tossing it on the floor. His hand clamped onto my right boob and squeezed, then returned to sucking the left.

I panted in his lap, "You're going to make a mess..." but I didn't do anything to stop him because I was enjoying it so much. He huffed through his nostrils in derision, teasing my nipple the way he always does when he's trying to make me cum. He didn't have to try, it immediately set me off.

I threw my head back and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him into my boob as I shuddered and came. I could feel myself soaking my panties, and suddenly I felt him go and backed off of him, standing so I could shimmy out of my jeans, not even caring when my panties came down with them.

"Holy fuck, Rose..." he said, sounding almost in awe. He was looking between my legs, and I looked down to see a strand of wetness dripping from me, still connecting my panties. Wow, I was much wetter than I thought. I used my finger to break the strand, and stirred my pussy a little bit, feeling how wet I was. I stepped out of my pants between his legs so I could offer my finger to him. He immediately sucked it clean, staring between my legs the whole time. Fuck... I really wanted him. I REALLY wanted him.

My hands were shaking as I stepped back and reached for his pants to tug them down his legs. I was rough with him, but he didn't seem to mind. His cock immoderate anxiety in the pit of my stomach at the reminder of what he was working with. Why did he have to be so big? I felt like the part of me that wanted him regardless I wanted to experience his big cock. I would still want him all the same without the porn ready appendage. But I reminded myself... my pussy is a muscle. It's made going to make this happen.

He kicked off his underwear, and took my hands as he pulled me back onto his lap. I felt the underside of his cock pushing against my stomach, as he buried his face in my skin. I could feel my boobs dripping again and I sighed. "I thought you said you were thirsty?"

He immediately stopped what he was doing and returned to hungrily drinking from me again. I moaned and pushed my chest forward, reaching down with my right hand (that hard to find). I gripped the middle of his shaft and pumped him a few times, feeling how hot he was in my hand, and then I moved to the head, and felt his face feeling his own wetness against my stomach and on my hand. He moaned and I took my hand off of him, sucking it clean as he switched breasts.

I sat up as much as I could, and tried to push his cock under me so I could sit above it, and his head brushed along my slit, causing us both to moan. I felt it near impossible to just have to... move slightly. I pushed him a little so he would unlatch from me.

"Do you want this?" I asked quietly. My voice low and serious.

"Are you sure you can?"

"No... but I want it so bad..." I almost whined. I really did, I could feel the aching emptiness inside me reaching a fever pitch, it was driving me insane.

"Then yes, please god do it..." he groaned.

I reached between us, on one knee with my other leg slightly raised. I rubbed his head up and down my soaking cunt and then pushed him back a little as I lowered my entrance. It felt like the ache inside me was completely focused at the point of contact. I could feel my heartbeat racing everywhere, in my pussy, in my fingers, it was killing me.

I slowly lowered my leg and let my hips start to sink. I could feel his tip pushing against me, until I started to open for him. I felt myself stretching and I sucked air through my teeth, whimpering as I reached the thickest part of his head. He grabbed my arm that was still holding onto his shoulder, turned his head and kissed it. I hissed as I felt his head please just let me do this for him, please... And then I felt my opening smoothly glide over the rest of the head, sucking it into my body. We moaned in unison, me and him.

It was a weird sensation, I felt like I was being opened up more than ever, but it was just the head. My opening ached differently. Not quite a sting, not quite a burn, but it means... I wanted more. I leaned forward and rested my head on his left shoulder as I put my other knee back down. I took a few deep breaths and then I lowered myself to the first time I ever took anyone inside me, the way it hurt but I couldn't get enough? The way it touched me in places I didn't know I had and I never wanted it to end and I measured my breathing as I slowly took him deeper.

His hips were shaking, I knew he just wanted to thrust up, and I wouldn't have blamed him if he had, I've fantasized so much about him losing control and just taking the same time I appreciated his restraint. I felt like I was going to hit a point where I couldn't take anymore, and I was anxious about hitting it at any second. I felt his head and I felt my eyelids flutter and my knees went weak, causing my hips to drop a little. The sudden movement made me gasp and tense, and I started cumming.

I could feel my walls clamp onto him, trying to work him, trying to wring the cum from him, and he inhaled sharply. "Ho—hoh god!"

Whimpering at the aches I was feeling, the orgasm making my walls twitch and ripple, and I felt like I could feel him so perfectly. I moaned to the ceiling and let myself be heightened, and without thinking I did the only thing I could think to do to keep me from getting too loud. I crushed my lips against his and kissed him.

He tensed at first, and moaned in surprise, and then he melted into it and kissed me back. All this time... all this dancing around it... I lost my focus and I let go... down until my eyes popped open and I made a desperate moan into his mouth. I had to break the kiss.

"Oh fuck oh my god..." he gasped as soon as I gave him back his oxygen supply.

"Fuck, fuck, ohhh... Jesus it's- it's a lot." I stuttered. I'm not going to lie, it hurt. It felt like I was impaled. It felt like he was pushed against my vitals. He was stretched to come down as my walls twitched around him, trying to both milk him dry and adjust to him. It was uncomfortable, it was foreign. But at the same time, it was the best I've ever felt him all the way inside of me, and I'd never felt so full in my entire life.

I suddenly felt incredibly vulnerable and fragile, my eyes stinging with tears threatening to flood my eyes. I looked to him and he looked like a deer caught in headlights.

"Are you okay?" He asked. I felt his cock twitch inside of me, pulsing. Oh fuck it was amazing.

"I love you..." was all I could say. And he started to say it back but I interrupted him by kissing him again. I nipped at his bottom lip, and pulled back a little. Laughing.

"Oh my god, you're VERY big... I feel so full." I whined while laughing.

"I... can't believe I'm inside you. I didn't think we would be able to." He whispered.

"I know... I didn't think so either-AH- AH" I yelped as my orgasm finally subsided, my canal finally relaxing a little and my hips sliding down what felt like another orgasm. "Jesus Christ..." I sighed.

I stayed still for a little while until I felt my walls stop twitching and adjusting to him, but once that subsided, I realized that I felt like I couldn't move, I wasn't going to move maybe he could fuck me now.

"Do you want to move this to my bed?" I asked him.

"Um, sure! Do I ... uhh..." He looked like he was trying to figure out how to move us.

"Let me... help me get off of you real quick." I started trying to sit up, and he held my hips to steady me. I winced as I felt him slide out of me, and looking down, my head a little, as if clutching him and trying to keep him from leaving. His entire length was shiny and slick now, and I looked in disbelief as I realized how much I had just let him lift a leg to help as his head finally popped free. I felt my opening close back up as his head left, my body trying to right itself. I felt so unfathomably empty now and I just ignore.

My legs felt uneasy as I stepped onto the carpet and helped him stand to follow me to my room. I crawled onto my bed, yelping as he smacked my butt before I touched the pillows, and letting my knees fall apart, my legs spread for him. He stood at the foot of the bed and just sort of eyed me up. It gave me chills, there was something about him... hungrily, I could tell he wanted to drop all restraint. I gestured with my head so he would come to me, and he crawled onto the bed, and over me. I felt so sure his hips fell a little, forcing my legs further apart, and I felt his cock against me. He looked at me, as if for permission, and I just nodded enthusiastically.

I bit my lower lip, and held onto his arms as I felt him try to aim and push into me, hands free. His head pushing against my slit, against my clit, a bit low, almost making me ache at the aching entrance again. I gripped him tighter to let him know he was there, and he slowly pushed forward. My body took his head in easier this time, or maybe it was because the second he was able to get the widest part of it into me and the whole head sucked in, we both moaned in pleasure.

Is it just me, or is that moment when the head slips in like THE best? Especially in missionary... it's like... it's just heaven. And he kept pushing forward still, at a moment when I felt him in. I shuddered and whimpered as he brushed past that spot again, almost making me cum, regardless, I felt my eyes roll back as he pushed forward. I looked down at him making the area under my belly button distend a little from how thick he was and how much he was opening me up. It was trippy. When he finally bottomed out and making my walls clench.

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"Okay, just... hold still for a second." I said, placing a hand against his chest. I let my walls adjust again, giving a few seconds to make sure I was comfortable with focused on what I was feeling inside, and I felt him occasionally tense his cock inside of me, which was doing a lot for me. I returned my focus to him and nodded t okay?"

He nodded and gradually drew his hip back, his cock sliding back out. I fought the urge to wrap my legs around his hips and dig my heels in his back to pull him ba drew back until just his head was inside of me, and I was going to give him the go ahead to push forward again, but he did before I could, slowly, until I felt him bc his cock opening me up, just... it's so hard to describe. He pulled back again, a little smoother, and faster. Fuck this I'm ready.

"Fuck me." I demanded. My voice cutting through the wet, slick sounds of my pussy being split in half. He grunted and plunged into me hard, causing me to yelp. I was hot and heavy. He rested on one elbow so he could maul my breasts with his free hand, and he pulled back out before pounding into me again.

He gradually built up his pace over the course of a few thrusts, and I couldn't help moaning out loud, I don't even really know how loud to be honest. But I felt him me. I don't hate the feeling, but it's different, and it was driving me wild in the moment. I could even feel his balls beating into me as he started to pound his hips. when he sat up and pulled my hips to him, thrusting as hard into me as he could. I could see him watching my tits bounce, and I started to play with them, pinchin

"Oh fuck, Bee, I can't-" he started to pant between thrusts. "I'm close!" He lost his pace, clearly trying to hold back.

"It's okay, whenever you're ready." I said softly between breaths.

"You mean- I can-"

"Cum inside me, I want you to..." I breathed. My body felt hot and I just wanted him to- "Let go, cum for me, baby."

"Ohhh my god, SIS-(?!)" he groaned a little too loud as he plunged into me one last time and held me to him. I pulled him close with my legs and felt his cock expa hips quaked against mine as his cock jerked and I felt an impossible heat inside me. He jerked again and again and the heat kept spreading, I could feel it deep, ar me, it sent me over the edge. I pulled him to me and planted a crooked kiss on his lips as my eyes clenched shut and I felt my orgasm wash over me, my hungry c everything to draw the cum from him as my abdomen tensed and I shook with him.

When it subsided, I felt so much of that heat deep inside of me, and his cock pulsing rapidly. I relaxed a little, letting him go, and my hips still tried to fuck against made a startled sound and I stopped, realizing he was still too sensitive. He slowly pulled out from me, and I immediately clapped my hand over my pussy to lazily opening felt.

"Oh my god..." he sighed heavily as he laid down next to me. "I'm sorry that was so-"

"Amazing." I finished. "Fuck that was... that was really good. Oh my god I can't believe we-"

"I can't believe we did that!" He exclaimed.

"It was so much better than I imagined." We both said simultaneously. It was starting to get a little weird, we laughed awkwardly.

"Can we do that again?" He asked, sounding weirdly innocent.

"Fuck yeah we can... but not RIGHT now. It's been a long day... and I suspect that was a little bit harder on my body than on yours." I admitted.

"Yeah. ... Thank you, Rose. For... just for being so awesome. I love you." He said sincerely, and leaned over to kiss me. I kissed back, and we held it for a while, un

"Oh my god!" I startled, sitting up and quickly crawling from the bed, covering my pussy. I could feel some of his cum leaking from me. It was actually a really hot makes me shiver. I ran to the bathroom to pee and clean up a little. I heard him move to his bathroom to do the same. When I came back out he was returning to down as I found myself a pair, but I just left them on my night stand and crawled onto the bed to lay with him. I rested my head on his chest and drew circles on h

"I didn't think you'd want me to cum inside of you..." he said softly.

"Well... I mean, I'm on birth control. And ... I've never let anyone do that. I wanted you to be my first." I muttered.

"I just... I feel like not a lot of people can say they got to cum inside unprotected their first time." He added.

"Yeah well, inherently, not a lot of people can say they've done a lot of the things that we've done." I said.

"Yeah. Are you okay with this still?" He asked, turning my head up to look at him.

"Mmhmm. I haven't felt like that in a long time, probably ever. I don't regret it... and I want more at some point."

"Good." He replied, his voice full of warmth. "I feel the same way."

We stayed like that for a little while, and then cleaned up the living room. I had leaked milk on the couch so we watched the cushion covers, and gathered our cloth finished nursing from me. Eventually we just fell asleep like that, but I woke up because my groin is getting super sore. It's 1 AM and I took some pain Tylenol and all of this out. I feel weirdly at peace. I can't believe what happened tonight... I can't believe how much I loved it. It was everything I wanted and more... if I wasn' over again. Well... I've been in this bath for way too long... I should probably get out.

I'm sorry for the wait on this one. But originally it was going to end with the entry BEFORE that last two. Then the second to last one happened while I was working AND THEN I got busy because of Gamescom, and when I came back THIS happened and I knew I wanted to put it in the post. I've been dying to get caught up and stand waiting to post ANOTHER post to get to that last entry. I've been quiet most of the week on here because I've been sitting on this last entry dying to share it. worth the wait, this entry ran extra long because of the last two entries, and I hope it's okay that I put this all in one big update instead of breaking it up into two c previous entries to address. So I'll see you in the comments!

PLEASE THOUGH, don't reply to these comments. Reply to the general post. And if you want to upvote, it's okay to upvote the parts of the post that are in the com main post as well! Thank you all so much for reading my stuff, for sending my gifts, and for generally being incredibly kind. Love you! 🍷

14 -

Hi all! Here's confirmation that update 13 was not intended to be my final update. Truthfully I don't have a "final update" in mind. I plan to keep updating as things say I'm done, I'm not done!

Thank you to those who were patient during this wait! And to those who keep sending me gift cards as well, I really appreciate all the love and support. Work has b reopened at the start of the month so I've been extra busy.

Monday

I woke up to my alarm, and to the feeling of being held by him. His body cradling mine, spooning me, his hand draped over my side and resting between my boobs at my panties, resting against my ass and throbbing. My heart started racing and my body went flush as I remembered everything from the night before. Oh my gc me... I let him cum inside of me while he called me "sis" and kissed me. His cum was probably still inside of me- and I immediately felt myself get wet, and my cor butt back against him, and felt his cock tense as he groaned.

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He released me and rolled onto his back, slowly waking up. I rolled over and moved to lay across him, feeling my breasts flatten against his chest as I watched him

"Hey..." his voice cracked as he looked at me. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to fall asleep here."

I couldn't help laughing. "You're fine! It's not like I'd kick you out of my bed after last night." I reached down and gave his cock a gentle squeeze through his boxer

"Ahhh-!" He exhaled suddenly, before reaching down to nudge my hand away. "Don't you have to fly out to Tennessee today?"

I pulled his hand to my face and nuzzled it against my cheek before kissing it softly. "Not until like 5. I have plenty of time."

His eyes widened slightly as he caught on to what I was insinuating. "Oh..." He sat up a little, resting on his elbow, and moved his hand to hold my waist. "What do cautiously, I couldn't tell if he was nervous or what.

"I need to do a little laundry and repack. And, I was hoping you'd be willing to help me with my boobs before I go. But I could be convinced to stay in bed a little lo my palm on his lower abdomen, and slid my hand down his body, until my fingertips reached the waistband of his underwear.

"Well, I do have a little time before I have to be up at the school." He said, as he gently urged me onto my back, his hand sliding up to cup and squeeze my right b brushed against my already hard nipple. His mouth closed around the other as he quickly began to suck. It didn't take long for my body to give up my milk for him, after last night, the release still felt great, sending tingles straight down my body.

"Mmmm yesss" I exhaled, pushing my chest forward and grinding my legs together, trying to trap my clit between my thighs for some friction. I think he realized w my boob to my panties, quickly tugging them aside and rubbing his fingertips up and down my slit.

"Wow, you're already so wet..." he said as he released my breast from his lips. I sighed in response and raised my hips against his hand, craving more of his touch.

"Please..." I muttered. Clenching my eyes shut, almost embarrassed at how desperate I felt. I wanted him inside me again. I couldn't ignore that ache between my

"Please' what?" He asked, and I could almost hear his smug grin. You KNOW 'what' you big tease. I swear one of these days I will get him back. I will tease the shi

"I need it..." I whimpered instead. I didn't have the strength or willpower to pretend otherwise.

He pushed his fingers into me slightly and I could feel myself clamp down onto them as I savored the intrusion. "What do you 'need'?" He asked, feigning naïveté al

I huffed. I didn't want to play this game, I know this would normally be fun, but I had gotten heated too fast and I needed the release. "You! Just- INSIDE- whatev grabbing his wrist to hold his hand still as I ground my pussy against his hand.

"Oh fuck," he responded. "You don't need me to-" he started to ask.

"No! I'm very much ready as you can probably tell." I responded clearly, finally opening my eyes. He rushed to get his underwear off, and I mine, and I saw his coc before he was knelt between my legs, nudging my knees apart. Once again his cock looked so intimidating towering above me. I felt a tingling shiver in my shoulde "Whenever you're ready, however you want. Use me." I said plainly, looking him dead in the eye to make sure he knew that I knew I was sure.

He wordlessly scooted forward, until I could feel the hot underside of his length rest on my slit. With one hand, he held my waist, and with the other, he grabbed hi He stirred along the cleft with his tip, getting himself lubricated, causing me to grip my sheets in anticipation. And then he pulled back his hips a little, and I felt his me for a short instant, not even giving me the opportunity to beg for him to just give it to me, before he forcefully pushed his way in.

I felt my eyes go wide and I gasped suddenly and sharply as I felt the familiar ache of my entrance quickly stretching over his head until the bulb popped in, causir more of myself into me. I whimpered pathetically and felt my eyelids flutter and my eyes roll back as he rubbed against my sensitive spot, continuing to push forw hissed between my teeth as he opened me up for him, and the combination of the surprise of it all, the stimulation, and the stretching, the delicious pain I had crav me, all of it caused me to peak suddenly. I shuddered and let out a long, labored whine, my hands suddenly at my breasts, squeezing them as I clenched my eyes he finished entering me.

He held himself in place while I came on him, my hungry little cunt gripping him tight, rippling and practically sucking on his length. And before I could come down go and plunged back into me. I moaned out again, and again, and again as he pounded into me. I felt a little panicked because it was so intense, especially compai It hurt, but in the best way possible, I'd asked for exactly this, and I wasn't going to complain. And even if it HAD been truly painful, I don't think I could have mad man possessed, drilling me into the mattress, forcefully and oh so fucking wonderfully. Last night we had sex. Maybe we even made love, I don't know, maybe that definitely fucking me, taking my body for himself. I remember thinking that in my head during the act and it literally made my toes curl. Don't get me wrong, I had same, but this literally felt like he was channeling years of lust from his heart to every substantial inch of his length and unleashing it right at my pretty little pink p typing that paragraph because I'm feeling all pent up again...

I had been biting my lip to keep myself stifled, but he started to nudge my cervix again and I couldn't help moaning out loud from the painful/pleasurable sensatio grab my pillow, gripping it tightly on either side of my head. I couldn't help myself at this point, moaning out loud, completely unrestrained as he sawed his hips int feel my tits rocking violently on my chest from the impact of his hips, their mass rolling up and down my chest in reaction.

He was grunting and breathing through his teeth, and every few thrusts muttering "Fuck- oh my god- oh shit" under his breath. I gripped my pillow so hard I thoug hand move to my left boob, trying his best to stabilize it, as his mouth caught my nipple and he started hungrily suckling from me while he fucked me. I could feel his breathing flaring from his nostrils, hot on my skin. I clapped a hand to the back of his head and gripped his hair in my fingers as I held him to my breast, knead

"OhHh... FUCK- YES- DON'T- STOP- UHH- AH- PLEASE- UH- HAR- DER-" I panted as he thrust into me, each consecutive impact forcing another syllable from me. I him fucking me and drawing my milk from me was something I've dreamed of since I started lactating. It was too much, but I couldn't bring myself to communicat he should hold back, every moan and squeal that came from me probably only fueled his fire.

Truthfully, my memory gets kind of foggy for some of the middle of this. At one point he grabbed my waist, just above my hips, and pulled my body to him to meet getting my words out, encouraging him to use me like his toy, to not hold back. At another point he grabbed my wrists, causing me to let go of the pillow, and he h holding me down, pinning me so I couldn't escape if I wanted to, and then he kissed me, hard and desperately. I kissed him back, moaning against his lips when I l him at least twice more, small orgasms, back to back, only discernible from the pleasure i was already feeling by the way I could feel my abdomen and kegels tens

It felt like he was lasting so much longer than last night which, you know, good for him, but my body felt like it could only take so much more. I started trying to u: hoping to help him get there faster before he actually fucked me in half. I pulled him to me, letting his chest crush my breasts between us so I could feel him nuzzl

"Are you going to fill me up again?" I sighed, breathily, trying my best to speak clearly and evenly despite the roughness of his actions. He moaned in response. "D again?" His breath caught and his hips lost their pace for a second. "You're so bad... I bet you would do it even if I wasn't on birth control." I teased.

"Oh g-god" he moaned as his hips shook against me erratically, causing my eyebrows to raise, somewhat surprised. He sat up slightly and looked at me a little conl

I couldn't help laughing a little bit. "Don't worry, it's safe!" I reassured, and he continued fucking me, nice and deep. "That did something for you though, didn't it?' him inhale sharply. "Ooohh... it did... So do it then. Please! I want it... I want you to let go! I want you to cum, deep inside of me." He started to pump his hips a lii get shorter and heavier. I wrapped my legs around his hips and dug my heels into him, pulling him to me with each thrust.

I was so into it I could feel myself getting more and more heated, I couldn't think, and I just let the words flow, my voice shaken from the movement of my body a for me... cum for me baby. Cum for me. You fuck your big sister's little pussy so good with that giant dick... I never want it to stop. Oooh fill me PLEASE, I want yo into me, I want-" I gasped when I realized what I had said and, if I could have, I probably would have slapped a hand to my mouth in shock. But I was quickly dist mouth shooting off.

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"Oh holy fuck--- Rose! Oh my god! I'm gonna fucking cum!" He slowed his pace a little bit, pounding into me more forcefully and deliberately.

"Yessssss, do it, cum for meeee!" I whined, sounding unexpectedly porny and feminine. His body jerked in response, and on his next thrust, he held himself as deep as I could get him. I felt him bottoming out against my cervix. Then his cock flexed inside of me, expanding before I felt that amazing heat start to spread from him again, and I started expanding again and more of that heat poured into me, and then he pulled his hips back and thrust against me a few more times, pumping more of his cum each time. He held himself inside of me again as my walls flared and worked him over, continuing to pull as much of his seed from him as his body was willing to give. When I stopped tensing, I let my legs fall from his hips, my extremities feeling boneless and limp as I panted and caught my breath. He winced as he extricated his likely still-hot cock from his side next to me.

"Wow..." he sighed.

"Yeah, 'wow' is right." I agreed.

"I'm sorry, I feel like I got carried away, are you okay?"

"Yeah, no I'm very, very good. That was incredible. Thank you." I almost whispered, my voice raspy and my throat dry. Then I remembered what I'd said at the end of the night. "I got carried away too, some of that stuff I said."

"No, it was... it was really hot." He quickly replied, looking at me sincerely.

I could feel myself blush in response. I still felt like I couldn't move, and in the midst of the after-ache I felt in my hips, I could still feel his lingering heat in my core. "Can you... do me a favor, please?" I asked, sweetly.

"What's up?"

"Can you run and get me some water?"

"Of course. Let me clean up just a second." He slowly rolled out of bed, and I watched as he held his still semi-hard dick, and padded out of the room to his bathroom. I lay on the ceiling as I measured my breathing and straightened out my legs. With my left hand, I reached between my legs and gently stirred my pussy, hissing softly at the contact. I draped my arm over my forehead, closing my eyes and letting myself relax a little.

I heard my brother returning and opened my eyes a little just in time to see him stop in his tracks in my doorway. "God that's an incredible sight." He said softly.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes. "What? A freshly fucked girl on the bed, still flushed and sweaty while your cum sits inside her?" I rattled off.

"That's definitely part of it." He laughed, before closing the distance between us and offering me a glass of water.

"Thank you." I mumbled, sitting up slightly and taking it from him, drinking half of it immediately.

"Are you okay?" He asked, sitting down next to me. His cock was hard again, and I didn't fail to notice him quickly glance between my legs.

"I'm okay. I don't think I've ever been fucked like that though. It was REALLY good. But... I definitely can't go again if that's what you were wondering."

He looked down at his hard on. "Oh, yeah sorry, I can't help it seeing you like this." Admittedly, that made my heart flutter and my insides ache again. But I could barely breathe.

"Why don't you come over here and lay down, and I'll take care of you." I offered, softly.

"Bee, you don't have to do anything, that was way more than enough. I promise I'm okay. I have to go soon anyway." He started to protest.

I reached back and fluffed up my pillow before laying back on it and caressing my boobs with my hands. I looked at him expectantly. "Are you sure I can't do anything?"

He groaned and checked the time on my phone. "Okay, but ... only because you said you needed help with those." He said, gesturing toward my chest. I rocked myself and he walked around the bed and crawled to me, laying across it and over my ribs before leaning over and taking my left breast to his lips.

"Hmmm" I hummed peacefully. I could have fallen asleep again to the feeling of closeness, and the warmth that spreads through me when he nurses from me. I knew he was after the thorough fucking he'd just given me. He didn't tease me with his tongue, I think he could sense I was too tired to get horny again, instead he just drank from me and down his side, slowly falling into that nurturing instinct that washes over me when we do this, until the back of my hand bumped into his hard on. My eyes opened and I moved my hand around his shaft, slowly stroking him.

He moaned against me, and moved up slightly so he could reach my other breast. It gave me a better angle to pump him, so I slowly but firmly did so, occasionally twisting my fingertips, and causing his dick to tense as I neared the very tip. Every once in a while he would moan or his breath would catch as he continued to suck me. I did my best to hold it despite how tired I was, and the fact that I wasn't using my dominant hand.

Before long he had successfully emptied me, he gave my nipples gentle kisses to finish before looking to me.

I smiled warmly and couldn't help letting out a soft "I love you..."

He moved up to meet my face and kissed me gently. "I love you too."

I squeezed his cock slightly. "Is there anything else you need before you have to go?" I cocked an eyebrow at him as I let go of him and held my boobs at the ready.

"Oh fuck..." he breathed, before shifting to straddle my ribs, resting his cock against my chest. I softly pushed my boobs together, making them bump against each other. "I need to suck it first, to get you lubed up a little." And at that suggestion, he scooted forward slightly. I licked up the bottom of his shaft, making my tongue into a loop and teasing around it. I was a little disappointed he'd cleaned himself so thoroughly after the sex, because I couldn't taste myself on him, just a hint of soap on his right hand and used my thumb to rub his arousal all around his head, getting my palm nice and slick with it. I pumped his shaft, spreading his precum further before he came. I moved my head in.

He exhaled heavily, and I let my tongue dance around his head before trying to bob on him and get him wet with my saliva. After releasing him with an unexpected pop, I moved my fist, getting a good mix of his arousal and my saliva to work over him and coat the first few inches of him.

"Are you ready?" I asked, taking hold of my breasts again. He nodded in response and took his position again, straddling me and laying his length up my chest. I rubbed the butt of my palms into the sides of my boobs, gripping them firmly before pumping him. Watching intently as his cock fucked through my pale cleavage. I changed my position, moving my breasts out of sync to keep it interesting for him.

"Fuck... I wish I didn't have to go to class." He muttered, possibly to himself.

"I know, I wish I didn't have to go out of town."

"I want to be inside you again..."

I felt my skin tingle hearing him say that. Any other time I would have been sitting in a puddle, but I just wasn't ready. "I know, baby... but I think you may have wanted to settle for my dumb ol' boobs and mouth." I said sarcastically.

He laughed, "I didn't mean it like that, I just... that was really hot earlier, I didn't want it to end."

"Mmm I know... what did you like about it?" I urged while I started to pump him harder.

"I don't know... all of it? God you just feel so amazing. It's kind of scary entering you. You feel so tight I'm afraid I'll hurt you... even though we'd already done it la

"Honestly you barely do. It's a little terrifying for me too."

"And the way you said to just use you... I ... I was so torn. But once I started I couldn't stop, I just-"

"You didn't hold back. That was exactly what I wanted from you." I finished.

"Yeah. And fuck... all the stuff you were saying... it was the hottest thing I've ever heard."

I felt my face burning up just remembering what I'd said. "I was worried I'd gone too far with that." I admitted.

"Not at all, it was amazing. So perfectly sexy... like everything you do..."

I felt like I blushed harder if possible, and I didn't know how to respond, I just smiled up at him while I worked him over with my tits. It was quiet for a little bit, ju him filling the space for a few seconds.

"So... how does it feel? Not being a virgin anymore?" I asked, breaking the silence.

He smiled, this cute kind of embarrassed smile, and it made me wish I had the strength to pin him down and mount him in that moment. Instead I urged my head me.

"It feels so much better than I'd imagined." He said warmly as he broke the kiss.

I smiled weakly, but felt a little pebble of insecurity rattling around in the pit of my stomach. "And it's okay? That it was with me?"

"I never in a million years would have thought it would happen, not like this. I still don't really believe it, but I wouldn't have had it any other way. It was amazing, experience I could have ever had. And likely the best second time too."

I smiled, "I'm glad. I'm really honored I could be your first. And that you were the first to cum inside me."

"Fuck... I still can't believe you've let me do that, it's so hot- especially the way you- when you ask for it the way you do." His cheeks went red, and I couldn't help

"When I beg for you to cum? You like that? The way I beg you to cum inside me nice and deep? To just let it all go?"

He started breathing harder. "I love it..." he mumbled.

I craned my neck so I could tease his tip with my tongue a little bit before pumping him a little faster with my boobs, reveling in the way he moaned in response. ", a baby into me?"

He immediately exhaled heavily and moaned. "Fuh...fuck!"

"Mmmm oh my god, that's so bad..." I cooed breathily. It was really turning me on. "How close are you?"

He leaned forward and steadied himself on top of my headboard. "I'm close."

"Mouth or tits?" I asked without slowing as I pumped him firmly.

"Uh... Ummm mouth!" He groaned, sounding almost panicked.

"Good choice." Really I just wanted to avoid the mess for now, so I let go of my boobs and grabbed his ass, urging him forward so I could take him into my mouth. at this angle, even if I COULD fit him, but I took as much as I could and pumped his shaft with my right hand. I felt his head rub against my tongue and I hummed him over the edge, and he moaned, I could see his abs tighten, so found a more deliberate speed to fuck my face against him. Suddenly his cock twitched and got my tongue. I did my best to swallow rapidly as each shot of cum painted my tongue. But I wanted to savor the taste of him, and eventually he filled my mouth eno

I was surprised at how much he came despite having just released what seemed like a considerable amount in me less than a half hour ago. I kept working him as and made an almost panicked sound that let me know he was too sensitive. He lifted his leg over me and rolled onto his back, and I swallowed the last of him befoi

"Wow, good to know having sex doesn't ruin the other stuff... thank you."

"Anytime! Thanks for helping me with my milk!"

"Oh, definitely, anytime." He laughed, before rolling over and kissing me. "I'm sorry to rush out on you, but I need to go shower and get to class. I probably won't : love you, text me when you land."

"Bye, I love you! I will!" I said back before he stood up from the bed. He started to make his way out of the room before stopping to look back. His eyes quickly tra smiled before finishing making his way to his bathroom.

I checked my phone to make sure my flight was still on time, and carefully rolled over, cupping my crotch. I planted my feet on the floor and stood on shaky legs a: Oh my god... walking hurt. My groin was so sore, and my thighs ached intensely with each step. I winced as I eased myself to sit on the toilet. After cleaning up a I while I drew a hot bath. I figured maybe that would help with the soreness as I slowly lowered myself into the water. It helped enough to get me through the day, i made my flight.

When I landed, I realized the soreness was back almost tenfold. I couldn't wait to get to my hotel room and lay down. I text him to let him know I'd made it there : sheets when he got home. I have a hotel room to myself this time at least, but oh my god... my legs and crotch are killing me. I had to walk to get a coworker to a store to get some pain medication. Now I'm just waiting for it to kick in so I can fall asleep.

Thursday

I came home very early this morning, my brother was still asleep. My thighs and crotch were still pretty achey, but at least it was easier to walk. I wasn't completel clean and dirty clothes, before flopping down on my bed and enjoying the clean sheets my brother had placed for me. Then I passed right the fuck out.

When I woke up, my brother was already home, it was like 2pm. And I could hear him typing at his computer. I rolled out of bed and threw on a big t-shirt, tied my door to go to him. I wasn't trying to be quiet or anything, but he didn't seem to notice as I padded into his room until I let myself fall backward into his bed.

"JESUS SHIT!" He startled. Actually startling me in turn. "When did you get home?! You were supposed to text me when you got home!"

"I'm sorry! I was super tired when I got home." I know, I know, a bit of a lie. Truthfully, I just forgot to do it. "I fell asleep as soon as I saw the bed."

"It's okay, you just scared the shit out of me." He admitted, slumping down in his desk chair.

"I wasn't trying to make you jump, but the bed was so comfortable that I just seemed really accept. Stolen (whakes) & on my way out there." Accept

He sighed. "Yeah, I turned in a big presentation, and somehow there's an entire chapter missing. I swear I printed it and had it in the binder I turned in, but it was find the chapter in my files."

He looked really stressed, and was clicking around in his files. "And you checked your flash drive, google drive, all of that?"

"Mmhm"

"Did you email it to yourself? You used to do that in high school, do you still do that?"

He got quiet, and checked his phone. "Oh thank god. Thank you." He opened the file on his computer and started printing it. "I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking straight. I anywhere else though."

"It's okay! I'm just glad I could help, and that you found it."

He grabbed the papers and inserted the chapter in his presentation binder where it was supposed to go. "I'm really sorry, I'm happy you made it home safe, but I turned in by 4. I'll be right back." He quickly gathered his things and rushed out of the apartment before I could say anything, so I basically shrugged my shoulders; he had just cleaned his bedding as well.

I woke up to the feeling of him sitting on the bed by my legs. I hadn't even realized I'd fallen back asleep.

"Wow, it's not every day I come home to a stunning girl in my bed like this." He joked.

I smiled and yawned, stretching my arms over my head. "What time is it?"

"It's a little after 5. Sorry I rushed out on you like that."

"It's okay. Was everything okay with your project?" I asked, leaving my arms draped above my head.

"Yeah, it should be. How was your trip?"

"It was fine. Honestly I didn't even have to do much, and not a whole lot of the stuff we presented was specific to MY job. It was hell standing and walking around :

"Are you alright?" He asked earnestly.

"Yeah... I just... I think we need to be... more careful with me? I really loved how it was last time, don't get me wrong, but I think we'll have to save that for every for me to take, and I think... my appetite was more accommodating than my body, if that makes sense."

His brow raised as he realized what I was saying, he was quiet for a bit but nodded in understanding. "Of course that's okay. The last thing I want to do is hurt you you've been to me. Are you okay now though?" He asked, while placing his hand on my thigh, causing me to jump slightly.

"Um, I'm still a little sore. Physically I'm not ready to have sex again, if that's what you were wondering. As much as I'd love to." I admitted.

He gave me a cocked smile. "I mean, I wasn't SPECIFICALLY wondering that, but good to know you're not completely against the idea-"

"Oh no, I definitely want you again, I just need to give myself a bit more time to recover."

He nodded. "I love you. I missed you. I felt bad not getting to spend more time with you before you left, especially after all of that."

I sat up and stretched again. "It's okay. It was a shorter trip anyway. I missed you too though." We sat quietly for a little bit, and then he stood from his bed.

"Well, I want to change into more comfortable pants. You're welcome to stay if you want." He said as he unbuttoned his jeans.

I moved so I was laying on my stomach, with my legs up and waving behind me as I rested my chin in my hands and watched him undress with playful attentivene his jeans, and I couldn't help noticing he looked achingly hard in his underwear. "Come here..." I beckoned, my voice coming out unexpectedly husky.

He stepped toward me until his hips were just in front of my face. "Like this?"

"Mmhm." I hummed as I tugged his waistband down. His cock sprang free and practically punched me in the nose. "Ow, fuck!" I rubbed my nose, and pushed his d

"Are you okay?" He asked, struggling not to laugh and failing hard.

"Yeah... it just. It surprised me more than it hurt." I crinkled my nose a little and wriggled it as if checking to make sure it was still in place, and then I reached to a throbbing and there was a drop of pre-cum threatening to drip from him. I collected it with my finger, and gingerly sucked it clean. "Mmm, I love how hard you get

"Well, I guess that's good... because I can't help it." He muttered.

I leaned on my left elbow and gripped him with my right hand, giving him a few pumps. I was about to take his head into my mouth when he spoke up.

"A-actually... can we hold off on this?" He said, not sounding terribly confident.

I looked up at him confused. "Uh, yeah, sure?" And then I gestured to his still throbbing cock, looking ready to burst. "Can YOU hold off on this?"

He laughed, "Yeah, I think so. I just... I ignored the urge to jack off every time I thought about you while you were gone, and... I'd kind of like to hold out until we

For some reason all of this turned me on immensely. The thought of him wanting to touch himself when he thought of me, him basically saying he wanted to save t have so much fun teasing him if he was serious about this. I sat up on my knees in front of him, and turned around, letting my shirt ride up over my ass as I rested and tilting my hips so I could aim my butt at him as I bent over. I looked back over my shoulder. "So... you sure you don't want me to help you cum?"

He shifted his weight from foot to foot, and ran his hands through his hair, biting his lip as he looked me over. "Ughhh oh my god, Bee. I- ... No! I'm sure. Not unless said, as he pulled the waistband of his underwear back over his cock, shuddering as he did so. God that couldn't possibly be comfortable for him, just looking at the contained.

I rolled over to sit on the side of my hip. "Okay, well, if you change your mind, you know I'm always here, and I'll take very good care of you." I don't know what n sex again, but I could barely stop myself from laying it on thick.

"I know, thank you." He said softly, finally putting on some sleep pants. I snapped myself out of my attempts to tease him and scooted over so he could sit next to

"Well, I'm feeling... really full. Do you want some milk at least?" I offered as sincerely as I could. I wanted him to know I wasn't intending on teasing him anymore.

"Hell yes!" He quickly responded.

"Okay, sit up over here." I directed, pointing to the head of his bed. He quickly scooted over, propping up his pillows and sitting up against the headboard with his h

"Like this?" We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#) Policies.

"Mmm." I crawled over his legs up his body until I could brace myself on his shoulders as I sat up, letting my hips come to rest on his lap. I could feel his head und him inside of me, but that ache failed to overpower the soreness I was still feeling. He held my hips, letting his fingertips come to rest on the curve of my ass while and pulled it over my head. I could feel my boobs swaying against each other as I roughly balled the shirt up and tossed it on his floor, before reaching to my face I fall to my back. Now only in my panties, I settled and turned my attention back to him. He bent his legs, picking his knees up, and forcing me to slide forward and smushing against his face before I leaned back a little to right myself.

"Hi." I said awkwardly, looking down slightly at him, our faces inches from each other.

"Hi." He said back, smiling cutely. It made me feel warm and I couldn't help returning the smile. I hunched over and leaned slightly as I planted my lips against his lip playfully. I felt him throb firmly, just once, against my own building heat, and I figured I shouldn't start any fires I wasn't prepared to finish, so I broke the kiss.

We both looked down at my breasts. They ached, but it was with a combination of wanting attention and being very full. The firmness was causing some veins to p becoming faintly visible along the upper swell of my boobs.

"You don't have to drink all of it if you won't want." I offered with a little uncertainty.

"If you can take all of me, I can certainly take all of you." He said, his voice low and serious, turning what could have been a really cheesy line into something that tingle. I bit my lip and gripped the headboard behind him, so I could lean forward and bring myself to his lips. He latched on without hesitation, and I sighed at the quickly triggering my let-down reflex. I shuddered as the tingles radiated through my chest, and I close my eyes, fighting the urge to grind my hips against him. I c

Instead I let go and let myself melt against him. He didn't tease me with his tongue, or purposefully make me cum, but as he switched breasts, I couldn't help gasp causing me to tense and let a small orgasm wash over me. I bit my lip as I tried my best to quietly ride it out, but a small squeak escaped me, and I couldn't contr go of my breast and urged me back a little.

"Was that too much?" He asked.

I opened my eyes and looked down to answer him. "No- not at all— oh my god?" I got sidetracked as I noticed the milk on the side of his face, and the wet drops a mess! I'm so sorry..." I whispered, embarrassed.

He looked down and smiled. "It's okay, I definitely don't mind."

(Continued in the comments)

"Well, lets get this shirt off of you at least, we'll have to wash it quickly though." I tugged it off of him and balled it before throwing it onto mine.

He immediately pulled me back to his lips and he returned to the original breast. I hummed in contentment, and forgot all about being embarrassed. My hands crac as a warmth took over me, and I felt that nurturing satisfaction course through me. He kept running his hands over the curve of my ass, up to my waist, and back thighs. It made my skin feel numb after a while, but it was oddly soothing.

He switched breasts again after what felt like a good while, and managed to bring me to another small orgasm without even trying. My hips started to rock all on th my pussy flaring between my legs as my kegels tensed. I leaned back slightly so he could unlatch, and I could look at him for a second and focus on something else cheeks, and all down his chest and stomach where I had been steadily dripping. I glanced down and could see the beads of milk forming at my left nipple, but my r in full on auto spray. Three gentle arcs trickling from me and onto his chest.

"That is... so fucking sexy." He uttered in disbelief, and I felt my face flush. Seeing him enjoying my milk like this, seeing the effects it was having on us... I don't e heart burst with warmth and the overwhelming desire to just... to take care of him in every way imaginable. To make him happy. I smiled and leaned down to kiss his, my nose flattening against his cheek as I tilted my hips and slid them back slightly to let my back straighten and my hands rest flat on his chest. I felt my boot getting wet with my still leaking milk as we kissed. I ran my tongue along my lips and felt his lips part, and instinctively I teased his lips with my tongue, until I felt gently over the tip of his tongue, sucking just a little bit before returning to a more chaste kiss.

He looked frazzled when I broke the kiss so we could get some air, and I quickly scooted up in his lap again, so my tits could be back in reach. I leaned forward and right nipple to catch the flow. After a little bit, I managed to calm myself enough to relax a little and savor it. I fell into a zoned out state of just slow breathing and jarring when he had finished switching back and forth, and smacked his lips in satisfaction.

"I didn't think I was going to empty you like that, that went by so fast." He said.

I looked down and saw the mess of little milk splatters on his torso, noting how, while my boobs didn't look much smaller, they definitely didn't feel nearly as heavy my nipples with my fingertips, they were still a little tender to the touch, but the ache was sated.

"Wow, I actually didn't expect you to drink it all either." I admitted. "Thank you, I really appreciate how much you enjoy doing this with me."

He smiled and then gently urged me off of him so he could get up. "Uhh... can you get me like... a paper towel or something please?"

I laughed and held my boobs to my chest as I briskly made my way into the kitchen, pulling two paper towels, and making one of them damp at the sink. I returne cleaning the mess I'd made from his body. It was... weirdly erotic, and I had to admit I could feel myself stir between my legs again. But I chose to ignore it, still b nurse him.

"You know what, I'm going to take a quick shower actually." He said, getting up from his bed. I noticed a few errant wet spots on his comforter and started to bunc his pants. I did my best to avoid looking at his cock and getting myself worked up, but I did stop him before he went to the bathroom.

"What do you want to do for dinner? I hadn't eaten before my flight." I realized.

"Umm... actually, I'm pretty full after all that." He said, as his cheeks quickly reddened.

"Oh... wow." I felt a strange sense of satisfaction at that. At actually providing him with a full meal's worth of milk. I was proud of myself for feeding him. Maybe th like it's always been more about the intimacy and maybe the occasional craving he'd get for my milk. But today I had actually provided enough to completely sate I made all of that for him... and he enjoyed every drop. Thoughts like that ran through my head as I loaded the washer with the milk soaked laundry, ready to start i

Eventually I stopped overthinking the whole thing, stopped obsessing over the feeling it had given me, and I remembered the sealed copy of Control I had waiting it in the PS4 so it could install and update, and I went back into his bedroom to pick my shirt up off the floor. I made myself a quick vegetable stir fry for dinner, an washer. By the time he was comfortable and sitting on the couch, and I'd finished washing my dishes, the game was ready to go and I started a new file. We playe issues got to be a bit too cumbersome, so I'm holding off on continuing until it gets patched.

The rest of the evening was very chill, but I ended up getting sleepy a little early. I fell asleep curled up in the corner on the couch, and woke up with a blanket on was watching Coco while I was asleep. He apologized, and offered to restart it, but I chose to just finish watching with him before going to bed. Once I brushed my annoyingly awake... so I was able to write most of this entry straight as opposed to just the quick notes.

Saturday

Last weekend I was a little busy. The club I sing at is finished with the remodel, and I came in over the weekend to help them recalibrate the sound system to balar used the opportunity to rehearse and get some practice in before tonight's grand re-opening. I hadn't done much singing over the brief break. My brother had to re the professor was honestly by being kind of a dick and despite how good we've done an all of that to the point the Casino (funkenstein) that I was (So far) was also busy. A most of the weeker from me a little during his breaks but I ended up finishing the job before bed time. Which, is totally okay, I don't expect him to have the appetite to empty me ever

Work kept me exceedingly busy as well, finally back after Gamescom and everything. I buried myself in my work as soon as I had the opportunity too, and ended up wanting to get ahead on some stuff for later this month.

My performance went well at the grand reopening though, I did something new and wore a modest corset (which was murder on my tits even while they were empty stockings and garters, and a long sheer costume robe, specifically while I performed When You're Good to Mama, from Chicago. It went over very well, and was able to be (and as much as I'm comfortable with). I've dabbled in slightly burlesque numbers once it gets to be past 1am in the past. But this was a one time special occasion.

Near the end of the number, I shrugged the robe from my shoulders and let it pool on the floor before stepping out of it and playfully toying with the trumpet player as I finished singing. Amidst the applause one voice rose above the din and caught my attention. Oh god...

I moved out of the way of the spotlight so I could squint out to the back of the space, and saw that, tucked away in a dim corner was a large party. I felt the color of Ken, Sarah, Steven, Monica, and even Rick and Rachel. What the fuck. I wasn't mad, I guess. But I wish I'd known ahead of time they were coming. Somehow I was in a room full of strangers than I was knowing now that a bunch of my friends had also watched. Literally the one time I did something like THIS and it was the ONLY blue.

I had a little bit of time to change before my closing number for the night, so while the band jammed for a little bit, I collected my robe and held it shut as I came over to their table. Monica scooted over so I could sit next to her on the booth. They all cheerily said hi and complimented my performance before I finally spoke.

"What the hell guys? What are you doing here?" I asked, worried that I sounded panicked.

Rachel spoke up first. "It's kind of a- well, I had gotten an email with a bunch of coupons for 'nightlife activities' in the area and saw the ad for the reopening here, headlining musical act. I was chatting with Monica about it and joked that I wouldn't be surprised if that was you because I remembered how good you were at karaoke we found out about it not long ago and went to see her once, you guys should go!" So I talked to Rick about it and then it kind of turned into this group thing to see I felt touched but was still a little embarrassed at what I was wearing.

"Well, it was a hell of a night to come watch." I muttered. "But thank you guys, I love you" Monica and Kelly hugged me, Monica making sure to pinch my butt slightly.

"You were... a fucking smoke show up there for that last song." Ken commented. Rick nodded emphatically and Steven chimed in with "Right?"

"I think we all want to be good to Mama after that." Monica added.

I felt myself blush before I excused myself to go change and do my last song to close out the night. Once I'd gotten dressed again in my casual clothes, I joined them and talked for a good while. Kelly mentioned they'd been wanting to have another pool party, at least one more while the weather was still good, and Monica commented on skinny dipping even if it got too cold for the pool. Everyone who HADN'T been there the last time things got heated in the hot tub laughed awkwardly with us, and I invited them in. Eventually we went our separate ways, promising to hang out again soon, and Monica mentioned bringing my brother along when I noted I needed to get home.

When I came home I was very horny. I think the rush of essentially being in lingerie in front of my friends had caught up to me. But when I came into the apartment he gently woke him to help him move to his bed, where he vented about how much work he still had to do by Monday. He refused to go to sleep and instead wanted to take a bath. I felt bad because I knew he was still pent up, and I chose not to touch myself that night before relaxing in bed and watching some YouTube as I took my not

Tuesday

My brother hadn't had a chance to cum for almost three weeks now. And I had been trying my best to hold out as well, but while I was able to go without SEX for some time, gone more than a few days without having my hand between my legs... well... since ever. I had only been milking, and on a maybe once or twice during this span, but I was antsy just waiting for him to have a good enough break in his class work that I could get a little more and it wouldn't be too distracting for him. Between my long wait at school, we hadn't seen much of each other. It had gotten to the point where I was making him breakfast before I left for work, and he was leaving me dinner for when the catered dinner at work doesn't have good options for me.

So when I came home from work today, at a relatively normal time, I was excited that I might get to spend some time with him. I took off everything but my pants and was working on some brownies. While I was mixing the batter I noticed how rough the material of the apron felt against my nipples. God I really needed him to be up for me in the oven, and set the timer, before turning to wash the dishes in the sink. By the time he came home, I was taking the brownies out and setting them on the stove, and the door before he came in, startling me.

"Jesus- Hi!" I said enthusiastically, as I washed my hands and dried them.

"Hey." He mumbled, sounding a little solemn. He hadn't even looked at me, he was buried in his phone.

"Is everything okay?"

He sighed heavily. "My fucking professor..." he started, in his messenger bag for something. "So, he gave me an F for this big research project I had to do, because

"What? Did he fail the other person too?"

"Yeah, but the annoying part is that we turned in proposals like a week and a half ago. If he had a problem with us having the same subject, he could have said so earlier and waste our time."

"Yeah, that's such crap! So that's it then? He's not even letting you appeal?" I asked, starting to feel a little under dressed.

"Well, he let us both choose another subject, but now we have until Friday to turn in this entirely redone project."

"Oh my god. Is this the same guy that made you redo that presentation?"

"YUP." He snapped. "I am so sick of this guy."

"Ugh. I'm sorry..."

"It's okay, I just... I need to get started on it, I'm sorry." He said as he zipped up his backpack and went to his room, still without giving me even a glance.

I followed him to his room stopping the door before he could shut it. He had plopped down in his desk chair and was waking his PC. "Hey..." I said softly. "Can I come in?"

He was clicking around on his computer, but still managed to give a sort of hum of affirmation. I walked in and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Before you get too deep into this, I just wanted to see you for a bit, and make sure you're doing okay..." I said as sincerely as I could.

He spoke as he turned his chair toward me. "I know... I'm sorry I've just bee- oh... wow." I couldn't help smiling as his expression softened from worry to some type of relief.

"It's okay, I know you've had a lot going on with school and this one douche teacher." I said, as he gave me a once over, as if to confirm that I only had the apron on.

"It's just been a stressful couple of weeks, but... I'm almost done." He lamented.

"I know." I commented sympathetically as I turned to his bed, making sure to bend over slightly for him while I acted like I was straightening his bedspread so I could get some sleep. I was a lot of stress... I just wanted to know if maybe..." I let my knees rock a little, swinging apart and together while I coyly played with a lock of my hair "maybe there is a better way to relieve some stress for you." Vices, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(\(cookies/\)\)](#) & [Privacy \(\(privacy/\)\)](#) Policies.

"FUCK!" He grunted, and I felt him tense hard inside of me, his hands squeezed my ass hard, and I lost all focus on what I was doing between my legs, and instead I expand a little inside of me, and he clenched his teeth, his hips shaking underneath me before I felt him let go. A single forceful shot of his hot cum immediately radiating deep inside of me as his cock jerked powerfully in me. Repeatedly releasing more and more shots of liquid heat into me. It felt so intense, and it felt like I how long he'd holding out.

Everything about the moment had me so heated, and I couldn't help bringing my hands to my breasts to pinch my nipples hard enough to make me cry out. I felt I was waning, and I knew he was about to be too sensitive for me to work with. I let him ride it out inside of me as I chewed my lip, savoring the heat he'd given me open his eyes, I smiled, and gave him a gentle kiss.

"Feel better?" I asked.

He laughed. "You could say that. Jesus, Rose... that was really hot. Thank you so much..."

I felt my face flush, and I didn't say anything. Being able to make my partner cum like that, by just focusing on flexing myself, makes me feel like- at the peak of it I can't believe I was able to do it for him.

"I love you." He said, his hands resting on my thighs.

"I love you too." I replied, and slowly lifted myself, to extricate his spent cock from me. I sat back in his lap and drilled my fingers on his shoulders. "If you don't mind I started to respond, but I was impatient, and I moved my hand between my legs, and started to rub deliberate circles around my clit, frustrated that my panties were felt the orgasm coming on quickly. "Touch my boobs-" I commanded, gasping as I felt one hand cover my left breast, massaging it gently, while his other hand cupped my clit, moving my panties aside, and hooking into my freshly fucked pussy. All it took was for him to plunge them into me and I reached my peak. I shook against him while I let out a whine of pleasure. I don't know how long it lasted because I started to feel somewhat lightheaded, so I leaned into him until the waves receded.

"Whoa... oh my god that was... intense." He said softly. His voice vibrating against me.

"Mhmmm." I hummed. "Thank you."

"Of course."

We stayed like that for a little bit. Just catching our breath, and I turned my head, pressing my ear to his chest.

'Ba-bump-ba-bump-ba-bump-ba-bump'

It was comforting, and a new kind of intimate, hearing his heart pound in his chest, gradually coming down from the intensity of the last few minutes. It was weird through a toy stethoscope when I was... maybe 6? He was in our mother's arms. I felt my eyes water at the whole train of thought and instead chose to focus on the

'Ba—bump—ba—bump—ba—bump—ba—bump'

I raised my head and kissed his cheek before peeling myself off of him. I hadn't realized how sweaty we'd gotten. Or how much of a mess we'd made on his chair. (I had to clean. He said he was going to take a shower before he would have to start working on the project, and I opted for a bath to soothe my legs. My thighs were already done anything too vigorous. I relaxed with a glass of lemonade and candlelight, put on a little music, and completely zoned out for like 30 minutes.

When I finally came out, I did my usual skin care routine, and put on a hoodie and tennis shorts. I quietly collected the apron from his room while he was typing away in the pantry. Eventually we ordered dinner, ate some of the brownies. He returned to his work, and I hopped around unable to settle on a game to play for the evening. I ate a little (while enjoying another brownie) and went back to his desk, and I milked a little more before going to bed. I took an aspirin for my legs and groin so I could be content tonight.

Thursday

Thanks to that project I really didn't get to see my brother for the rest of last week. But he finished in time and got an A so we're both relieved. During the weekend wreck. Some complete dick ran a red light as they were turning on a green arrow, and hit them hard enough to turn their car a full 360 degrees. Kelly has a bruise on her forehead. I accompanied them to the hospital and helped them out as much as I could during the days before I had to go perform, and during the week our other friend was surprisingly NOT totaled, but it was still really scary. THIS week has been pretty busy and eventful at work, but we hit a sort of milestone and have tomorrow off so we'll be able to get my next post out in the next few days.

Anyway, when I got home today, he was already there, in the kitchen, trying to figure out what to make for dinner. When I let him know I didn't have to work Friday, and I let him choose as a late celebration for his good grade, since the situation with Kelly and Ken kind of took over before. Dinner was good, and we were happy. I decided against it because we couldn't find a showtime close enough so we came home.

We watched a little bit of Netflix, and then he played a little bit of RDR 2 online while I was playing Link's Awakening on the Switch. We chilled out like that for a while. I suggested looking up some co-op levels in Mario Maker 2. Eventually it turned into us playing endless and switching off every time we died. At one point I got very frustrated until I could get past this one level, and he was making fun of me, laughing his ass off. I went from having fun to being irritated to laughing along with him. I cleared a few obstacles of the level so we stopped.

We sat for a little bit, and I felt a little bit of an ache in my breasts. I brought my hands to my chest and squeezed them lightly to check, noting how full I was getting.

"What time is your class tomorrow?"

"12:30. Why?" He looked over and saw what I was doing. "Oh, are you full?"

"Getting there... Are you hungry at all?"

"Oh, I could eat." He said, smiling.

"Awesome." I started to take off my top, and hesitated. "Want to move this to my bedroom?"

He cocked his head slightly. "Oh, ... sure!"

I quickly placed down the controllers and shut off the tv, then made my way down the hall to my room, taking my shirt off on the way. I could hear him following me by my bed and quickly reached behind to unhook my bra. I turned to face him as I let it drop to the floor and held my breasts to my chest. He closed the distance, nudging them out of the way.

"God... you're so hot. I never stood a chance, did I." He commented, cupping my boobs and rubbing his thumbs across my hardening nipples.

"Nope. You fell right into my trap." I replied, putting on my most sinister sounding voice.

"Oh, poor me. Whatever will I do." He lamented sarcastically.

"You could finish what you've started, for one."

He sat on the bed and pulled me to him, my boobs almost at the perfect level. He kissed around the soft flesh anyway, annoyingly avoiding direct contact with my areolae. Just as I was about to complain and urge him to stop teasing, he latched onto my left nipple. I felt my shoulders relax and I hummed in contentment. He siphoned my milk from me. While he drank, I felt his hands unbuttoning my jeans. He slowly tugged my pants down, taking my panties with them. His hands pulled them were able to fall to my ankles. I stepped out of them and kicked them aside, and started trying to pull his shirt off of him, not content to be the only one naked.

He only unlatched to get his shirt over his head, and then he started on my right breast. He started undoing his pants before I could even get to them, and kicked them off. Hard he was, but his head was in the way. And then he started to let himself fall back into the bed, pulling me with him. I quickly got onto the bed, my knees on either side of the bed. He urged me down to kiss him, and I felt my breasts sway heavily between us as I my lips crashed against his.

When we broke the kiss, he urged me forward, until my breasts were hanging right in front of his face. He caught the left one between his lips and sucked hungrily, getting to work on trying to make me cum. I let out a breathy sigh, and let my hips fall a little. I could feel his cock against me, rubbing between my legs and again against him, causing him to let out a slight moan. He let go of my tit and caught his breath for a second before taking the other to his lips. I felt my pussy tense as he jerked a little against him. He drank for a good while and I reveled in the release of pressure.

Just as I started to get comfortable, he started to urge me forward again, pulling my up his body by the backs of my thighs. I was confused at first, until I sat up and looked down to see I was about to straddle his face.

He looked up my body, between my breasts to make eye contact.

"Oh fuck." I exhaled. He urged me forward a little more until I was over his mouth. I could feel his breath under me, against my wetness. And then I felt him tentatively explore my slit, stopping just short of my clit. I gasped, and raised my hips up slightly, only for him to hook his arms around my thighs and pull me down to him. I felt my breasts against his nose, and his chin just below my entrance. He let go of my legs, so I could give him a little bit of breathing room, and then he licked me again. This time between my lips and into my folds, and flicking against my clit at the end, causing me to whimper and tilt my hips forward, grinding my clit on him.

"Mmmm" he groaned as I righted my hips again, letting my hips fall a little lower. He gave me another long, deliberate lick, and with my knees now further apart, I knew if he'd been waiting for exactly that, he started to attack me. Devouring me. Sucking on whatever he could catch between his lips, tugging on my inner labia, sucking his tongue across my clit before gently sucking on it. I was unprepared and I immediately came on his face.

I groaned and gripped my tits and squeezed as I rocked my hips on him. Grinding my cunt against his mouth. I felt milk leak between my fingers, and warm drips on my hips. If my milk reached his mouth down there, he gave no indication, he just kept enthusiastically lapping at my pussy, as if drinking from me as I gushed for him. He ate me out until I had to separate us because my clit became too sensitive.

I backed up until I was straddling his ribs and planted my hands on the bed above his head. I looked down at him as I caught my breath and saw him licking his lips, his chin, and he looked incredibly pleased with himself. I dropped to my elbows so I could kiss him, it made my heart race tasting myself on his face, so I ended up kissing his chin while he squirmed under me.

I stopped and looked at him. "You know I could have smothered you to death right?"

He gave me a cocky smile and replied with, "They say he died doing what he loved."

I gently slapped the side of his face and rolled my eyes. "Thank you though... that was. Hmm. Satisfactory." I said, feigning that it was nothing special before laughing and looked behind me to see he was hard, and walked backward on my knees until I could pin his cock under me. I could feel his thickness, the underside of his shaft was in my place, gliding my slit along his length. He put his hands on my thighs and rolled his head back.

I felt my clit drag against him at one point and winced, still SLIGHTLY too sensitive, so I reached between us and held him steady as I moved my hips forward, and out a little as I concentrated on lining us up, feeling my entrance barely kissing his tip. I closed my eyes and readied myself as I pushed my hips back and felt myself relax. I relaxed myself enough to get over his head and sighed I'm with relief the second I felt it pop inside. He made a satisfied moan, and I kept pushing my hips back.

Eventually I got to what I'm figuring must be the halfway point, when I typically have to stop and let myself adjust to him. I winced as I rocked myself on him a little, rocking as I moved, and my eyes shot open as I felt his hands close on them and keep them still. We looked at each other for a second, intense and humorless, as he looked at me.

Eventually I made it to the end, powering through the small orgasm that always seems to hit me as I take him. When I was able to rest my hips on him I sat for a moment, adjusting to accommodate him. I leaned forward and let my breasts squash against his chest as I kissed him. After a bit, he held me firmly by the waist, and pulled me. Kind of hot, I mean it definitely felt good, but it was like he couldn't wait and needed to rut against me. It gave me the resolve to sit up, and I planted my hands on my boobs together. I adjusted my legs so I could get leverage, and I started to ride him, properly, for the first time.

It was definitely not easy for me, I couldn't bring my hips high enough to fuck the whole length, and he was hitting me so deep that I had to be careful about how I moved. He hits my cervix in missionary already, and he hits it again like this but at a different angle or something, it's more uncomfortable than pleasurable this way. I'm out quickly trying to be on top. But I tried, he groaned and tried to thrust to meet my hips every time, which definitely helped, and he alternated between watching me reach up to play with them, squeezing and teasing them the way I love. Occasionally I'd get tired and lean down a little to let my boobs sway in his face so he could see. His position was doing a lot for him, but it was putting a lot of strain on me, and eventually I had to come to a rest, letting my hips rest on him.

I felt my eyes sting like I was going to cry, I was just getting so frustrated that I couldn't ride him the way I wanted to. "I'm sorry—" I breathed, almost whined. "I'm sorry."

He rubbed the tops of my thighs reassuringly. "It's okay, you did what you could, and you did SUCH a good job." He said, praising me softly. "Do you want to switch?"

I nodded my head dejectedly. "Yeah, I don't think I can move much more." I admitted.

"Okay." He said simply. And then he sat up and, without pulling out of me, held my lower back and rolled us over so I was laying across the bed. I yelped in surprise when he pulled the hair out of my face when we landed. He wasted no time and started pumping into me, immediately causing me to cry out in pleasure.

"Oh god... oh my god, fuck... isso good..." I rasped as I could hear him breathing heavily. I looked down and could see the way his thickness pushed my lower abdomen. It was a weird sort of surreal thrill. He wasn't fucking me as hard as he had done the morning after our first time, I'm assuming he's waiting for me to give him a go ahead. He was fucking me with steady, deep strokes, it felt so good, and wasn't too taxing on my body, by his standards at least. I held my boobs and moaned in happy satisfaction. He wasn't being able to ride him to completion quickly left my head.

Eventually he hooked his arms under my knees, so my legs hung over his shoulders, giving him a more intense angle as he essentially folded me in half and pounded me, hitting against me at the end of each stroke, and it was almost like a threat of what he was going to do to me. Or a promise. I let go of my boobs and clenched my thighs and let myself be more vocal. "Unh-unh- ahh- you fill me so fucking good... unh- god fucking damn I love your cock—"

"Mm yeah, I can't believe how good your pussy feels... fuck... I love it. Fuck, oh my god, Bee!" He grunted between thrusts, matching my enthusiasm.

"Yeah?"

"Mmm. Hmm. God, I want to cum inside you so bad!"

Oh god that fucking sent chills up my spine. I could feel myself getting close just at the thought. "Do it. Fill me. I want it. I want you to flood my pretty little pussy—"

"Ohhh god—" he groaned at my words.

"Give me every drop- please. I'll keep it safe, I want to keep your cum safe inside me, where it belongs..." (I ... have no idea where that came from or if that's even this point.) We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#) Policies.

"Fuck, Rose..."

"Please? I need it... I need you to cum for me— I want your b— Fuck! Br-breed me!" I cried, and felt my skin get hot as I realized what I'd said, but before I could from his shoulders. My heels hit the mattress and I immediately wrapped my legs around his hips again, thoughtlessly pulling him into me.

"Fuckk- I'm gonna cum!" He groaned heavily as he sat up straight and grabbed my tits, squeezing them hard. He gave me a few rough, violent thrusts before he br his heels into his lower back and moaned as I felt myself reach my peak, my walls starting to clutch at him, squeezing down on him. It made it so much more intense than a burst. Sudden heat pouring into me as he flooded me with pulse after pulse. He moaned and I felt his hips spasm against me, I arched my back, pushing my tits against him. I may have blacked out.

The next thing I remember is wincing from how sensitive I felt as he tried languidly to thrust into me again. I could feel the warmth of his cum in me even as he let out a discontented whine of complaint at how empty I felt, and draped my arm across my forehead, my entire body limp.

"Oh my god I don't want to move." I groaned, looking over to see him on his back, catching his breath.

"I'm sorry if I got carried away at the end..."

"No, it's totally fine. I liked the intensity at the end, it made it so... intense... when we came." Clearly my brain hadn't recovered.

"God my legs." He sighed.

"YOUR legs? Try fitting a baseball bat between them."

"Try walking around with one attached to you."

I started to retort but couldn't think of a comeback, instead we both laughed, a necessary decompression after everything.

We enjoyed each other's company in silence for a bit, I waited until I stopped feeling my pulse in my temples, and then I spoke up. "That was... so good. Thank you."

"Yeah... thank YOU."

I could feel myself wanting to fall asleep, and decided to take a quick shower to clean up and maybe wake myself up a little. I got up, cupping my pussy while I got in the shower. I let him stay on the bed recuperating so he could shower after me, and while I waited for the water to reach the optimal temperature, I felt a weird sensation as his cum running down my thigh. It was a little exciting to see... like he'd marked my body or something, I don't know.

When I finished with my shower, I did my skin care stuff and returned to bed, wearing a tank top and fresh panties. He finished his shower not long afterward and came out of the doorway. It felt... weirdly distant after what we'd done tonight, and it made me feel a sort of sadness.

"Will you stay with me?" I asked, rather than saying 'goodnight' in return. He seemed confused for a split second before responding.

"If you want me to."

"I do... please?"

He came over to the side of the bed, to my left, and I scooted over to the right side to make room for him. He got under the covers with me, and we talked for a bit about shows, games, celebrities we'd fuck, how dumb dogs look when they try to walk with little socks on their feet. He ended up finishing draining my breasts while I stretched. When I was done I made him go brush his teeth so his breath wouldn't smell like my pussy and milk in the morning. He held me until I fell asleep, and I slept like a fucking baby. It's gone when I woke up. It's like 2pm already and I've been typing away at my phone for a few hours. I can already tell it's going to hurt to walk when I try to roll over.

Okay, I'm pretty sure this is the longest post to date. I know the wait was long, and hopefully, again, worth it. I wasn't sure how to approach continuing after the last time, but I think things will escalate much from that point on. But if you all aren't bored with all of this then I definitely do intend to keep sharing what I can, when I can.

Again, please try not to reply to these comments continuing the post, and make sure to upvote the main post and not just these comments! Thank you all for being here and in the comments. 🥰

15 -

Hi everyone. I know it's been a while, the longest wait since I started posting more regularly. It's been a little difficult to be honest, I have a lot going on outside of work, a lot done at work before the Holidays, and I've been helping Kelly and Ken as they've been recovering (Kelly's all better now, and Ken should be getting his cast removed soon. His weekend gig usually picks up around this time of year, AND he's been pretty busy with school. There's also been this weird... I don't know, it's hard to decide what to detail every single sexual encounter and intimate moment between us, I mean, sometimes I just want to enjoy the moment and get my brains fucked out without thinking about it for later. And also I don't know if this will get boring for some, if not most of you, you know?

I definitely love updating you all, and I want to keep doing it, but I just need to be honest, updates are not going to come as regularly, and some will probably be short or happen or how long it's been since I've been able to update. So PLEASE, be patient with me! It can be a little disheartening when I try to comment on other subreddits about something, and there's always one or two "update when?" comments. I know you all want more, trust me, and unless something major happens that will prevent me from updating you all updated. That being said, I've missed you all, and while I don't feel like this update is all that big, I hope it's not too much of a disappointment.

Thursday

"Are we doing anything for Halloween?" My brother asked as soon as I walked in the door. He was standing in the kitchen holding a dish I think he was in the middle of making.

"Umm," I set my purse on the counter and brushed the hair out of my face. "I don't know. Usually Kelly has a big Halloween party at her house, but she hasn't said anything after the accident it's the last thing on their mind."

"Yeah."

"But I do have a costume party at work on the day of. I usually dress up and sing a little bit, it's basically a big pot luck/mixer. You can come if you want."

He nodded to himself like he was thinking it over. "Well, there's also one at the school that night, I might go to that."

"Alright." I said, already trying to get out of my bra.

"Althouughhh-" he started.

"Just to be clear, you're not going to be able to fish any information about the game out of anyone. And you're already getting a free collector's edition so..."

"Awww- wait, really?"

"I put myself down for two just yesterday. We might even get it a few days before street date, so Happy Birthday." It was supposed to be a joke, until I remembered that I really need to figure out what to do for him.

I moved over to the couch and flopped onto it, letting my bra hang over the arm. My boobs were a little bit swollen and tender, and I couldn't help pulling my shirt down along the grooves where my underwire had dug into me.

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"What are you going to be for Halloween?" He asked, sitting on the chair next to me.

Truthfully I had been thinking about it for a while. I usually do video game characters, but the past few years I had been doing different skins from Overwatch, but Black Cat skin, and I wasn't really feeling the Waveracer skin. I decided to buck the trend this year and do something a little risky.

"Do you remember the character Mama, from the Death Stranding trailers? I was thinking of that. We have a group at work going as characters from the game so I

He looked up the trailer on YouTube for a refresher. "Isn't this the character that lactates?" He kind of laughed.

I could feel my cheeks burning. "I mean, that wasn't the reason, but I do have rimless glasses and-"

"I'm not judging! I think you could pull it off really well. Shit, now I guess I have to figure something out." He sighed.

"If you plan on coming to my work party, you can't be a character from one of our games. Not unless you're willing to deal with everyone giving you shit-in good fu

He laughed and nodded. "Noted. Anyway, how was work?"

I told him about my day, and he told me about his, all while I walked in an out of my bedroom and bathroom, changing into more comfortable clothes, until I was j and panties. We settled in the living room and I grabbed the Switch to play Zelda while he played Destiny 2 (he's been in a big Destiny 2 kick for the past week for silence until I felt my stomach rumble, and in turn, my breasts ache a little.

"Are you hungry at all?" I asked him, setting down the Switch.

"I could eat. I actually didn't have lunch today so I'm pretty hungry."

"Do you want an appetizer?" I asked, offering myself to him. It's been nice lately, we've fallen into a comfortable area where he always catches on when I'm hinting between me initiating and him asking for it. "You can help me with this while we figure out what to do for dinner."

He gave me a cute cocked smile, it was warm and familiar, and it brought back memories of when I lived back home. Sometimes it's just... really comforting, to be everything that's been happening between us, despite how much has changed, he's still HIM. He's still my baby brother... and I still love him all the same.

We moved to my bed for the comfort, and I quickly removed my shirt before we got into position. His head resting in my lap as he placed gentle kisses on the unde hardening as he waited for me to settle while I found the remote to my tv and put some YouTube junk on for background noise. Once that was done, I brushed my his head to offer my breast to him.

Almost as soon as he closed his lips around my left nipple, my right started dripping. I held my hand to it to try and stop from making a mess, and eventually I just increasing flow. I was apparently much fuller than I thought. I moaned softly into my own flesh as he drew from me and tried my best to relax as I enjoyed the stir legs, but I knew if we gave in, we would forget about dinner too easily.

As if to challenge me for having that thought, he started doing the teasing tongue movements against my nipples, trying to work me toward orgasm. I could feel m and shallower, but I bit my lip to try and steel myself.

"I love where your head is at, but can you save this energy for AFTER we eat?" I gently suggested.

He unlatched and moved to my other nipple, "What do you mean? I'm already eating." And then he took that nipple between his lips. I could practically feel him sr

I rolled my eyes and pushed my palm against his arm. "You know what I mean! Just... behave, please, I'm hungry too!"

He laughed through his nose as he continued to drink from me, doing his best to keep me from cumming, almost expertly so, as if he was TRYING to keep me on e another round before I had him stop so we could talk about dinner. We ended up picking up food and bringing it to Kelly and Ken's place since they've been a little : came home, we had cooled a little, and he excused himself to his room so he could work on something for school. I chilled out in the bath and talked to my cowork Halloween party. I figured we were done for the night, but when I went to kiss him goodnight he looked surprised.

"Can I still make you cum before you go to bed?" Fucking swoon. I hadn't been in the mood before I walked into the room and now it was as if he'd flipped a switch

I stepped back from his desk chair and sat on the edge of his bed. I sighed theatrically and opened my legs a little, revealing the crotch of my panties. "I suppose t feigning an eye roll, he was already on his knees between my legs. It almost made me jump when I realized he'd moved. "Oh wow, you were ready!"

He nodded, "I've been thinking about this all night." As if you prove his point he pressed his fingers against my slit and let me soak the gusset of my panties, drawi to tug at the waistband. I lifted my ass for him so he could slip them off of me, and then I let my heels rest on his back as he immediately buried his face in me.

"Aahhhh..." I sighed, a little overwhelmed at the suddenness. For a few minutes, he devoured me like we hadn't just enjoyed a meal together earlier, and then he c strategic techniques to get me off. Putting gentle pressure against my opening, teasing the promise of penetration while soaking up my wetness with his tongue, ar tip, letting it roll against him before he sucked it between his lips a little bit. I couldn't help closing my eyes and grabbing a handful of his hair, holding him against

He made little contented noises as he ate me out, and I kept thinking about how I would return the favor as soon as I came. I let go of his head and reached up un nipples mercilessly between my thumb and knuckles. Tugging on them, and kneading my flesh. I startled when his hands quickly slid up my body, covering my own squeeze my own breasts. The feel of his arms across my stomach and his hands taking over sent me over the edge I hadn't even realized I was on.

I fought the urge to clamp my thighs around his head, and arched my back as I felt myself tense against his face. I gritted my teeth and relinquished my tits to his gripping it tightly as I let out a high pitched whine and rode out the orgasm. He squeezed my boobs and kept a steady rhythm on my pussy, probably lapping up ev to push him away and clamp my legs together.

"Too much, too much!" I whispered frantically. I heard him laugh a little as I caught my breath, and when I sat up to look at him he was wiping his chin.

"Was that okay?" He asked with an unnerving amount of innocence and earnestness.

"That was fantastic..." I exhaled. I could still feel a combination of the ache of sensitivity and the ache of need between my legs.

"Good, I wasn't done though." He said with a gravity that sent a shiver up my spine.

I looked him in the eye and he stared back as if challenging me. Maybe I didn't just want to settle for returning the favor tonight.

"Do you want to fuck me?" I asked nonchalantly.

He blinked for a second and then slowly nodded, rising to his feet and throwing off his clothes. I let my legs fall apart again and brought a finger to my slit to test h considering I'd just cum. I laid back and looked up at the ceiling as he laid his cock against me, grinding his shaft for a bit before lining himself up and quickly push over his head, usually he'd stop there and wait for me to ask for more, but tonight he just slowly kept going, sinking himself all the way into me as I opened up for moaning at how full I felt, feeling my pussy struggle to both accommodate him and clench around him as my insides flared.

"I fucking love how you sound when I do that." He said shakily.

I looked down at him just as he leaned forward, planting his hands just under my armpits. I instinctually held his forearms, "What?"

"When I enter you... I'll never get tired of that sound you make."

I must have given him a confused look, I'm usually so lost in the sensation when he enters me, I barely pay attention to how I sound.

"You do this sexy gasp when I get the head in, followed by an even sexier moan. And then you hiss when I push further, you get this worried look on your face with little further, and then your eyelids flutter, usually just before you cum, and then you make this kind of 'ooh' face like you're scratching an itch or something, and then I just looked back at him, I could feel my cheeks burning. "You do it every time, it's so fucking hot."

I could feel his cock throb inside of me. "Wow I... didn't realize you were paying such close attention."

"Well... the first time I was so worried about hurting you, I was just trying to gauge your response. But I can't help it now."

It was admittedly really sweet, but I still felt really embarrassed. The mortifying ordeal of being known. "I wish you hadn't said anything! Now I'm going to be think make me self conscious!" I patted his bicep in a mock slap.

"I'm sorry! Just... forget I said anything!" He laughed before leaning down to give me a quick kiss.

"Are you going to fuck me or are you just using me for warmth?" I asked, now recovered from the small orgasm he'd caused by filling me.

He responded by slowly picking up the pace, standing back up to grip me by my waist as he pulled me too him. It was a little slower, more deliberate than usual. H keep my focus on him to look for his tells after everything he'd just told me. I didn't do a good job though, I was easily distracted by the delicious ache of being filld me, I could feel my breasts roll on my chest until I held them in place with my hands, gently kneading their mass.

"So good..." he whispered, almost imperceptibly.

"Yeah?" I asked softly, reaching down between my legs to rub my clit.

"Fuck, yesss." I could feel the way my body clung to him each time he pulled back, and upon each return. The mental image alone caused me to tense around him, causing him to jerk for a second. It put me right on the edge, and I applied a little extra pressure on my clit to send me over it. My legs seized as my abs tightened of me. He moaned softly, and as his faded out I realized I'd been letting out a long whine of pleasure as I rode through my orgasm, and he tried to keep fucking me

"Are you getting close?" I asked, almost embarrassed at how breathy I sounded.

"Mmhmm." He responded quickly.

"Do it, please... for me..." And before I could finish urging him on, he leaned over me, taking my tits in his hands, squeezing them, and pumping me with hard, suc Ohhh's that escaped me each time he bottomed out, and just as I was about to give him more words of encouragement, he thrust into me incredibly hard, one last heels into his hips to pull him to me, and I held my hands over his, making him squeeze my tits even harder as I bit my lip and focused on the feeling of his cock e: within me.

He groaned, and I yelped at the first shot of hot cum filling me. Usually it feels like a warmth spreading from his tip, radiating through my hips from deep inside of first shot hit around my walls or my cervix, something. He jerked, and more warmth came from him as he finished unloading inside me, and I couldn't help the sma my body tried to work every drop from him.

It was the closest thing to a quickie I think we've had so far, but it still left me worn out and thoroughly satisfied. Maybe I didn't get to go down on him tonight, but He kissed me again while extricating himself from me, and I tilted my head up into it, before we both went to our bathrooms to clean up. He ended up returning to goodnight again, but I wasn't sleepy at that point. I took the Switch to bed and played a little Zelda until I was ready for bed.

Saturday

(This entry has a lot of dialogue, and it was a significant conversation for me, but an unprompted one, so I didn't record it to post later. Because of that, it's probab paraphrased dialogue I've ever had to write for these posts. I just wanted to let that be known.)

The club had a guest singer this weekend so my nights were free. We spent most of the afternoon at the movies, we saw Jojo Rabbit and Zombieland: Double Tap, Rabbit. We did that thing where you get specific menu items from a bunch of different drive-thrus and make a giant meal out of them (we call it a Fast Food Pot Luck of Living with Yourself on Netflix (also really enjoyable).

We had moved to my bed to watch the last few episodes, and then just sort of chilled, with YouTube on for background noise as he played something on the Switch comfortable sort of silence we shared for a while, until I started to feel a little chatty.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

I turned to see him still focused on Smash Bros. and I scooched(sp?) my way closer so I could lean against him. "You know... I'm sorry if I wasn't always the best s when I wanted my space and was kind of bitchy to you, and I like to think I'm making up for it now,"

He chuckled softly, "Yup, that's an understatement."

"But... when I left for college, part of me worried that we would drift apart. I couldn't stop thinking about how Mom said her and her oldest sister would go years, a really glad that was never the case for us. Just before I left, you felt so... I don't know, distant. Like... you were upset with me for leaving. I thought about it so mu find excuses to text you dumb things and try to keep communication alive... because I thought maybe it would make you understand I wasn't going anywhere."

At some point while I'd been unloading all of this, he set the Switch down and put his arm around me. I curled into him as he stayed on his back. He wasn't saying silence by continuing. "The year I came back home for Christmas the first time, I felt weird. At first it felt like you were avoiding me, I kept trying to find a way to t forgotten how to talk to you. I remember fighting back tears when you finally gave me a hug that Christmas, when you seemed to warm back up to me. I had conv everything was still fine."

I felt my eyes stinging. I wasn't sure why this was coming up now, but it felt like something that I needed to let out. "When I got back here, I got scared again. I n much as possible, and luckily every other time I came home you seemed fine, so eventually I got over it. I used to wonder if it was just me that was worried over l out a shaky sigh. I felt stupid for coming out with all of this out of the blue.

"I was..." he started, before putting his hand in my hair and gently playing with it. "It felt like you were leaving us behind. It got better when you kept texting and you were still there, but I don't know. I feel like there were a lot of moments it would have been so nice to have my big sister around. I don't want to say I needed and I really don't mean it that way, but... I did wish I could have had you there to talk to, in person, at times."

I looked up at him and pouted slightly in sympathy. "I'm sorry. I wish I'd- ... you know, when I first left, I kept thinking of things I should have said to you beforeh like I didn't do a good job saying anything before I left."

"It's okay! It was going to be hard either way. I think it turned out for the best you know? Plus I would never have wanted to get in the way of you and where you v and you made it happen. You're a badass, Bee. I've always admired that about you." I wasn't sure if he was referring to my degree and my career... or what's happ guilt in my stomach. I smiled warmly at him and placed my hand on his stomach for reassurance.

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"I just wanted to set a good example." I muttered. "So WAS it all in my head that you were distant when I left?"

He stayed quiet for a little while. He sighed heavily, prompting me to look up and see that he was clearly trying to think over what to say. "It wasn't in your head. E it was kind of because I needed you to go." ...Excuse me?

"Wait... what?" I sat up a little on my elbow, looking at him with confusion.

He sighed again and ran his hand through his hair before taking a breath and speaking. "Can I tell you something?" He asked.

"Uhh... okay?" My stomach was starting to feel a little uneasy. I feel like a million things ran through my head in that moment, things I could have done to make hi

"I've always found you... attractive." Well this wasn't the direction I expected. "I mean... ever since I knew what that meant. I couldn't help it, all of my friends obs seeing it too!"

"Oh...?" I uttered, waiting to see if he would elaborate.

"For years I couldn't help admitting to myself that you wer-ARE super hot. But I was able to keep it at that and just... be normal. It reached a turning point just bel I'm pretty sure I did too, but I sat up and crossed my legs, as he now held my rapt attention. "There was a weekend when mom and dad went out of town... it was couldn't sleep. I came out of my room to go get something from the kitchen, and I could see you were up—your light was on. When I got closer to your door, just b I could hear you talking to someone, and I got curious."

I was really uncertain, and slightly worried as to where this conversation was going, but I couldn't bring myself to say anything.

"I got close enough to where I could hear what you were saying," he continued, "and I realized you were talking to your boyfriend at the time. I should have turner felt frozen in place."

Oh fuck... I remembered when my ex and I used to get each other off while Skyping, I would wait until everyone in the house was asleep. And if it was a weekend probably meant he was too, otherwise he'd have come over and spent the night. I used to be pretty intense with dirty talk back then, I like to think I've gotten bett throat and then weakly rasped out, "What was I saying?"

He breathed for a second. "You were talking about all the things you wanted to do with him, what you would be doing if he was there, and what you were doing to heard you talk like that. I'd never thought about you... like THAT before. It was so hot... I kept thinking how I wished someone would talk to me like that, and then me like that, and then I felt guilty. I was going to walk away, and then I realized I was super hard. I ended up touching myself while I could hear you talking about playing with yourself. And then after I finished, I felt so fucking awful for doing it, I went to bed and I tried to forget about it."

"Oh..." I responded, unsure if he was done or not.

"After that it got hard to not look at you differently. It went from admitting that my sister is attractive, to actually thinking about her sexually... and feeling like an about not thinking about it and stuff, but I started thinking once you were gone, that maybe I'd be able to reset and think about other things and other people. It d you came back, that Christmas, it brought back some of those feelings, and then I realized I was going to push you away if I kept trying to avoid you so I figured o my time with you again. After that Christmas I started having more serious girlfriends and it was easy to forget all about those feelings, clear my head, and move c until a little after I moved in with you. I never knew if it was you specifically that I wanted, or if I just wanted sex in general, until a few months after moving in."

"Well, that's kind of my fault, I think." I blushed... knowing it was definitely my fault. "Wow though, I had no idea. I'm kind of embarrassed at what you might have good. I'm sorry you had to wrestle with that for so long though. I'm glad the distant feeling wasn't just me though, even if the reason wasn't what I thought it was. reassure him, as I curled up next to him again.

"Yeah... it actually feels really good to get all of that off my chest. With the closer we've been getting, the worse I've felt about never talking to you about it." He st

"You didn't have to tell me any of that, if you didn't want to. There was nothing wrong with what you did, or how you felt, not to me. I'm glad you did tell me thoug my head on him for a bit as we listened to the quiet again.

But I knew the conversation wasn't done... now that he had said his piece, I felt like he deserved mine, I owed it to him, and this was probably the best time to do noting the amount of heavy sighs we'd exhaled during this conversation. I sat up and turned my hips toward him again, shoving my hands between my legs to kee know why this took so much mental prep, in the grand scheme of things, we were already well past the scariest, hardest part of this whole mess.

"Can I tell YOU something?" I started.

"Yeah?" He responded, smiling warmly, either out of relief at having unloaded, or at me flipping his own opening line back at him.

I continued. "Do you remember the summer I came back for a few weeks, when mom and dad went on their big anniversary vacation?" He nodded. "And when we swim?"

He made a thoughtful face as if trying to remember. "Uhhh... kind of? I don't know..."

"Well, I—"

"Oh right, you wore your bikini!" He interjected excitedly.

"—was... y-yeah!" I lost my train of thought for a second. "Okay so you DO remember. Well, there was a point where her and I were in the hot tub while you were i to go answer your phone. And uh... your swim trunks were kind of... you were..."

"Oh god." He exhaled, looking a little embarrassed.

"Yeah, you were a little hard I think, and it left nothing to the imagination, and I definitely noticed, obviously. It caught my attention, at the time, mostly because o away? And then... like, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I got so horny over it, I kind of had the same reaction as you though. I felt awful for touching myself while thoughts about myself for a long time."

"Bee..." he started, reaching for my hand.

I let him place his hand over mind and continued, not wanting to lose steam before I finished. "I had trouble the rest of the time I was home, trying to stifle those l when you bumped into me after the shower, but I intentionally did that. I thought you were in your room, and the risk that you might open the door at the exact m You genuinely scared me then, but I got so turned on afterward. I kept thinking about how much I wanted to actually see your cock—" And at that moment I realize quickly made eye contact again.

"-and then my thoughts kind of escalated from there. What started as curiosity turned into me kind of... seeing you in a way I never had before, realizing how muc felt so conflicted, like I was a horrible sister. When I extended the invitation for you to move here, it was genuinely an attempt to be helpful to mom and dad, it ma thought maybe it would lead to something? At the time it seemed INCREDIBLY unlikely, and I didn't actually intend to try and make anything happen, but—"

"Here we are." He finished for me, and we smiled at each other. "Do you still feel bad about all of that?"

"No, not really. I just... I mostly felt bad because when you first told me about the intimacy issues you'd had because of your size, I acted like I had no inkling about truth I'd been thinking about it for well over a year at that point. I'm sorry about that..." I leaned back over into the crook of his arm and exhaled, glad to have it a

He put his hand in my hair. "You don't have to apologize. Honestly I feel a lot better knowing that we were both kind of having the same thoughts. I did everything around you, because I was worried I'd freak you out and push you away."

"I think there was a time when you would have... before the point I told you about. I'm glad it never came to that. I'm glad we got HERE." I draped my arm across so much."

He kissed my forehead. "I love you too, Bee."

I eventually let him go, and we comfortably fell back into silence. He picked up Smash again and I ended up putting on Detective Pikachu, which has slowly become sidetracked though trying my best to take notes on the conversation while he was playing. I didn't realize tonight's conversation was apparently something I needed made me feel better knowing that he had experienced similar feelings of interest and desire before moving in with me, and that it wasn't just me being the weird one can only hope this little talk also brought him similar peace of mind.

Thursday

The Halloween party at work went well, I had spent the last couple of weeks helping one of my coworkers finish making parts for my Mama costume, and in the end Stranding group theme going. Usually there are awards for costumes and our group barely lost the vote for best group costume to another one that was all themed

I sang a little bit (Somebody's Watching Me, Thriller, and I'll Put a Spell on You), my brother didn't end up coming, he went to the party at the school, which I actually having the distraction, and getting to be myself and mingle with my coworkers.

Afterward he and I met up at the apartment, I hadn't actually seen his costume yet and laughed my ass off. He was Colonel Sanders, but specifically from that date took my makeup off and got out of my costume, because I intended to reuse it for Kelly and Ken's Halloween party tomorrow night. I nursed him until he drank me from HBO, then said goodnight and went to our beds.

Friday

Despite Ken still having a cast on his leg, Kelly is pretty much back to full health, and they didn't want to miss out on hosting their Halloween party this year, even work at my normal time, but my brother had to stay late at school and finish up something, so I intended on going ahead to help Kelly get set up, and he said he'd

I relieved a little bit of the pressure in my breasts since I wouldn't have time to wait for him, and then changed into my costume, making the mistake of not bringing also forgetting that, while it's generally fun to dress as characters from a game that isn't out yet at an industry party, where people will get it, it means a lot of exp

When I arrived, Kelly was just getting into costume, I helped her zip into her Captain Marvel suit, which looked really awesome on her if I'm being honest. I definitely already dressed as The Flash, so... at least he had a good sense of humor about his leg still being in it's cast. Apparently he had the idea for his costume first and s theme as well.

Usually the party would be on the level of the Memorial Day one they'd thrown, with a lot of other people, and Ken grilling a bunch of food, but because of the accident year, they decided to keep it low key, only inviting me (and by extension my brother), Monica, Steven, and Sarah.

For those in need of a refresher: Kelly is one of my best friends, she's a little shorter than me, pretty fit and athletic, with a nice tan. Her boobs are a little smaller than generally a source of positivity in our group.

Ken is her husband, he's just under 6ft and pretty muscular. He's stocky, with a thick torso. Sort of a dad bod but like... a fit one? I don't know. He's very handsome

Monica is another of my best friends, is single and bi, but seems to favor women. She's tall, about Ken's height, and dark skinned, has a smaller chest, probably than callipygian goddess. She's a terrible influence, and always tries to get us out of our comfort zone.

Sarah ... is adorable. The other of my best girlfriends, she's about 5'1 and couldn't be more than 100 lbs. She has the most soothing voice, and is the kind of girl with the same age as me. I joke that she looks like she could be my baby sister. We're both pale brunettes, but she has the cutest freckles on her nose and shoulders, a protective of her.

Steven is the tallest of the guys... of all of us really. He's like 6'4 and very skinny. He used to play basketball, but after an accident in college, lost a lot of function a wheelchair a lot of the time. He has sandy hair and these like... golden brown eyes. He can be a little obnoxious, but in a well meaning way.

Instead of cooking, and doing all that kind of prep, we opted to pool together and order pizza. Really, tonight was more of an excuse to spend time together since we complained that they had both been restless while they'd been recovering. Ken was now pretty adept with his crutches, and went outside to turn the heat on for the

"Aw shit, I didn't bring a bathing suit." I lamented.

"Oh, well, maybe your brother can bring you one when he comes." Kelly smartly recommended.

"Ooh right, let me text him." I started typing before I'd even finished the sentence.

[You're wearing your costume tonight right?]

[Yeah, why?] He answered surprisingly fast.

[DUDE omg if you show up with a bucket of KFC I'll pay for it]

[I thought you didn't do fried chicken?]

[? Yeah but you're the Colonel?]

[Ohhh right, lmao I'll pick some up]

[can you also do me a favor because you love me and because I'm the bestest big sis ever?]

[i GUESS what]

[bring my bathing suit with you? Second drawer on the left side of my dresser, should be right on top And bring yours if you want!]

[okay]

[ty! 💖 let me know when you're on your way]

I set my phone aside and sat with Kelly for a little while, talking about how she'd been doing, etc. Before long Monica showed up as a Tethered version of herself from costume by her standards). Sarah and Steven followed soon after, with Sarah as Ochako from My Hero Academia(? I'm not terribly familiar with it but she looked g

(Continued in the comments...)

"Steven, what the fuck? You know the rules! No using the same costume two years in a row!" Monica chided.

"I know, I know! I just didn't have time to think this year. I had a big thing at work I've been buried in for the past few months, and Sarah reminded me this was c on his words.

"Look if we get the pizza will you please take it easy on him? He was THIS close to coming as 'Himself'." Sarah interjected, punctuating by rolling her eyes.

"All is forgiven, I want a Veggie Lover's!" Kelly cheered from the couch.

We settled, we chatted for a while, had a few laughs, played a game or two, and ate. It was nice, it had been so long since Sarah and Steven had been able to stay them since I started making these posts. Eventually Kelly suggested we go out to the hot tub. Ken and Steven chose to hang back and play some video games, so

I checked my phone, and still hadn't heard from my brother, but I went out with the girls anyway. Kelly and Monica changed into their bathing suits, and I took off the pants and tank, even letting my hair down. I rolled up the legs of my pants and sat on the edge of the hot tub while Kelly and Monica sank into the water and b came out in a pink bikini. We all complimented her on it and she blushed.

"Thanks girls, I almost wore this to the last party but I've been too afraid to do it during the day, and especially with so many people." She said as she sat on the e

"Why would you be afraid to wear that? You look incredible!" I admitted. She really did, her boobs looked so full the cups of the bikini looked painted on. It complin

"Because the material is too thin... when it gets wet-"

"OOohhhh..." the rest of us said in unison.

"Well you're safe here, girl." Monica added.

Sarah nodded as if psyching herself up, before finally submerging in the water, and sighing at the heat. I was starting to get jealous and wishing my bathing suit w: her attention to me.

"What's up, Rose? Aren't you gonna join us?" She asked.

"I don't have my bikini, remember?"

"Last I heard, bathing suits were optional in this hot tub." Sarah chimed in with a mischievous smirk on her face.

Monica and Kelly both turned to her with their mouths open for a second, as she shrugged cutely.

"I'm just saying! Sounds like we missed out before."

Kelly laughed, "Yeah, you did, that might have been a once in a lifetime occurrence."

"Maybe for you good little Christian women." Monica stated as she shifted, quickly pulling the shoulders of her one piece down, lifting her ass and pulling the suit of and tossed it hard at me. I wasn't ready and it wetly smacked into my chest before I could catch it and hurl it back at her. She laughed as she caught it and set it a

"Oh my god, Monica? There was zero hesitation!" Sarah remarked in awe.

"Why would I hesitate? You're the only one that wasn't here last time. Enjoy the show!" She stood up and raised her arms proudly, turning and posing briefly with t back down. It was then that I noticed the jets weren't on. I could see right into the water. I shook my head in exasperation. I'm pretty sure Monica would use any e we'd popped the seal last time.

"Anyone else gonna join this party?" She taunted.

Again, Kelly was the first to give, reaching behind her back to untie her top. She quickly took it off and set it on the edge beside her.

"It's a start." Monica relented, looking unimpressed.

Sarah's eyes were big, locked on Kelly's chest, which I definitely can't blame her for. Her nipples were barely above the water, and obviously hard. I was starting to God dammit, Monica.

She turned to look at Sarah, who looked like she wanted to disappear. "Looks like you don't have to miss out this time!" Monica teased.

"I don't know. Rose gets to stay out and fully clothed!" I leaned forward and put my hand on her shoulder for solidarity.

Kelly reached under the water and shifted, producing her bikini bottoms after a few seconds, and placing them with her top. "And we get to be the fun ones. It feel: back on the edge for a second.

Monica gave Kelly an approving nod, and then she turned to Sarah. "Look, there's no pressure we're just having some fun. You do whatever makes you feel comfor

"You were right though, Sarah. That bikini leaves nothing to the imagination when wet." Kelly observed.

The four of us all looked at her chest and saw that the very subtle outline of her nipples was visible. She startled and sunk into the water a little bit more.

I was starting to get cold, especially with my top now wet from Monica's suit. The steam rising from the hot tub made it look so inviting. I checked my phone again what the guys were doing, and they seemed pretty distracted by their game. I sighed heavily and stood up. I quickly took the white tank top off, and tossed it on a the black sports bra. Monica quickly realized what was happening.

"YASSSSSS, THIS BITCHH!" She yelled, and I hurriedly and emphatically shushed her.

"JESUS MONICA SHUT THE FUCK UP, THE GUYS AREN'T PAYING ATTENTION." I whisper yelled at her.

"Weren't." Kelly added nonchalantly.

I whipped my head around and saw that they were now looking through the sliding glass door from their seats. Monica stood up, not bothering to cover up, and wa

"Hey boys!" She giggled. They waved back sheepishly. I shot her a death glare and she hand waved me before sitting back down. I stood awkwardly holding the sp their focus to the game.

"You bitch." I muttered, feigning venom, before tossing the sports bra over with my top.

"Wow, Rose." Sarah said softly. "I think that sports bra was doing more work than I have all year."

Kelly and Monica laughed heartily and I got flustered, choosing not to comment before unbuttoning my pants. I debated whether or not to keep my panties on, and my shoulder again, verifying the guys weren't paying attention, and quickly sliding everything down my legs. I bent over quickly and then cupped my pussy as I str lounged. I heard a catcall style whistle from behind me and panicked, quickly rushing into the water to sit.

"FUCK" I shouted from the sudden heat and the girls all laughing at me and I realized that the guys saw my naked ass. I let the warmth seep over me as I calmed c of us now naked in the water, I looked down and felt self conscious at how much the lights revealed. I was snapped out of the thought by my phone chiming, and I

[On my way! 🍷]

Are you fucking KIDDING ME. If he had sent that literally a minute earlier I would have just waited. I turned my phone over without responding. I fumed silently until I rejoined the conversation. I thought about how we used to go to the spa occasionally, so we'd been in various states of undress together before, but there's something like that and a private setting like this. The intimacy, the potential mixed company, I don't know. But before long we were comfortable with our state of undress, and

"You know what, fuck it." Sarah said during a lull in the conversation. She quickly pulled her arms through the loops of her bikini, and reached back to untie it, before she kept her breasts covered with her arm for a bit, clearly looking like she was unsure of her decision, and it probably didn't help that we were all silently watching her. Kelly and Monica clapped happily.

"Welcome to the Hot Tub Club!" I said to her with enthusiasm.

"Is that a thing?" She asked innocently.

"No! God no, ESPECIALLY not now that Rose made it weird by trying to give it a name." Kelly remarked, lifting her leg to nudge me with her foot. I stuck my tongue out in a playful wink. She smiled and sat perkily with her hands in her lap, her shoulders barely breaking the water. But I could see how perfect her boobs looked on her face. If she was, I couldn't help observing how perfectly proportioned she is.

"Well," she meekly started, "I'm keeping my bottoms on, if that's okay." She seemed so uncertain it almost sounded like a question. Have you ever met someone just as adorable AND sexy? I couldn't decide if I wanted to squeeze her and hold her safe and tight, or kiss her.

"No." Monica responded, completely deadpan. "That's not okay." She made a fake attempt to lunge at Sarah, who yelped and scooted away, bumping into me. Monica glared around Sarah, pulling her head to my chest.

"Don't worry babe, I gotchu." I said, giving Monica a fake glare. She laughed and made herself comfortable again.

"Thanks, doll." Sarah replied huskily, playing along, and resting her head on my shoulder.

"Do you two need to borrow our guest bedroom?" Kelly asked us both before turning to me. "Maybe then you can get her out of those bottoms." We all laughed, and continued into conversation and Monica was in the middle of asking me what my costume was supposed to be when Ken opened the sliding door and called out to us.

"Is it alright for us to come out?"

Sarah and I looked at Kelly, alarmed, but before we could formulate a response, Monica answered them, waving. "Sure!"

I quickly turned my head and saw that my brother was with them, which gave me a little relief. They all walked up to the hot tub, standing behind Monica and Kelly and all over Sarah and I. Ken and I made eye contact for a prolonged second. Steven looked as though he was wrestling between trying to be respectful and not look, and I was expecting the water to be clear. I felt my insides grow hot from nerves, unlike last time this happened, where we were in mixed company and taking the plunge together. And yet, of COURSE my body was into it. I was thankful I had taken care of my boobs at least a little before coming, on the off chance anyone would have been peeping.

"Sorry I'm late," My brother spoke. "I uh... see I missed the costumed portion of the night." Ken snorted, which made Sarah and I laugh.

"Holy shit, I love your costume!" Kelly clapped her hands.

"Hah, thanks!" He gestured toward the hot tub with his hand. "There's a joke about chicken, or breasts, and a bucket meal here somewhere." He added.

Monica laughed, "Looks like we're part of an 8-piece meal, girls. Doesn't THAT sound finger lickin' good?" She made a V with her fingers and held it up to her tongue, then she slapped her hand down. Everyone laughed.

"I actually did bring chicken though," My brother commented. Kelly moved like she was going to get out for a second and then thought better of it. He turned to me and asked, "Do you want it?"

"Thanks! I ... yeah I'd like it please."

"...Forgot MY swimsuit though." He added.

"Well, I'm not sure if you noticed, but you don't really need one." Sarah noted.

"I'll stay clothed and dry out of solidarity for the guys." He replied. Monica's shoulders visibly dropped as if disappointed. I couldn't tell if I was or not, but I did my best to keep my face neutral. He quickly went back inside and returned with my suit.

"Coward!" Sarah called back to him as he walked away.

"I think he would have been overwhelmed in the middle of ALL of this." Monica commented. "Though, if I remember right, he stripped down before you did, last time."

"Oh my god! Did he REALLY?" Sarah put her hand to her chest in surprise and looked to me, I shrugged my shoulders and nodded.

"Yeah, but the jets were going full blast. Shame we couldn't talk the boys into joining us this time." She sighed.

"I would if not for the cast. Believe me I would." Ken mumbled.

"I think you enjoyed it a LITTLE too much last time." Kelly sarcastically added.

He nodded. "Yeah, but I barely remembered it the next day."

"Oh, you poor baby!" Kelly joked with a mocking voice and balled her fists to her cheeks like she was crying. "Oh boo hoo I didn't get to save all the titties to my self. It's a shame what ever happened to anyone." Monica giggled while Ken just stared at his wife smugly, waiting for her to finish.

"Careful there Kell's Bells. I still remember all the things you said the morning after." He raised his brow and Kelly gasped, making a neck slicing gesture while shaking her head.

Sarah looked incredibly intrigued, leaning forward and crossing her hands between her knees as she sweetly looked up to Ken, and asked in her most innocent voice, "What if he was?" Ken looked like he was seriously contemplating, he started to open his mouth when Kelly, now red in the face, held her hands aimed at both Sarah and Ken, flipping them off. Kelly he would never and that he loved her, etc., while Sarah quickly shed her coy attitude and turned to Steven.

"Do you want me to help you in, Stevie?"

He bit his lower lip like it pained him to say no. "I'd love to, but by the time we get my pants off... it's fine, really." He laughed.

"Okay, so they're all cowards, noted." Monica commented, unimpressed.

By this time my brother returned with my bikini, handing it to me. I quickly stood to slip the bottoms on, deciding not to bother trying to be modest and cover myself. I was aware of the potential eyes on me until I could sit back down in the water. We spent the next half hour or so talking about plans for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and eventually about the games. Sarah commented that she was starting to prune and we quickly went inside to dry off and redress. We played a few games and everyone else enjoyed the movies, and then we talked some more as we started to wind down.

At one point, I realized Sarah had fallen asleep, resting her head in my lap, while I gently and absentmindedly played with her hair. Steven laughed softly and nodd barely slept last night." He started to come over to me to try and wake her, and I gently nudged her shoulder.

"Sarah, sweetheart, wake up." I started with a soft sing song voice, she barely rustled. "We made it to grandma's. We got you a happy meal," she rolled onto her b Her eyelids fluttered. "... Dad found your vibrator." Her eyes snapped open, and she scrunched her nose, giving me a disturbed look. Steven laughed and asked if s nodding her head with a yawn and a stretch. I looked to my brother and he understood I was ready to wind down too.

"We should probably get home too." I said as I gathered the pieces of my costume and helped clean around the kitchen and dining area. We said our goodbyes and thanksgiving get together, before my brother and I left, meeting back up at the apartment.

I quickly shucked my costume and bra, while he took a shower. I washed my face and moved to the couch to throw on some background noise. Laying with my fee seat when he came out of his bathroom, I could see his cock bobbing as he walked, half hard, into his bedroom. I quickly felt a heat in my lower abdomen.

"Can I help you with that?" I called out to him.

His head appeared from his doorway. "With what?"

"You looked like you needed some relief. I mean, maybe I was mistaken, oh well." I teased.

"Oh, um... no I, yes please." He said softly, stepping out from his room, and slowly rubbing his hand up and down his, now hard, length. He got close enough for m him as tightly as I could, savoring the throbbing heat of him. I know it's been a few weeks, but I can still feel my heart race when I touch him like this. The heat th The way I can think of nothing else but pleasing him, of making him cum for me, of trying to be the best big sister I can for him.

From this position I could admire the powerful curve of it, the flare of his head, the thickness of the root, the way the soft skin subtly moved in my grip, sliding a lit moved, looking heavy and full. I could feel my breath getting shallower, and I awkwardly rolled over on the couch, so I was sitting up. I patted the space next to m residence between his knees, leaning forward to let his cock part my breasts and come to rest against my sternum.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" I asked, as I rocked my shoulders from side to side, feeling my boobs tap gently against each side of his shaft.

He swallowed, and nodded. "Mmhmm... sorry I couldn't make it earlier."

"It's okay, your schoolwork should always take priority." I winced internally, feeling like I sounded like mom or something.

"You're just as important to me." He muttered. His eyes glassing over as he stared at my chest. I couldn't help smiling.

I brought my right hand up to grip the middle of his length, and I firmly pumped him, feeling the weight of my right breast bouncing against my arm as I did. But I "Did you enjoy the show?"

His cock twitched and he looked up to my eyes. "Y-yeah."

"I bet you wanted to get in that hot tub, didn't you?" To which he nodded, and I could tell his mind was picturing it. "Which of them are you thinking about right no crawl up my back. I started to pump him faster, using my thumb to spread his wetness over his head and down his length.

"Mmm, that's easy, yo-"

"Other than me?" I couldn't hide the smile creeping up on me. Let's see how easy THAT is. He met my stare again and looked conflicted. Like he was trying to gaug nothing, and just continued working him over. His brow furrowed, and he chewed his lip for a second.

"God... I don't know... all of them? ...S-Sarah." He admitted.

"Mmm, I know. She's so hot isn't she?" I gripped him a little harder and continued to roll his precum down his length until my hand could just glide against him.

"Yeah... I mean... you all are... I'd just, never seen her before."

"Me neither, that was a first for me. She's so tiny though... I don't think she could handle you." I observed, my voice dropping to a huskier register, and cracking a

"Maybe..." He nodded, either distracted by what I was doing or whatever he was thinking.

"I bet she would try though..." I whispered. He moaned, and his cock lurched and I slowed for a second, I thought he was about to cum, but he collected himself. " more of his precum in the valley between my tits as he inhaled sharply through his nose. "I can barely take you..."

"Mmm" he moaned.

"Do you think she could do this for you?" I asked, grabbing my breasts and pushing them together, smothering his cock with their pillowy flesh.

"Oh fuck..." He shuddered, "No, I don't think so... not like that."

I pumped him slowly with my boobs, pushing them together as hard as I could. "Kelly might be able to."

He moaned, and shook his head. "No... not the same."

I smiled, I felt so powerful watching him writhe in front of me as if I was doing this for the first time all over again. I handled my boobs against him asynchronously pump him. I looked down at his head emerging from between my boobs, glistening with precum and I couldn't help licking my lips. I opened my mouth and turned head glide along my tongue on each downstroke.

"Fuhhh..." he exhaled, throwing his head back. I let go of my tits and gripped his thigh with one hand while I held the base of his shaft with the other, so I could ta his head with my lips. I teased him with my tongue, closing my eyes and moaning around him as I tasted his arousal. His hips lifted off the couch slightly and I pan pushed back toward my throat.

"Sorry..." he whispered, grabbing at the couch cushions beside him.

I kept going, taking as much of him into my mouth as I could, and using my fist in front of my lips to cover more of his length as I fucked my face against him. His decided to try and take him deeper. I aimed him, and relaxed my throat, took a few deep preparatory breaths through my nose, and moved forward. I felt him at n his head flared too wide for me, and I had this mental image of me getting over the bulb of his head and then not being able to pull him back out because of how n and I felt his hips jerk and his cock flex, and my eyes went wide, welling up with tears as I did my best to not panic and carefully pull myself back. I released him f trying not to cough as I pumped him with my fist.

"I'm close!" He warned, his knuckles white as he gripped the cushions, his hips and abs tensing.

"Tits or mouth?" I asked urgently.

"Uh! Tits!" He grunted. I quickly took him between my boobs and continued to pump his now saliva-slicked cock. My finger tips pressed firmly into my nipples, and long he gasped and his legs seized around me as I felt a hot splash hit my neck. He groaned so fucking sexily as another burst of cum hit my lower lip, surprising n as I felt my own little orgasm hit me, causing my hips to falter. Another shot rolled up my chest. Another at my chin, and then warmth just pooling between my boi

wrist, urging me to stop.

I let go of him, and quickly collected what I could with my fingers, hungrily sucking them clean, savoring my prize like a kitten with cream. There was a surprising : into my skin, before looking at his spent cock, and seeing that he needed cleaning. I gently licked him from the base to the tip, before taking him in my mouth and was careful not to stimulate him too much, figuring he was still too sensitive. When I was done, I licked my lips and popped them, sitting back on my heels, smiling

"God... Bee, that was incredible." He sighed.

"Yeah? Well, good. I was going for something along those lines." I put my palms on his knees to brace myself as I stood, and he pulled me into his lap to kiss me b

"Can I return the favor?" He asked.

"Not tonight," I sighed. "Not that I don't want it, but it was a long day, and I'm getting tired. I still need to get clean. ...Plus, if you return the favor I'm going to wa get some rest."

He laughed, and admitted I was right, patting my ass as I said goodnight and left to my bathroom to shower. I couldn't help quickly rubbing one out while I was na Afterward I ended up coming out in my pajamas, now a little too cold to wear just panties. He was playing Destiny (I think?) and I sat next to him, asking if he'd m to bed. He enthusiastically agreed and we quickly got comfortable. He drank from me for a little bit as I struggled to stay awake. Just comforted by having him at n through me. I woke up to him gently placing me on my bed, and offering my top back to me, before he kissed me again and went back to his game.

Wednesday

It was his birthday today, and I wasn't able to get the day off, not with the holidays coming, but I did prepare. I'd bought his gift as soon as I could and had it well was freshly waxed from earlier in the week, and had both intentionally and unintentionally avoided getting too intimate with him pretty much since the beginning o truly have been busy and putting in a lot of volunteer extended hours at work to help us get ahead so we can send everyone home for a holiday break. Intentionall tonight could be a little special, and I wanted to be as pent up as I could stand.

I came home at a normal time, and planned to come in at noon the next day and just stay late, checked with my brother to make sure he would be home at a reas I had cupcakes in the oven, and I rushed to clean up the kitchen before going to my bedroom to put on a new outfit. A dark blue cocktail dress. It goes down to mi goes about halfway up my hip, the décolletage is mesh, it zips up the entire front, and is form fitting with built in cups, so there was no need for a bra, I just put sc black panties, with criss crossed ribbon ties on the sides, and a bow over the ass. I refreshed my makeup, nothing too drastic, but I went for a more subtle version on stage, and a dark red lipstick, and of course, matching blue heels. I let my hair down, and let it's waves and curls rest naturally, happy that the length is almost regretted. With how much paler I get in the winter it made for a look I was really proud of.

I pulled the cupcakes out of the oven and iced them, quickly shoving the pan into the dishwasher and making the kitchen nice and tidy again. I grabbed his gift out minutes debating whether I should wear tights or not. I decided against them just as I heard his key in the door. I quickly hopped up to sit on the counter, crossing beside me as he came in.

"Hey, Nerdface." I said sweetly, grabbing his attention. He saw me and paused for a second, his jaw briefly going slack before he smiled and replied.

"You're the one wearing glasses, Four Eyes." I hadn't even realized I'd put my glasses back on after I'd changed, it was just habit when I'm around the house.

"Wow I feel like I'm in elementary school again with that insult. I guess it's a good thing I'M the creative one, huh?"

He laughed, "Like 'nerdface' was any better." I crinkled my nose and stuck my tongue out at him. "And I hope you didn't dress like THAT in elementary school." I to end of one of the legs. He smiled and dropped his bag as he closed the door behind him and walked over to me.

"No, no, you should leave them on... they make you look smart." He said smugly.

I gasped in mock offense and gently pushed him away with my palm, but he caught my wrist and held my hand to his lips, closing the distance between us until I h accommodate him. He leaned down as he released my wrist so he could tilt my chin up, and he kissed me softly. I could already feel the heat stirring in my core.

"Seriously though, you look... fucking incredible. Who's the lucky guy?" He asked, not fooling me for a second.

"The Birthday Boy," I replied, leaning back a little and arching my back to push my chest out a little. "Though, I don't know that he deserves it now..." Without look and held it out for him. "Or this."

He took the poorly wrapped package from my hand and waited for a go ahead from me before he started to unwrap it. I had gotten him the Pokémon Sword and S wouldn't have to share a console anymore. Especially since he'd have been fucked once Animal Crossing comes out. He lit up and hugged me, thanking me.

"Yeah yeah, Happy Birthday you old fart. I love you." I managed to wheeze out as he squeezed me tight. He let go and I rubbed my chest to recover, before pointir for me, by the way. I was nice enough to hold off until I could give you yours." He laughed and I let him choose which game he wanted, for the record, he chose th hoped he would, so he could get Sirfetch'd, which meant I could have Shield and get my Galarian Ponyta!

I let him know that my friends and I were going to take him out for dinner this coming Saturday, if he wanted to invite some of his friends from class, and we decid

"I'm sorry, I know you got all dressed up and-"

"It's okay, just think of this as fancy wrapping paper for the rest of your gift, if you want it." I offered, feeling my heart pound a little harder. I was so fucking horny together. He stopped mid unboxing of his Switch, and looked over at me.

"Of course I want it..." he said plainly.

"Also, if you're thirsty..." I started, trailing off, knowing he knew what I was getting at. He glanced at my cleavage for a split second and then met my gaze again. I enough to make my melt between my thighs, and he set down the Switch. I quickly moved over to him on the couch, feeling the dress ride up my thighs as I stradi shoulders.

"Hey." He said, before I leaned in and kissed his jaw. I felt his hands slide up my thighs and under the dress, over my ass. He gripped the swell of each cheek and : My hips rose and pushed forward as if trying to stop him from spreading my cheeks apart the way he was. I quickly reached to catch one of his wrists in my hand, : at my neck. I locked eyes with him and chewed my lip in anticipation as he held the tab and started to pull. We both looked down as he slowly unzipped me, my bo the confines of the barely big enough push up cups built into the dress.

I looked up just in time to see him lick his lips, and if my nipples weren't already starting to ache, they would definitely have in that moment. He pulled the zipper t arms through the sides as he casually tossed it over on the chair. His eyes drank me in, now sitting in his lap in only panties. I felt his cock flex under me, making r grinding down against him.

He quickly leaned forward, putting a hand at the small of my back and encouraging me to lean back as he kissed the undersides of my breasts softly. I moaned softi nipples were as he caught the left one in his mouth. Before long his tongue flicking as he drew my milk from me had me aching even more, and rapidly approachi knows my tells at this point, because he kept leaving me hanging when I felt like I was about to burst. But I did my best to not complain and let him have his fun, i tugging his shirt up and over his head. When he wouldn't let me get at his pants to unbutton them, I let out an audible groan of frustration, to which he flashed a t

"Can we at least move this to my bed?" I practically whined. He didn't say anything, but he stood, holding my butt and letting my legs wrap around his waist as he down, and I quickly turned around to start to crawl up to my pillows, when I looked back over my shoulder. I could see him looking down at my ass, and it sent a s this?" I asked, with uncertainty, before pushing back until my butt came to rest against his crotch. I could feel his heat, and he silently placed his hands on my hips

"Please, do it..." I sighed. So far gone from being denied my orgasm, and aching so badly to be filled, I wagged my butt from side to side in front of him. I could he kicking them off and then I felt him tug my panties aside, and cup my pussy.

"Oh fuck, you're soaked." He shuddered. I felt heat rise in my cheeks, maybe from embarrassment, and I dropped to my elbows, tilting my hips forward and pushir hissed when he touched it and then his fingers dragged along my slit, stirring between my lips, and getting dangerously close to my ass. I felt a ball of anxiety forn unclear when I offered myself in this way.

"Uhh, I'm not... ready for that yet, if that's okay." I meekly explained.

"Oh, I wasn't, I— of course!" He fumbled, moving his hand back up to my clit. "Are you ready?"

"Mmhm... so ready." I sighed.

He stopped touching me for a second, and I looked back to see him rubbing my arousal all over his cock with his hand. I inhaled and looked forward as I felt his wa teased up and down my lips with his head, stirring me up and occasionally dipping in toward my entrance to open me up. Then he held still. I gripped the comforte opening stretching over the bulb. The resistance my tight canal put up caused my body to rock forward, and he put his hands firmly on my hips and pulled me back

I gasped as I made it over the head and felt a sort of panic rise up in me from the sensation, how different it felt at this angle. With the way his cock arcs upward, against the outside wall of me from the inside, usually I can feel him brush against my g-spot when he's around half in. But at this angle it felt like the middle of hi his head, I don't even know. It felt different... but fucking good at the same time. It hurt, it had been almost two weeks since I'd taken him inside of me, and I win him, but it was such a delicious pain. Reminding me what I was doing and who I was with. And still, while he was pushing in, my hips wavered and my head hung a shivering.

Initially I was feeling self conscious about my butt being so exposed to him from this angle, but by the time he had sunk all the way into me, I had forgotten all ab forward, and grabbing my shoulder with one hand, while pressing down on the small of my back with the other, making me feel pinned and helpless. My face was a looking at the window, and I could feel my breasts squashed against the bed. I was living for this. He let my body get used to him, adjusting and twitching around

"Fuck... I can't get over how tight you feel." He exhaled.

"Yeah? I'm pretty sure everyone would feel like that for you..."

"But no one would feel this perfect..." he muttered, emphasizing it by making his cock flex and expand inside of me.

I moaned at the sensation, feeling my knees go weak. "I'm ready..." And to emphasize this, I grabbed the comforter in my fists. He responded promptly by pulling go, his skin dragging deliciously against my slicked walls. The friction rocked me back, until just his head remained, and I felt like I was folded in half on the edge o the carpet, changing his angle of approach slightly, while ... maybe bracing himself? And then he forcefully pushed back in. I yelped, and felt his hips crash against few hard and deliberate thrusts, before settling his hands on my hips to hold me steady, and fucking me with deep, even motions.

I cried out, trying to say something to him and losing my train of thought from the sensation, instead what came out was a long "UHHhhh-AAHhhh-AAhhh-GOOoOC realized he was completely lost in the moment, pounding away at me. I closed my eyes and felt my body rock with the bed as my knees slid apart under me. He ke into the mattress, and had to take a second, while fully sheathed in me, to reach his hand under me, onto my stomach to pull my hips back up and my knees close

I could hear him moaning and exhaling his usual curses and remarks of incredulity, his 'fuck's and 'mmm's and 'god's that always make me feel like an utter godde infinitely hotter, and I couldn't help reaching a hand under me and into my panties to search for my clit. I made a V with my fingers and could feel the way my lips as he moved, I could almost picture the way my body clung to him and it made me shudder, fast approaching orgasm. I could feel his balls beating against my fing wanting to hold them, and wanting to touch myself. In the end I brought my fingertips back to my clit and tried my best to strum it while he fucked me, and it was and felt my cunt flare spasmodically around him.

I tried to keep my breathing under control, I could feel him slow his pace as I rode out my waves, maybe trying to keep from getting too close to the edge as my p closed I focused on the sound of how wet I was, his hips slapping against my butt, and then I heard an extra slap, and felt my right ass cheek start to sting a little. head back to look at him over my shoulder.

I started to ask. "Did... you just—"

"Yeah, I'm sorry! I don't know I couldn't he-" he blurted out until I shut him up.

"Do it again. Harder."

He lost his pace for a second before he resumed, and I saw him pull his right hand back, and I winced in anticipation before he spanked me again, making me tens head snapped forward and I felt him do it again, even harder, and I made a pained gasp before I felt him place his hand where he'd spanked me, caressing the soft squeezing my ass for all it was worth. It was enough to send me over the edge again.

I shook and let my face fall into the bed again, and he slowed to deep deliberate strokes, his head pushing hard against my cervix each time he bottomed out. I wii and overwhelming pleasurable sensitivity. I could tell he was close, and needed him to get there before he fucked me to pieces.

"I can't believe how fucking full you make me feel... I can't believe my brother's cock could be this good..." I muttered. He groaned in response and I felt him shak inside of me..." His hips pushed hard into me and I felt his cock flaring and I thought he was there, but he pulled his hips back again and stayed back. I think he w:

"Do you want my tits in your face when you cum?" I asked, unintentionally breathily.

"Yes, oh my god." He moaned as he pulled out of me. He gently nudged my hips to get me to roll onto my back, and I started to before I changed my mind.

"Let me be on top." I half demanded. If he was close, I wanted to finally be able to ride him to orgasm. He quickly climbed onto the bed, and I slapped his ass just glistening, completely coated with me. I quickly pulled my panties off and dropped them to the floor, before I shuffled over and straddled him as he propped my pil under me and gripped his shaft to aim him, lining him up with my opening. I felt his head catch, and then I braced myself as I slowly sank onto him.

Gasping as his head pushed in, I moaned a little as he went a little deeper. I couldn't help sucking in air through my teeth as I reached the point I always get to wh feeling my brows knit together in concentration as I took him even further. And then I hit the point where his head grazes my g-spot and felt my eyelids flutter, as I started to moan as I finally sank to the bottom, until I realized what I was doing. I couldn't help laughing.

"Ahhh ah! What the hell?! You're tightening up, wh-why are you laughing?" He said, startled as he gripped my thighs.

"You fucking asshole!" I giggled. "You told me what I sound like when I take you in and now I just caught myself doing it and I'm never NOT going to notice it now! held me to him as we laughed together. I could feel my cheeks burning with embarrassment. Eventually we calmed and it became hard to ignore the fact that I hac recovered, I sat back up and brushed the hair out of my face, wiping the tears from my eyes.

"Oh my god, my makeup's probably smeared-

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"No it's-"

"I probably could have, with friends at least, if I'd have asked. I don't think it would have been the same though." I squeezed his hand against my thigh.

"Yeah." He pushed me back gently to the floor, his hand moving between my thighs, and he kissed me.

"This was supposed to be a wholesome moment." I whined, clamping my thighs together around his hand.

He laughed. "Okay, then let me go." He half attempted to pull his hand from between my legs but I refused to let go.

"No." I said simply.

"Then this is about to get very unwholesome." He threatened, cocking his brow.

I bit my lip, thinking. He wiggled his finger against my slit over my yoga pants, and I yelped, making me trap his hand even tighter for a second before I released a

"Okay! Okay! I can behave..." Pushing him back with one hand so he was sitting up, "...assuming YOU can." I challenged. I looked him dead in the eye and but my made the hair on the back of my neck stand, I felt like I could hear the gears turning in his head as he considered. It was making me weigh whether or not I actual ache build in me. But before I could give, the look went away in the blink of an eye and he was back to his normal earnest looking self. He stood and held his hand

"Crash Team Racing?" He offered. We hadn't played in a while and I was barely keeping up with the current event.

"Sure..." I said, my voice cracking, as I gathered myself. We played for a while, alternating between battles and races, and some online players to do the current G distraction, and my heart was filled with memories from years past, when we would be finished decorating and our parents would be watching sports or whatever t games and watch movies. I stopped paying attention to the game and watched him for a second, engrossed in the race.

I realized tonight that my apartment had been missing this. All of my things are here, and I'm comfortable here and everything... but now, sharing it with someone that much more complete now. Even without the sex, without all of that complication... my apartment FEELS warm now. My apartment has love in it. I feel it every I feel safer, and that much happier. Now I realize that our apartment feels like Home.

I want to thank all of you. Every one that reads these posts. I've been reflecting back on the last year as I've cleaned this post up in preparation for posting, and m tears, don't worry. I can't explain how freeing it's been to be able to share this with you, nearly every step of the way. This year has been a huge ride for me, emot share something like this. I never thought I'd write like this, I never thought I'd show this level of vulnerability to complete strangers in the internet, especially afte So... thank you all for reading. I can't explain how much I appreciate you all, and how guilty I feel that I've never been able to keep up with my private messages a feel ignored, so I deeply apologize if I've given off that impression over the months.

Thank you to all of you who have been sending me gifts for the holidays! I appreciate that as well, and it actually helped me get his birthday gift this year, which w: incredibly grateful that we don't have to share a console now lol.

All that being said, this is going to be the last update for the year. I'm so busy in preparation for my Christmas vacation, and I want to be able to focus on friends a stressing over updates and stuff. I already worry that my writing quality wasn't great with this update, but I get pretty hard on myself when it comes to these, so it getting as much time to sit and to focus on this post talking. Obviously if anything major happens I'll make notes for a future update, but they won't be coming unt then! And once again, don't forget to upvote the main post if you were going to, and reply to that, and NOT these comments furthering the main post. See you in t

PS: I have a subreddit now, r/[redacted], for anyone interested. I don't have a plan for it, but we'll see what happens.

16 -

Hi everyone! I know it's been a wait, and I'm sorry for that... but unfortunately, 2020 hasn't been entirely kind to us. What an understatement, huh? But it'll make those of you who have been so incredibly understanding, supportive, patient, and sweet to me over the past few months. I can't believe I've been sharing my story can't believe where my life has taken me/us. I can't express how grateful I am to you all for being such a good outlet for me, for letting me be vulnerable and hone even caring about my well being. I have more to say at the very end of this post, but I don't want to delay what you're all here for any longer.

— Thursday

We haven't seen a whole lot of each other since Thanksgiving. I'm continually surprised at how easy it can be to live in the same house and have the kind of intima With Christmas coming, he's been buried in his homework and cramming for finals. He hasn't seemed as stressed as he has in the past, but he's definitely exhausted been putting in too much overtime in the lead up to the end of the year, but I've been working my ass off during my normal hours.

I came home at about midnight tonight, to find him at his desk working diligently. I feel like he's looked like that every time I've seen him lately. Hyper focused, cla I had to urge him to take a break from typing up the big report he was working on tonight, because I knew he needed the break, and I hadn't gotten to feed him a body misses the act when it's been a few days. Even if I'm taking care of myself and expressing in the shower or bath before bed, my breasts still ache for him to c top up over my boobs, and he wordlessly licked his lips and came to me. He gently drank from me and I sighed with contentment, trying not to let the heat building

I gently ran my fingers through his hair, humming softly. Usually when I do this it's a kind of understanding between us that this is just a feeding and not a prelude pleasure and I become a writhing submissive puddle under him and he pretty much has no choice but to take advantage of my state. But as he closed his eyes and notice how hard he was. His pajama pants tented, his length bowed and throbbing. What kind of sister would I be if I just left him like that?

"Do you want me to take care of that?" I asked. Only because I knew if we started something we might get carried away and spend a little more time engaged with

He unlatched, and looked a little pained as he inhaled deeply, thinking it over. "I would love that but... let's save it for tomorrow?" He offered, looking like he was re

I nodded and agreed, encouraging him to continue drinking, and as he did, I closed my eyes to avoid looking at him. I used my free hand to keep my exposed nipp savored the warmth of the moment. Before long I felt his suckling slow down and weaken until it came to a stop completely, and he unlatched. I opened my eyes a my lap. I almost laughed at the realization, and then I felt bad as I understood how tired he'd been. I whispered his name, and tried to nudge him a little, or as mu me. I was so torn between letting him get the sleep he so clearly needed and trying to wake him up so he could decide whether he wanted to keep working or not. for him if it meant him getting some much needed rest. But I relented and softly called to him until he woke. It was apparently the right choice, because while he ir with calm warmth, he quickly startled as he realized he still had work to do, he thanked me, told me he loved me and moved back to his desk.

I excused myself and told him if he wanted more milk I'd be in the bath. I played some Pokémon in bed for a little bit and wrote most of this before I ended up falli was going to. I woke up to pee a few minutes ago, and it's about 4:30AM and he's still typing. I'll leave him be, but I hope he's not overworking himself.

— Friday

I worked a little later than intended tonight, and had to go straight to the club afterward. It was my last weekend performing until my usual big New Years Eve sho weekends before Christmas, it was a very chill, small crowd. I only do half sets on nights when my day job runs late, but I hadn't eaten almost all day and I was re pounding by my third song. On nights like this, when the crowd is small, and typically full of regulars, I'll often choose a random table to sing my last solo number t treatment, sitting on their table, putting my hands on their shoulders or something, eye contact to make them feel like the song is for them, getting them a little in during the first show he saw, but maybe a little more reserved). USUALLY it's all in good fun, as the manager is very protective of me and keeps people in line whei

So when I reached my last song, Santa Baby, I chose a table a little further from the stage so the lights wouldn't be in my face as much. I made it through the son; gentleman I realized I didn't recognize once I had adjusted to the low lights. I had mistaken him for a regular, but he had a warm smile and I wasn't about to chan; started. Near the end though, I leaned against his table as I sang the last few notes to him, and I was starting to feel a little lightheaded from not eating.

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I think I would have been fine and would have made it backstage to my dressing room had he not decided to put his hand on my thigh. He rubbed my leg, and let I dress slightly, where he squeezed the back of my thigh lightly, just under my butt. No one ever touches me like that (when I'm performing at least), maybe they'll I table or the stage, or kiss my hand at the end of a song, or they'll put their hands at my waist to dance for a few bars, but this was definitely toeing the line and it didn't react until he squeezed. The song was over, and I quickly stepped away from the man, but the shock and the lightheadedness I was already feeling made me and fell back onto the stage, landing on my butt. The band quickly surrounded me and I felt overwhelmed, and was having trouble focusing, but as they asked my something to eat, and hand waived their concern, trying to play it cool. I was feeling embarrassed being the center of attention like this and not feeling in control.

The bassist quickly went back behind the bar and into the kitchen, and through the gap he made I could see the guy that had touched me was putting his wallet away were clearly concerned, and helped me to my feet, and I sucked the air in through my teeth as I realized my ankle was tender.

"Yo, get some ice for Rose while you're back there!" Someone called out.

"Yup!" I heard the bassist respond from the kitchen.

The manager came to dote on me and helped walk me back to my dressing room while I did my best to nonchalantly say goodnight to the people who were still left stayed on stage to do some instrumentals while the hostess watched the floor to close down the club.

"Sweetheart, you okay?" The manager asked when he got me to the love seat in my dressing room. He placed the back of his hand on my forehead to check my te

"I'm fine! I'm sorry, I think I just overdid it today. I didn't eat enough before coming in tonight because I got carried away at work." I swatted his hand away. "Fuck

He shook his head and smiled. "You look mint, as always. But you GOTTA take care of yourself, please! You know you can always take a night to yourself if you need know it's gonna be slow. You're our star, and we want to make sure you're shining every time you grab that mic."

I rolled my eyes but at the same time, they started to sting. "I know, I'm sorry-"

"You don't need to be apologizing to any of us. You still killed it tonight, but you worried us there for a second."

I felt my cheeks grow hot. I swallowed and cleared my throat before my voice barely crackled out, "Hey, I uh... that guy I was singing to at the end there..." I started coming back with a ziplock full of ice, a bowl of pretzels, and an apple. He urged the food into my hands, and I quickly took a bite out of the apple, as he helped me elevate my ankle across his lap. He gently slipped my heel off of my foot, and pressed the bag of ice to my ankle. I thanked him and winced, stifling a yelp by taking

"What were you saying, Rubes?" The manager asked, bringing my attention back to what I was saying.

"Well... he got a little too friendly for my comfort... and that was what threw me off... ...plus the lack of food... and long day..." I trailed off under my breath. The next tight line, and his features suddenly serious.

"What happened." He said evenly. His entire demeanor like ice after how warm he had just been with me. I knew I wasn't in trouble but it was unnerving. I've always headline with are all incredibly protective of me. I'm at least 10-15 years younger than all of them, and at times I feel like a niece or little sister (despite the occasional the first time I'd seen them show how seriously they took my safety.

"He put his hand on my leg... a little high. And a little under my dress." His features tightened as he pursed his lips at that. But he continued to listen intently. You so quiet. "And then he squeezed... near my butt... but he didn't ACTUALLY squeeze my butt, he just kind of-" I felt my eyes well up with tears. Really it wasn't a true reason in that moment I felt like a little girl being scolded by my dad or something. Like it was somehow my fault. I don't know, that could be some sort of societal backtrack and defend the stranger. But the manager's nostrils flared a little as he took a deep breath, and I could tell he was processing before his features softened

"Mother fucker. I'm gonna ask you one more time then: are you okay, hon?"

"Ye-" my voice squeaked, "uh, yeah. I'm okay."

"Good." He leaned down and gave me a big hug. "You let me know if I can do anything for you. I'm gonna go talk to this asshole." He started to turn.

"I think he left already." I mumbled.

He turned back, "Well, if he comes back, we'll keep a close eye on his ass, and if he makes you uncomfortable, say the word and I'll personally let him know we do and I nodded in acknowledgement. He snapped his finger and turned to the door, before stopping and pointing at my ankle.

"Don't try to walk on that foot until we give it time to see if it's gonna swell up. I need to get back out there and close things down, but if you need anything let us know we've always got you." I made a shooing gesture with my hands to get him to leave, and looked to the bassist, thanking him again for the food.

He told me that if I wasn't up to performing the next night they'd all understand, otherwise we could just do a piano set which would keep me sitting or draping myself. I said I would probably be okay for a piano set (truthfully I'd love the extra money for the trip to see our parents, and the manager always gives us generous bonuses we want to make sure I've earned it. He carefully maneuvered out from under my leg and replaced his lap with a pillow to keep it elevated. He tousled my hair and more substantial to eat, to which I simply asked for some water. After he brought it to me and left me alone, I remembered to text my brother.

[Are you busy tonight?]

[I'm taking a break from studying atm to play some Pokémon, why?]

[Do you mind coming to pick me up from the club?]

[oh duck.. is your car okay?] [duck*] []

[lmao] [yes the car's okay, I'm not. I hurt my ankle.]

[oh shit? Are you okay?]

[ill be okay, I just want to be home, please. Have you eaten? I need to eat]

[I'm good but I can pick you up something on the way there if you want]

[i would love you forever if you did that]

I contemplated changing into normal clothes, but I was afraid to do it without someone around to spot me, so I stayed in the dress. After a few minutes things would As the place was getting cleaned and the band packed up, I let them all know I had my ride home, and they sat with me at the bar so we could chat while I waited

The manager expressed that he had never had something like this happen, since I was the only headlining woman he'd had (normally guest performers come through said that if there was anything he should be doing for me, or if he didn't handle the situation properly to please let him know. I thanked him for being so attentive and him know.

When my brother finally arrived, I said goodnight to them all, and that I'd let them know how I felt before coming in for tomorrow night's set. They walked me to the brother and he helped me the rest of the way to his car. He ended up picking me up a lettuce wrap and some fries, and I scarfed it all down in the car on the way home

We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#). Policies. "So what happened? Is your foot okay? Do we need to go to the hospital or anything?" He asked as soon as I finished my food.

"I just got a little lightheaded and lost my balance, I'm okay. I think it's just a bit tender, it's not swelling or anything, I just need some rest." I replied, patting his t

He made a sigh that didn't seem all that placated, but I continued to assure him I would be okay. When we made it home, I made myself a little something more to eat. The problem was mainly that I was dehydrated, which I'm at a higher risk of while I'm lactating), changed into more comfortable clothes (an oversized tee and panties) and watched YouTube with him. He let me rest my legs across his lap, and as we watched, he idly caressed my legs with his fingertips. It was soothing and a little arousing all at once, for more physical attention.

"So are you done with classes then?" I asked, trying to keep myself distracted.

"I have one more final on Tuesday and then I'm good to go." He answered after seemingly double checking in his head.

"Cool! I'm going to get as much time in as I can before Wednesday and then Ken is taking us to the airport that night. So make sure you're packed."

He nodded his head in confirmation. "Try not to push yourself too hard next week, okay? I know how you are, you focus so hard and you forget to listen to your body today, right?" He cocked an eyebrow at me. Was he seriously trying to lecture me? The little fucker!

"Partially... I thought I could meet my goal for the night early, and have time to eat before my gig, because I wasn't feeling the catering tonight. But maya crashed out."

"And you didn't eat before going on stage?" He asked flatly.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Bee!" He cooed in disappointment.

I fought the urge to roll my eyes and instead found myself focusing on the PlayStation logo on my shirt. I was still trying to decide whether or not to tell him about the fact I was already focusing a lot of concern on me and I didn't feel up to giving him further reason to do so. I didn't want to be coddled like this tonight. I'm supposed to be taking care of myself up into an indignant funk just thinking about it all when suddenly his fingertips started to glide up my legs and toward the curve of my hips. I felt myself stiffen at the club, and it only made me more frustrated.

"Hey, instead of grilling me, when I clearly already suffered the consequences, can you help me with my tits?" I interjected, already in the process of taking the shirt off my back, the pressure since last night and I felt pretty engorged. The veins in my upper chest were pushing to the surface of my skin, making it look more painful and intense than it was.

He smiled warmly, almost enough to make me melt despite everything, and he quickly moved his way up beside me, resting on his elbow, with his head in line with my nearest nipple, and draped his free arm across my body to place his hand at my other boob. He expertly tongued one nipple to get it aching hard for him, while resting his other hand on my hip when he wasn't full palmed squeezing and massaging the entire tit. It immediately eliminated all signs of the bad mood that was threatening to overtake me. Now he was quickly releasing onto his tongue.

It sent signals right to my pussy, and I closed my eyes as I struggled to keep from grinding my thighs together. I placed a hand at the back of his head and ran my fingers through his hair, he shuddered for him. He seemed to take it as a sign to suckle from me harder, which caused me to make a surprised moan. He'd triggered my let down, which surprised me, or tired for him to get that from me so easily. But I savored the amazing sense of release as he drank enthusiastically.

I had to take my other breast from his hand and bring my nipple to my own lips at that point because I was worried about making a mess on the couch now that the other boob was leaking. He moaned at the same time, the sound causing our lips to vibrate against my skin at the same time, and we both shared a muffled laugh at our simultaneous expression of pleasure. Free hand, now looking for something to do, working it's way back down toward my pussy. It made me clamp my thighs together and I bristled a little, once again trying to keep myself from grinding.

I don't fucking think so. I'm not going to let a random 10 second moment stunt my capacity for intimacy. I don't want to think about that jerk and how embarrassed he'd make his brother, or anyone for that matter, touches me now. I felt my chest grow hot with a stewing anger and I was determined to move past this. And the only way I could do that was to focus on the present.

"I need you to fuck me tonight." I blurted out, almost without even releasing my nipple from my mouth. I meant for it to sound firm and demanding... but I think it came out more desperate.

He let go of my boob and swallowed hard, looking at me intensely. "I can do that." He said, as I became aware of the heat of his likely already hard length against my thigh.

"Okay," I said, sliding off the couch, and quickly pushing the table aside so I could lay on the floor. I quickly pulled my legs up and together so I could hook my thighs around his waist, hurriedly slip them off. I planted my feet on the floor near my butt, with my knees up, and let them spread apart as my left hand immediately went between my legs, my right arm over my forehead so I wouldn't have to see his face in that moment.

"Uhhh... here?" He asked as all this happened.

"Yeah... please?" I whimpered, as I rubbed firm circles over my clit for a few seconds before stirring up the wetness in the folds of my pussy. I could already feel my clit tingling from his fingertips, so I pulled my hand away, spreading my wet fingers over my nipple before bringing them to my mouth to suck them clean.

"Okay, wow... uh yeah." He mumbled, before I heard him quickly undress.

"I'm ready for you, as soon as you're ready." I stated, removing my arm from my face and planting my fists in the carpet on either side of my butt, trying in vain to keep myself from grinding.

"Okay, I've just... I don't think I've seen you touch yourself quite like that before."

I looked at the ceiling as I tried to recall. "Surely that can't be true..." but I couldn't think of any examples to disprove him, and suddenly I felt the underside of his thighs brush against me, he released a tiny moan, almost a yelp. His hips wedged my legs further apart, and he pushed forward, dragging his length along my pussy, my clit. And then he pulled out, he put a hand to aim home as his head threatened to pry it's way into my opening.

"You sure you're ready?" He asked, holding himself firmly in place.

"Do it." I exhaled, and closed my eyes. I immediately felt the pressure, his head trying to squeeze past the tight muscles of my entrance. I clenched my eyes shut when it finally popped in, my eyes shot open, as he just kept pushing forward, rapidly sinking deeper into me. I arched my back and tilted my hips involuntarily, I could feel him shivering slightly from the pain. That hurt that I've come to adore... that I'm realizing I'm hopelessly addicted to. God it feels so unbelievably fucking good.

He moaned, low and long, as his head pushed past the spot that always makes me cum and my walls started to flare around him. I felt my eyelids flutter and felt like I was completely entrenched in me. I finished coming down from my "welcome to your sister's pussy, please enjoy your stay" orgasm and we made eye contact. He was really fucking me and I think I unintentionally gave him the signal because he pulled his hips back quickly, and withdrew his length from me until I could only feel his head. He was about to pound back into me when I stopped him.

"Wait! Wait!" I whimpered.

He looked like I'd snapped him out of a trance, and practically shook his head before looking at me again, concerned. "Is everything okay?" He asked.

"Yeah I just... I know I sounded like I wanted it hard tonight... but can you please just... be gentle with me right now?" I had my hand holding his left forearm while he held my right, and I turned and gingerly kissed the side of his wrist.

He visibly relaxed a little, though I could feel his cock throb between my legs. "Of course, whatever you need."

I smiled at him, and made a quick peck of a kiss at him as thanks for being understanding and then I nodded for him to start. "Just take it slow for now, I know what you want." He used to be a doctor. We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies](#) & [Privacy](#) Policies. ☐ Accept

He looked a little confused, and I didn't know exactly how to elaborate, but he pushed forward anyway, and I closed my eyes, letting myself feel every single inch a slide a little on the carpet, and I knew I was going to regret doing this on the floor once all was said and done, but I didn't want him to stop.

"HMMMMMM yeessss..." I groaned. My hands finding themselves at my breasts again, still leaking a little bit. I felt milk on my fingertips and absentmindedly spre: again. I could feel my lips evert, once again not wanting to let him leave, before he pushed back into me. He kept his pace deliberate and measured, and the sounc heat of his cock radiating inside me was making me feel flushed.

He leaned down and nudged my hand away from the breast he hadn't gotten to drink as much from earlier. He quickly replaced it with his mouth and eagerly drank pace to more of a slow-fuck than the teasing restraint he was showing earlier. For a good while, he alternated breasts a few times, and between his cock pistoning pushing me to the edge, he built me up to an intense orgasm that had my hips shaking, and me begging him to pull out for a second and let me catch my breath.

He sat back on his heels for a second, watching me as my hips rose off the floor, my muscles contracting and releasing as I came down from the peak. When I was to rest on the carpet again, I looked down between my legs to see him gripping his considerable cock, his chest rising and falling as he watched me with so much ir seen someone look as completely riveted by me as he did in that moment... and I felt myself reconsider whether I wanted him to continue being gentle with me.

I pulled my legs in so I could turn over and get on my knees. I rested on my elbows and could feel my nipples brushing the carpet as I tilted my hips and kept my a look at the pout of my throbbing pussy from between my thighs. I heard him inhale sharply and I couldn't help smiling as I turned to look over my shoulder, back a

"As hard as you want." I said, before turning forward again, and letting my hips sway a little bit.

"Okay..." he whispered. And before long I felt his hands grab me by the waist. He placed a palm on my back, just above my butt, and I think got himself in position head up and down my slit a few times. I was about to tell him not to be a tease, when I felt his head slip into me a little bit. He quickly placed his other hand at my his hips as he thrust forward, impaling me on him, and forcing a sudden moan from me.

He groaned, practically growled as he kept my hips held firmly against his, and I felt his cock throb so intensely I thought he was cumming for a second, before he away at me. The apartment was filled with the sound of his hips slamming against my ass, and me moaning like I was in heat, a combination of pleasure and pain. needed to control my volume, but I was having trouble getting in control as he fucked my cunt like it had wronged him. I came on him twice and he didn't even see sank from my elbows until my face was on the carpet.

As I let him have his way with me, I started to feel soreness at my butt, and I realized it was from when I fell onto the stage earlier. Obviously I'll be sore tomorrow the rough fucking. At one point he slapped my ass, really hard, and I let out a sharp and breathy moan. He kept his hand firmly planted in my flesh before grabbing right the fuck off in a way I didn't expect and I just remember a bunch of obscenities pouring from me as I came hard on his cock.

I don't even know what all I said, but it was very stream of consciousness kind of talk, like "mmm yes fuck me, oh my god I never want you to leave my pussy, I lo maul my body and own me, cum for me baby, please, I want you to fill my greedy little pussy, oh god I love you" to the point where even I was mentally telling my

Eventually I hit the point where I said something along the lines of "breed me with that fucking cock and make my body yours", and like a switch had been flipped, his cock get hotter and bigger before a molten spear of cum fired into me. I sighed contentedly as I felt him twitch and the heat of his cum flood into me as he held hard I could see little stars for a second before I went over the edge again and had a small final orgasm for the night, enough to wring the rest of the cum from hin

When it was finally over, he slipped from me and I let myself collapse forward into the carpet. I almost dozed off right then and there, before I felt him tap my shou even realized he'd gotten up. I drank almost all of the cup he'd filled for me, realizing how parched I really was, and then turned over into my back. I was sore all c hand, noting how tender and sensitive I felt. I pushed two fingers into me, wincing a bit from how raw I felt, before stirring them a little bit and extracting them, nc sucked them clean and licked my lips at the little taste of him before washing it down with the rest of the water.

"How are you so fucking sexy." I heard him say, catching my attention again.

I felt my cheeks heat up and I made a sort of "i don't know" sounding hum, as I quickly found my panties and pulled them back on. I verified that we hadn't made surprisingly, and winced as I tried to stand up. My inner thighs immediately burned and my butt ached from the combination of the fall and the pounding. I really h for the rest of the weekend... and frankly, after the day I'd had I felt like it was worth it. My brother quickly stood and held his hand out so he could pull me to my i causing me to crash my tits into his chest, making me lose my balance a little on my slightly injured ankle.

"Thank you, for earlier. Coming to get me, and for THAT." I said, tilting my head down toward his softening dick.

He opened his mouth to say something, looking like he was going to make a smart ass comment, and then decided against it. Instead leaning down to kiss my fore can do anything else to help."

I let him know I'd appreciate him helping me drain more milk once I'd taken a shower. I saw myself in the mirror and I looked pretty worse for wear to be honest. I over, and clinging to my neck, I was still flushed and sweaty, and my half assed attempt to remove my makeup when we'd gotten home had turned into smeared m had no idea how much of that was from before or after the floor session I'd just had, but bless my brother for finding me at all alluring in this state. I took a cool sh make good on my request.

He behaved and made sure not to do anything to turn me on any more than the act itself already did, and I surprisingly didn't cum at all during this session as he c

After a bit, he gently unlatched and looked up at me. "Was everything okay earlier? You know I love being with you like this, but it felt a little... unlike you the way

I pursued my lips, unsure what to say. "You mean when I switched from wanting it gentle to wanting it rough?"

"Well, that too, but in general. The way you initiated felt really... off? I guess? Or maybe it's just me." He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know, it was a long day I guess. I got horny and I just wanted to skip the foreplay."

He didn't seem convinced, and I felt a little guilty about not really answering him. But he made a sound of affirmation and dropped the subject, returning to my bre

I let him continue for a bit, before deciding to bring up something I knew we needed to discuss. "We need to get all of this out of our system before we go home, o

He stopped. "Like... for good? Or just for while we're there?" He looked a little concerned.

It took me a second to ponder the idea of cutting all of this off. At this point it seems so foreign to me... I can't imagine going back to the way things were. "Just w

He nodded, "I know, I figured." He latched onto my nipple again and drank for a few seconds, making me sigh in contentment. "Are you nervous... about going hor

"I don't know. I just... I don't want things to feel different? I mean I'm okay with the different we have here, but I don't want it to be different for mom and dad. I i

"Yeah. Are you going to be okay with your milk?"

I laughed. "Do you know how many times while I've visited that I've taken the big popcorn bowl from the kitchen, once everyone was asleep, milked myself into it the bathroom sink, and quietly washed the bowl and put it away over the last couple years?"

"Oh wow." He sounded a little impressed.

"But... maybe it would be easier to just... have you help me while they're asleep. You just have to be good, no trying to make me cum!"

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"Easier said than done." He joked.

"I'm serious, we can do this while we're there, but that's it. That's as risky as we can be!" I was adamant and hoped he would take the words to heart.

"I understand!" He said, as he reached for my left boob and absentmindedly squeezed it, rubbing his thumb over my nipple. His hand moved down my body, caress moving back up to my boob again.

I closed my eyes and shuddered, it was already sending signals between my legs, but I was too tired and way too sore to go again. "I know I said we needed to go tonight." I said, gently slipping my hand under his to protect my sensitive breast from his touch.

"Sorry, I just... this is all still so unbelievable sometimes." He looked at me and smiled so genuinely. His eyes looked like they lit up as he just kind of... took me in. more over the past few months... really it started before we even crossed the line. And I still don't know how to respond to it. But I pulled his arm, bringing him up boobs as his lips met mine. In my head I wanted nothing more than for him to make love to me again but I knew that was a bad idea if I wanted to get anything el

I let him know I love him, and he returned the sentiment before saying goodnight to me and leaving to go shower and prepare for whatever school stuff he's going Creek and spent the last like three hours typing this up and now I realize I need to rewatch all these episodes because I didn't pay attention at all.

I need to be honest with everyone reading this right now... or weeks from now, maybe months depending on when I decide this post is done. Truthfully I'm scared. with things the way they are now. It was awkward enough when it was just me coming home and having my weird fantasies and feeling guilty about it. But that wa hope so, I really do. I'm so scared of hurting our parents. God what am I doing... Fuck... I feel like today's catching up with me now because I keep feeling like I n cheeks hurt. I feel awful about what happened at the club. I've never been so embarrassed on that stage. And I can't stop picturing that fucker now that I'm thinki there actually cares about me... because that would have been much harder to deal with alone. I should have told my brother earlier. I feel bad not being able to ai earlier, but I just didn't know how to explain, and I just wanted to forget and just do something for myself. Well... now I'm crying. Please, just let this Christmas be

(Continued in the comments)

— Wednesday

It felt weird to leave work so early today after the long days I've been working. Really I just went in to get my notes for things I'll need to change or fix after the br brother took me to the club to get my car the next day, and my ankle is fine, though it was still a little tender that day. Enough that I took the band up on the idea the pedal very well. I was actually MORE sore from the sex really—hell, I was sore until Monday. We had the studio Christmas party and I got to sing a little and giv the kids of our coworkers. I always play Santa's little helper elf for the first half of the party before changing. We did our secret Santa at work and while it would ta just know I'm super proud because I feel like I did great with gifts this year for my friends, coworkers, my parents, and of course my brother.

Speaking of him, we didn't end up getting to take advantage of the time before our trip, he was busy with school and I worked as much as I could around all of the course, but we didn't take things further. Hopefully that doesn't bite us in the ass.

We skipped lunch and Ken dropped us off at the airport. Our flight ended up getting delayed which was going to mess with our plans to wait and have dinner with o while we waited. The flight was okay, I think I've mentioned that I get very anxious on planes, and this was a nice change of pace for me because I had someone v able to comfort me. He held my hand tightly as we took off, and let me fall asleep against him. I had taken a Zzzquil so I could be sure to at least calm down for th over being home in general. But the pilot was able to make up for the time lost with the delay, and we made it there safely.

I felt bad that I didn't stay up and keep him company for the flight because I don't think he slept at all, but he seemed to be content watching the movies on the in little drowsy when we landed though, and it took an hour or two before my energy levels picked up. My dad met us at the airport, and we met up with my mom for

The dinner conversation was really lively and now I feel like we covered everything we could possibly talk about in one meal so it's like, thank god I can actually ea Our parents just asked a lot about work and school and filled us in on what's been going on with them. Once we were done, I fought my dad (and won! For once! H else pay) for the check, and we went home to settle.

I changed into more comfortable clothes. Pajama pants, a normal fitting tee and a sports bra, which feels so conservative to me at this point. My mom and I watchi to get for our visit, making a grocery list, while my brother helped my dad take Christmas decorations down from the attic for us to set up tomorrow. It was nice to feeling bad the first year I went home for the holidays and found that they had all waited for me to decorate with them... especially since I didn't come home until I

They had both worked a full day today, so they went to be before we did, and I started to lament that I hadn't brought any of my consoles with me. We watched so could feel my boobs getting a little sore. I quietly removed the sports bra from under my shirt, waiting to see how long it would take for him to notice. Pretty much over at me, and when our eyes locked, I coyly flashed him, raising the shirt over my boobs to give him a quick look before covering them back up.

"Are you ready for help?" He asked quietly.

I nodded. "Mhmm." I pouted my lower lip slightly while gently supporting my boobs in my hands to let him know they were achingly full.

He paused the video, and looked up at the ceiling for a second, and I realized he was checking for sound, to make sure our parents were asleep. After a moment, h

I felt a small tingle between my legs at the idea of doing this in the middle of the living room, just out in the open. But it was a little too much for me. I shook my f

We went upstairs, and I turned on my tv just so it wouldn't be so quiet. I quickly shucked my shirt, and sat up against my pillows and headboard, and he got in pos fingers for a few seconds until they were hard enough, and then let him have his fill. He behaved and did his best not to do anything to get me even more turned o kept catching myself holding my breath, trying to be completely silent because I was so paranoid we'd be heard. It was uncomfortable, I was having trouble relaxin from me. I felt myself shaking from nerves and frustration over the whole thing, and so I gently eased him from my breast.

"I know you're probably thirsty, but I don't think I can do this right now, I'm sorry..." I put my top back on and he sat up and gave me a little space.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, I just... I think- ... maybe we can do it first thing in the morning? If that's alright with you?" I don't know why I was being so ... like, afraid he wouldn

"Of course! Whatever you need, Bee. Just let me know, text me or something if you need help and I'll be there." He started to get up, and I reached for his hand.

"Thank you." I pulled him to me and leaned into his hip. "You're so good to me, even when I'm being weird."

He put his hand on the back of my head. "Bee... ...you're always being weird. You're weird." I huffed through my nose and shoved him gently with my forehead.

"Go to bed, you little cretin."

He laughed, "Okay, first of all it's 'kree-tin'. If you're going to insult me, do it properly. Secondly, I love you, titty monster."

I snorted. Not just at how quickly he picked up on my Monsters Inc. set up, but I hadn't heard him call me that since... before he hit puberty. He used to use it as a knew I was self conscious about how big my boobs were at the time. I said I loved him and he made his way out of my room. I could hear him watching tv downst tomorrow, checked on some Christmas orders I was waiting on, and started typing this up. I think I'll milk a little bit in the bathroom when I go brush my teeth, ju

Thursday

I was able to relax enough to relive some pressure before bed last night. And first thing this morning, after freshening up a bit, I did end up texting him to come here but they usually let us sleep in, and he was quiet enough to not give away that either of us were awake. I guess because of the noise in the kitchen downstairs it was they were, and so he was able to drain me. I even had a small orgasm halfway through when I had let my guard down. I inhaled sharply and held my breath, holding before coming down from it.

When we were done, he went and changed and I took a quick shower. When we came downstairs together, our mom had made a big breakfast of pancakes and bacon of course. I was starving, but as my brother sat across from me and she put a glass of milk on the table in front of him, he made a face indicating he was already full, thought, but then I felt bad as he forced himself to eat a decent amount of food. He avoided the milk though.

We decorated and set up the Christmas tree, and at some point gifts populated under it. I went out with my mom to get groceries, and dad kept texting me with a purposefully trying to be annoying.

[we need more bacon]

[okay]

[and (brother) wants cookie dough]

[alright]

[i want the kind with pecans] [you know the one]

[i do]

[get those]

[k]

[and popcorn]

[DAD] [STOP]

[and you can leave the attitude at home]

[remember when you used to try pouting at me like that when I wouldn't let you spend the night with your friends?]

I left him on read with that last part. My mom and I dropped off the groceries and then we went out shopping, came home and rented a couple of movies. The last was enjoying it at first...

I don't know if any of you have seen the movie, or read the book it's based on, but at one point, Anna Kendrick's character confesses to Blake Lively's character, the past. The scene has a brief flashback as she describes the event, and I wasn't expecting it, but it made me feel really weird. I had just started to get past it when she threatened Anna Kendrick, insulting her by calling her "brother fucker", and it prompts another flashback in which she remembers her then husband suspecting her calling her out on it.

After that scene I felt this terrible knot in my stomach. I couldn't focus for the rest of the movie. I was just thinking about how if I ever told anyone close to me about against me, and hold it over my head for as long as they wanted. I thought about if I ever try to have a normal relationship... how hard it will be to open up to them want to keep from my future partner, especially if marriage is involved. But what if they hate me over it? Or think... I'm... a bad person. Needless to say my stomach felt thoroughly shaken and detached. I don't even remember much of the rest of the night to be honest.

Sunday

I feel like the last few days have just kind of blown by. We've visited with extended family, done a little more shopping and some gift wrapping. Lots of cooking, mostly cold. It's been fun, and the feeling in my stomach has mostly subsided. But my brother texted me a few hours ago, once we'd all gone to bed.

[Bee, is everything good?]

[yeah, why?]

[you haven't needed any help with milk or anything in a few days, I was kind of worried]

[oh, I've been milking myself before bed the last few nights, I'll let you know if I need more help.]

I saw the typing dots appear and disappear a lot over the next few minutes, before finally he responded.

[okay. Goodnight! Love you]

Monday

My mom pulled me aside today, calling me into her room under the guise of helping her wrap my dad's present from her. But in hindsight I realize she was just war

"So how is the living situation over there? Is it still okay?" She asked, changing the subject from whatever we'd been talking about a second ago.

"Yeah, it's working out fine. I thought I would miss being alone more but I really don't."

"And you and (your brother) are getting along okay? You're not at each other's throats or anything?" She asked, looking earnest.

I felt my stomach get heavy. We were definitely getting along, so to speak. I felt a wave of guilt rush over me as I spoke. "Yeah, it's been great!"

"Are you sure? You two barely seem to be talking the last few days. Almost like you're avoiding each other."

I paused and thought back to the last few days. To the texts he'd sent last night. Oh... she was right. Ever since the movie made me feel weird about everything... even worse... "Oh, I- I think I've just been so distracted with all the, with the holidays. I'll hang out with him tonight."

My mom smiled at me and finished wrapping whatever she was working on. "Just let me know if something's bothering you. We can work out a different living situation appreciate you sacrificing your independence a little to help us out here, but if either of you want a change we understand."

"Thanks mom. It's all good, I promise. It's been much better than I expected." We came downstairs together and placed the newly wrapped gifts under the tree.

I found my brother sitting on the couch, playing Pokémon on his Switch Lite. I hadn't even realized he'd brought it with him. Ugh there's no way I'm winning that P got his attention.

"Want to go shopping?" I asked. To which he enthusiastically sat up. We bought a few things and got some hot chocolate, then we sat for a while before heading home

"Hey, I'm sorry I've been kind of distant the last few days. I'd get that, so I have read and accept our Cookies (/cookies/) & Privacy (/privacy/) Policies.

"You have. It's okay. Did I upset you?" He asked carefully.

"No, no! It's nothing you did, I've just- the movie the other night kind of messed with me, and I don't know-"

"Simple Favor?"

"Yeah." I met his eyes.

"Yeah the brother stuff was... unexpected. You're worried about people using this to get at you... right?" Ugh, I wanted to avoid this.

"Maybe, sort of. I don't know. I just got reminded of how we need to be careful."

"I know." He said softly. "I've missed you... the last few nights."

"I'm sorry, I really didn't mean to be distant. I didn't even realize I was." I stirred my drink to keep from fidgeting.

"I can't believe you let me go to bed hungry!" He said. A stupid smile spreading on his face. I couldn't help smiling back, but I felt my cheeks grow hot.

"Well, save room tonight." And with that we finished our drinks and headed home. I think the sort of wake up call from my mom helped me realign, because I finally sister like normal, at least in front of our parents. I was over complicating and over thinking it, when it really doesn't take any thought or effort. Just a little restraint easily, and it felt great to regain that comfort and let go of the paranoia a bit. I even noticed how hard he was in his pants, and I was so tempted to reach for him again already. Damn, I'm getting myself hot just thinking about it. I need to go to bed.

Tuesday

God we don't go home until next Monday and I've been on and off horny lately. I don't know how I'm going to get through the rest of this trip when I can't stop this floor as soon as we get home and just impale myself on his— okay I need to stop.

Lmao. I wrote that when I woke up this morning and I should have known it was a sign.

We started preparation for Christmas dinner tomorrow, and watched a bunch of holiday movies today. Muppet Christmas Carol is always a favorite, and I actually k We all stayed up kind of late, usually our parents aren't up much past midnight. But then our dad fell asleep on the couch. Our mom got up to go check something a rush of heat flow through my chest as my brother and I made eye contact. I could see his gaze drop to my chest, and on a whim, I slowly lifted my top and bra, : up and he glanced nervously at our dad as I rubbed a finger tip against one of my nipples and feigned a silent moan of pleasure. He bit his lip and I laughed noisele my attention to the tv and flicked around the streaming apps mindlessly. After a bit, he stood up and walked across the room and around the couch I was sitting or finished, he quietly snuck up on me, and slowly leaned over the couch, before whispering in my ear.

"God, I want you so fucking bad right now." My eyes widened and I felt my pelvic muscles immediately tighten. His hot breath on my neck as he breathed the word and I felt my pulse quicken. Fuck. He sat back down in his spot across the room and he clearly knew exactly the effect he'd had on me because he wore a smug grin sensitive.

Eventually mom came back and woke our dad so they could go to bed. That just left us in the room, some Netflix trailer auto playing in the background as we just croaked out. "Well... I'm going to go to bed too... goodnight." And I quickly stood, so I could go up to my bedroom. Leaving him looking confused. I got under my c sleep. I could tell I was super wet, and I knew I was losing my self control a little bit. I kept telling myself I needed to finger myself and get it out of my system, but heard him come up the stairs and go into his room. And then it was all I could think about... that he was right there across the hall.

Before I could think, I realized I was at my door, knob in hand, turning it, opening it, and silently tip toeing up to his door, quietly opening it and carefully closing it dim lamp still on, and he just looked at me quietly.

"I... do you- will you help me with my milk?" I almost whispered.

He nodded quietly, and I slowly pulled my top off, moving toward his bed and crawling over him. It felt surreal, doing this in his room. It felt wrong. Like everything

"Did you ever fantasize... about me coming to you like this. Coming to your bed... like this?" I found myself asking, my voice husky as I tried to whisper.

He put his hands at my sides, holding me in place as he gave my chest and stomach a once over.

"If I did, it definitely would never have held a candle to the real thing." He said, so smoothly. I don't understand where this side of him comes from. It always catches it.

I leaned forward, planting my lips on his, letting my boobs sway between us, my nipples dragging against his chest. Then I sat up and scooted my hips up his body felt my crotch come to rest against his firm heat.

"What happened to behaving?" He asked.

I put my hands on his shoulders. "What? You're just helping me with my milk. That's okay. That's still behaving." I said, barely able to keep from grinding on him. I we can do though. We can't do any more. We're going to be good." I closed my eyes and arched my back, pushing my chest to his lips. He quickly latched on, and

I measured my breathing. Trying to focus on the sensation as he drew the milk from me, trying to focus without letting myself lose the battle my body was currently cock throb under me, and I bit my lip. And THEN I felt his tongue swirl around my nipple, flicking the hard point firmly, before carefully taking it between his teeth : my nipple with his teeth, all but biting it. I threw my head back and my mouth opened, and a pained groan escaped me, just enough to startle me and cause me to and panicked. But I was still at his mercy.

He looked up at me and moved his jaw so he could roll my nipple between his teeth, and I shuddered. He returned to drinking from me, and squeezed my breast with time to see a fountain of milk burst from me and spray the side of his face, immediately sending me over the edge. I gasped and held my breath, my eyes watering clit against the bulge of his pants. Shaking in his lap as my orgasm took control. After what felt like hours but was assuredly only minutes if not seconds, I came down lurch under me.

"Are you... sure you want to 'behave'?" He asked, between kisses around my nipple.

I made a pathetic little whine and shook my head. "I don't know..." I whispered. "You're not making it easy for me, you dick."

He laughed softly and continued to drink from me for a bit, and as I got comfortable, I felt an ache building between my legs. No... there's no way we can do this. I things relatively PG. PG-13 at best. I felt my eyes water as I realized I had already pushed my hips down harder and was crushing my clit between us as I ground myself groaned against my skin, the vibration in my breast startling me, and I moaned softly to him in response. I could feel my breathing grow shorter and more rapid as I stop.

"Get off of him, go take a cold shower. Not here, not while mom and dad are asleep two doors down. It's too risky. Fuck why is that word so hot right now? No, get him finish, let him empty me and THEN get off of him. Ohhh, empty... so empty... he's right here and he's so ready, I'm so ready. FUCK! NO! I need to stop, just STOP

I think while we were at home and by ourselves, it was easy to shut the world out for the most part and just embrace our feelings and explore this newfound facet of parents, being in this environment and being reminded of our upbringing... it's made me feel a little guilty. Reminding me of the consequences this could hold for us writing this feels so conflicting because I feel like I'm suffocating from these thoughts but I also can't help how I feel, in my heart, how much I love what our relationship

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He started to move back from one breast to the other, and it was enough to snap me out of it for a second. I placed my hands at either side of his head and pulled eyes met. I could hear my heartbeat in my head, feel my temples pulsing. Why did this feel so intense tonight? He just looked at me quietly, his chest rising and falling. I can think of?

I've known him his whole life, for 20 years I've gotten to know him. Even before this all started happening we probably knew more about each other than we did about lying, when he's upset, when he's happy and relaxed. Every feature in his face is so familiar to me, and comforting. But THIS... the way he looks at me now, the way the way his lips go tight, and his nostrils flare quietly. The expression of hunger, of need of yearning and anticipation is so foreign and fresh. This is still new to me. at me. Dangerous. Exciting. I don't know THIS face the way I know my brother's. Any other time this would be the face of someone who I love, who I adore, who I happy, who I know loves me the same way and cares about me in a way no one else will. He's my best friend, my most trusted confidante, my most loyal shoulder this, he's as much a man as anything else, and he wants ME. HE wants me. He WANTS me. In spite of everything.

I bit my lip as I fought the urge to kiss him. "We can't." I whispered.

"We can..." He whispered back.

"Not until we're back home."

His cock flexed under me, pushing against the soaked gusset of my panties, and he practically whined. "Mmm we're so close though... just once... we can break the bed under me, throwing my balance off. I closed my eyes as I felt the underside of his shaft push incessantly at my furrow. Oh my god... why couldn't I just GET OFF this. The ache was too strong, and our combined need got the better of us.

I love being able to love him, to not hold back with each other. To give in. I don't know if I can, or even need to explain to you all how I can keep doing this despite it's worth it. I had convinced myself that as long as we could shut it off while we were here with our parents that there would be no guilt over the things that are here the tight little knot in my stomach that occasionally makes itself known, it's still here despite our best efforts... so what's the point... in denying. I figured maybe we careful.

"Maybe, just a little..." I breathed back at him. And he reacted instantly. He turned us so I was on my back with him knelt between my legs, which were hooked over could hear the seam at the neck pop from how roughly he tugged at it. He quickly maneuvered his way out of his pants and briefs, until his cock was free. Throbbing ready to burst. He was practically dripping with precum and I felt my eyes practically bug out with how threateningly ready it looked.

"Wait... please, wait. We need to... we can't-" I pleaded in hushed tones. I was so turned on I didn't know how I could possibly keep quiet, and if anyone was going

"Bee..." he started. Rubbing his length against the mound of my panties. I've never seen him this pent up, and despite the risk, I couldn't stop thinking how I wanted His need was fueling mine and I was already struggling without his help.

"Just do the tip, we can't fuck. Not here. Only the tip." I whispered frantically. Even in the moment I realized how stupid I sounded. How would either of us ever be enthusiastically anyway, pulled my panties aside and slowly applied pressure to my pussy with his head.

"Oh god you're so fucking wet..." he breathed as my opening stretched for him and rolled over the bulb in one deliciously smooth motion. I let out a shaky breath, me, but he actually stopped. I feel like anyone else would have just kept going despite what I'd said, knowing that I wouldn't be complaining once what was done with as I could feel him throb. As he stared down at the juncture of our bodies intently. As my tunnel ached in anticipation, ready to be filled.

He looked like he was afraid to move. Afraid to go any further because of what I'd said, and afraid to give up any of what I'd allowed. He looked like he wanted not and paw at my boobs to his content, and feel me against him, and in that moment my heart ached and I stopped denying the inevitable. I locked my ankles around eyes rolling back as I felt him fill me more and more and came. He let me control, skewering myself with him as he groaned softly, until I could feel the heat of his little, stopping himself as he leaned over me, his hands on either side above my shoulders. I let myself adjust, accommodating him once again. Savoring the initial came down from my first orgasm, and realizing I was biting down on my wrist to keep from making noise. He looked at me wide eyed, like he was unsure what to do

"I thought you said just-" he started.

"Just fuck me." I whispered. I could feel how flushed I was. He quickly pulled his hips back and slammed back into me, forcing a small and sharp moan from me, and going and I struggled to stay quiet, wondering if I was always this loud or if it just felt like I was amplified by the silence of the house and the risk of getting caught and I pulled him to me so I could moan into his mouth. He kissed me back and I could feel his breath heavy through his nose and the feeling of him sawing into me incredible.

I felt a wetness on me, and he pulled back, as we realized I was so turned on and still so full that my let down reflex had been triggered. A brief thought about the but I couldn't deny how hot the whole situation felt. His hands cupped my boobs as if magnetized, and he squeezed, causing the little arcs of milk coming from me feel it flowing down my sides and onto the bed, and I had to pull him down to me, pushing my breast to his face to help keep things under control. He latched on and I choked back a moan.

I thought of a bunch of scenarios, like my dad knocked on the door asking what was going on, and we thought up some excuse that we were wrapping presents and stupid, and I don't know why I was thinking about all these risky situations but they kept flashing through my head and it sent me over the edge.

I came hard, and messy. I could feel myself running down between my legs from where he was pumping me. Little rivulets gushing forth, forced out by him. I bit my sound, and he also tried his best not to moan as my cunt gripped him and tried to wring him out. I shut my eyes and did my best to slow my breathing as he sat still of my hand and could see the bite mark I'd left as I moved it to bring one of his hands to my chest. I urged him to strum my nipple as the waves of my orgasm subsided

My eyelids felt so heavy and part of me thinks I could have just passed out right then and there with him still fucking me. But I felt him twitch inside of me, and told he could continue. He quickly built himself back up to the pace he had going from before, but now that I'd just cum, I realized how loud the motion on the bed sounded disturbed by his cock. Oh my god, was it just me or were we just unbelievably loud and obvious? I put my hands on his chest and urged him to slow to a standstill

"We need to be quieter, don't-" and here I soundlessly mouthed the word 'fuck' "-me so hard."

He nodded and started to make slower deliberate strokes. But I still felt paranoid about the noise. Why was I so fucking wet? I urged him to stop again.

"I'm SORRY. Your pussy just feels fucking amazing—" he started.

"Just let me get you there. When we get back home you can release every ounce of frustration on me." I assured him.

He pushed all the way into me again, and stayed there, and I grabbed his arms and stared him down as I concentrated. Using my Pompoir to work him over. I've never a little more difficult, but I clenched my muscles and did my best to get my walls to fall into the steady rhythmic pressure on his length, making a motion that hoped gliding up to his very tip in a constant wave. Judging by how pent up he was, I was hoping it wouldn't take too long.

I could see his eyes flutter, and he licked his lips before opening his mouth. I was afraid he was going to moan but no sound came. He let out a steady sigh, and then

"Cum for me, baby." Was all I said. The quietest whisper I could manage, before I did my best to increase the pressure on him. He leaned forward slightly and grabbed my hands over his and tried not to make a sound as I felt milk collecting on our fingers. He twitched a few times, and then I felt him burst within me, so deep, and spreading rapidly as his cock flared in my pussy's grip. He was breathing rapidly and shakily, doing his best not to moan, and I did my best to stay focused and keep

It was one of the hottest moments I've had with him. Seeing him struggling to restrain himself while being completely at my mercy. Thinking about how badly he'd through me, feeling completely satisfied to have done this for him, for us. Eventually he winced and withdrew himself, muttering that he was too sensitive to keep going scooted back a little from me, and he swallowed as he looked between my legs.

"Fuck..." was all he said. I couldn't even speak to ask what he was reacting to... but I could feel his cum right at my entrance, threatening to leak, and I can imagine up, feeling lightheaded at the sudden movement.

"Oh shit... look at the bed!" He whispered.

I turned and could see the wet spots around where my back had been, the dried spots of milk, and I could feel the wetness pooling where I was sitting. I felt myself

"Oh wow. Okay so, um... can you throw this in the washer while I take a quick shower? We'll just tell mom you were eating in bed or something. Just start the was

He agreed and quickly gathered his comforter, there was a spot where we had even soaked through to the sheets though. Damn. He pulled them off the bed too, and immediately feeling wetness rolling down my thigh. Wow he had cum a lot... I half-assedly got dressed so I could move to the bathroom and winced at how loud the heavier sleepers than I remembered. I quickly cleaned up and did my skin care routine, grabbed fresh panties, and went to join him downstairs to the kitchen and

"Well... now it's like three in the morning, and my bed is out of commission." He observed.

"Well... I tried to tell you we needed to behave."

"Oh but it was so worth it. That was fucking incredible." He said, smiling cockily.

I flushed a little and looked down at my feet. "Yeah... god yeah it was." We were quiet for a second. "No more, okay? While we're here... that was too risky. We we

He nodded. "I know. I know. ... I hate that it kind of made it even better... hotter." Our eyes met and I smiled weakly.

"Yeah... it did. But still, I really need your help making it through the rest of the trip."

"Okay, I'll do whatever you need. I'm sorry... if I pushed too hard." He hung his head a little bit.

"It's okay, don't be sorry. I loved every second. It's just too scary, too stressful. I can't go through it again, not anytime soon. Thank you though... I did really need

"God me too." He smiled. I wanted to kiss him again, but we were speaking in hushed tones already and I heard a creak from upstairs and it was enough to startle me. I motioned for him to follow me back upstairs, and we went into my room. I figured I'd let him lay with me until his bedspread was done. Once we were settled, I gave him a blanket. In that moment it felt like I could communicate better that way than if I'd used words.

Normally on the occasions when we sleep together, we'd stay up talking about dumb things until we fell asleep, but I think we were both content to just enjoy the sex and I snuggled up in the crook of his arm to rest my head on his chest and listen to his breathing until I could sleep as well. But eventually I realized I wasn't going to sleep. I got up, came downstairs, and turned the tv on low so I could be ready for his bedspread to finish. Though... recounting all of this as I write has really made me wish we had all so vivid, and I feel like this night is now one of the moments I wish I could relive at will with him. It was like a perfect Christmas gift. Oh fuck now I'm thinking about it myself

Wednesday

I barely slept last night. By the time the wash had finished and I replaced his bedspread, woke him up to move him before mom and dad woke up, and got to bed, I was cheery and singing carols to be obnoxious. So I had no choice but to get up with everyone.

We exchanged gifts once everyone was down and my parents had their coffee. Lots of clothes from our parents and my mom gave me a really lovely necklace and some really cute stuff from the Pokémon Center. As well as a preorder for the artbook for Death Stranding. I wasn't able to bring part of his gift with us, but I had a picture for him to see first thing when we got home. It's a framed art print of the game I'm working on. It's signed by the voice cast and the game director and writers. I signed it after having just signed it, and he seemed really excited. But what really got me was that his first question was whether I'd signed it and where. It made my heart know... I love that my contribution and work on the game is just as important to him. I'll have to sign it when we get back. I also got him some shirts, games, and had been part of his gift).

For my parents, they've been talking for years now about wanting to redo the deck in their back yard. It was damaged in a storm a few years ago, and the insurance used it to help my grandmother with some medical bills. But my dad has said last summer that he was committing to getting it done this year, so I saved up for the the club, and I wrote him a check to pay for about two thirds of it based on the estimate he'd gotten.

My dad looked like his brain had stalled as he processed it. I've always wanted to do something significant for my parents, like pay off their house or something, and I have a lot of funds but I figured this was still something big I could do for them. I also said that taking their pain in the ass son off of their hands was part of their gift.

The rest of the day was spent cooking and having our big dinner, then watching movies and overall just enjoying each other's company. We met up with extended family for fun, but a little exhausting once the politics conversation started. I hung out with my younger cousins and drew pictures for them until they got bored of that. I'm ready for games, see my friends, and chill for a few days before I have to get back to work, but I feel like next year is going to be a good year for us! Not just because the game

Saturday

Sooooo... we're back home. We had to cut our trip short. And looking back on my last entry... I guess I spoke too soon.

Yesterday while we were out at lunch, my phone rang. I didn't immediately recognize the number, so I let it go to voicemail, and forgot about it until we got back to the house. I finally remembered and listened to the voice mail, it was from the office at our apartment complex, urging me to call them ASAP as there had been an incident.

I felt my stomach drop wondering what could have happened. I went up to my bedroom so I could call them back. Turns out, there had been some robberies at the apartment was hit, and the two frat guys across from us on the same floor, I don't remember if I've talked about them, but they remind me a bit of Reilly and Jones (I don't understand). Anyway, the office was trying to get a hold of me to make sure I filed a police report and to go over our options. I let them know I was out of town, and I could so they could give me a new key and I could assess what was taken, as all they could tell was that it looked like a tv was likely missing from our place.

Originally we were supposed to stay until the 30th. I thought about calling Kelly to see if she'd be willing to go to our place and see what had happened but if they're going to work. So we rushed to make arrangements to fly back as soon as possible. It was fucking expensive, but our parents helped as much as they could. It was on my mind to be my usual brand of plane anxious, I couldn't sleep. I think we were both worried about what we'd get back home to find... or not find.

When we did get there, we contacted the lady from the office and she met me to give me the key and come check the apartment with me. Immediately it was obvious I had a huge dent. I quietly opened it and my heart sank. Easily noticeable right off the bat, the tv was gone. My Switch, the PS4, PSVR, the Xbox One, the Apple TV from my room, my hard drives, and all but a handful of our games and movies. Luckily my brother had his switch with him on the trip, and had his laptop in his bag so it didn't touch. I felt angry and upset, but it was the last two things that made me break down.

First, the framed art print I'd gotten my brother from work was gone. I could get that replaced, but it was incredibly frustrating as it was personalized and I don't know what the second... a quilt I had folded up at the foot of my bed. It's a family heirloom. Passed down to the women of our family, it had a message to me from my grandmother to me as a college graduation gift. I had it, and I was supposed to pass it down to my daughter some day, with a message from my mom, and now it's gone. I felt like I didn't have much control over this.

Later I realized that the hard drives that had been taken had all of my art work from nearly my entire life. Stuff that I hadn't posted in online portfolios as well, stuff like copies of the games I've worked on, which were signed by my coworkers and held a lot of sentimental value to me as milestones as my career to this point... Gone were my cheeks hurt from crying. The lady from the office got me in contact with the cops who had taken reports from her and our neighbors. And he came to get a report

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that had been taken. I have a spreadsheet of inventory for movies and games and books, serial numbers for electronics, etc, but I hadn't updated it with my PS4 p games and movies. But over 300 games were taken, and too many movies to count. I know a lot of you are going to lecture me on how I should have switched to c available digitally. And also... I don't have the energy for it, so please spare me. Please.

We talked to the neighbors, it was the only time they haven't hit on me while talking. I think they could tell by my puffy eyes that it wasn't the time. It was the mo TVs, two Xbox ones, and about 18 games taken. The cop said they'd keep an eye on the pawn shops in a certain radius, and that hopefully someone would be dum number that could be traced. I called my insurance and made a claim, but the money isn't going to help get all of this back. Some of it genuinely can't be replaced.

The lady from the apartment complex offered to let us break our lease, but I feel like the stress of moving on such short notice would be too much for me right now feel a little better about choosing to stay. I do like this apartment a lot. She put us on month to month at a lower rent than what we were paying, which is helpful t mom when I told her about the quilt. I could hear the disappointment in her voice but she assured me she was just glad that we're safe and that it would be okay. but I know they're already helping me with taking care of my brother, so I feel bad relying on them for any more than that.

We ended up ordering pizza and having the neighbors over for dinner to kind of bond over the shit show of a start to the weekend. They're actually pretty sweet gu trying to get me to do god knows what in their apartment. This was the most I've seen them since we switched to this unit.

The mood has been pretty low in the apartment needless to say. And I've been trying to figure out how to replace things and in what priority. I keep pausing writing started I've realized a necklace is missing, AND one of my lingerie sets. AND my sex toy drawer was open and clearly rifled through. Wow this feels... so fucking vic

Thursday

It's been a while and I figured I should update. Not a goddamn thing has been found yet. The cop that was helping us said that by now there's very little hope of th nice and supportive during this time though. I bought a new copy of Crash Team Racing and got to play for a bit at Kelly and Ken's so I wouldn't miss out on the ev race, even though he was clearly going to win... just because I don't have a way to play right now and I'll have to start over completely.

I've been putting it as much overtime work as I can, and taking on more gigs at the club. Don't worry, I'm being careful not to overwork myself the way I did right up as much as I can as fast as I can so we can start replacing things. If I'd have known this was going to happen I wouldn't have gone all out with the Christmas gi :(\

He's been sleeping with me more. I was having nightmares. And I was crying a lot. I know we decided to stay... but I don't really know if I can much longer. I don't like home anymore. But he does. He's been such a big help for me, and I've been showing my appreciation with lots of affection and intimacy when I feel up to it, b writing about it and sharing it here. I hope you all forgive me.

Friday

I've been doing a little better, I promise. I've been trying to be on reddit more, and I've been cleaning up my journal entries in preparation for posting. At the begin replace our TV. Thanks to the super bowl sale prices it was a bit of an upgrade too, and calibrating a new screen always makes me feel great. And later that same v So it was really nice not to have to save up for that as well.

We've gotten a few more games replaced. Luckily I did, in fact, have a decent digital library. One thing that sucks is that now that Pokémon Home has launched, I\' Pokémon into my copy of Moon. I had a living Pokédex, and now it's all gone. My Blaziken that I'd had since I was 9... it's just gone. Maybe it sounds stupid... but i legacy of the Pokémon I've carried with me through each game throughout my life... ugh.

Anyway, it's Valentine's Day, and my brother surprised me with flowers, and took me to dinner. We'd already planned on going to see Sonic the Hedgehog as a sort I actually really liked it? Our audience was really lively and we all collectively cheered during one of the mid credit scenes. I "jokingly" referred to it as a date night this evening, but it really did turn out to be a date.

When we got home, he pinned me to the wall and tugged my dress down my body, kissing his way down with it. He lifted my legs over his shoulders, reached up to there against the wall like I was his last meal. When I begged him to stop and let my clit recover, I led him to my bed and sucked him off lovingly. I tried to deep th my tongue and I savored it, and then he fucked my tits until he got completely hard again for me, and he made love to me while draining my breasts. I didn't try to glad I've been feeling a little more like myself in spite of everything. For the past few weeks, everyone's been telling me things are going to be okay... and he's bee believe it. Things ARE going to be okay.

— — Thank you all so much for reading. And for all the comments and messages lately. I had posted about the robbery once the 30 day window had gone up, and understanding especially with how much it delayed this post.

My friends ended up coming to watch me perform at the club for New Year's Eve. But it was still fresh after the break in and I just wasn't up to writing about any of to make anything worth sharing. I did kiss him ON THE CHEEK at midnight though.

Things have been kind of tough, especially right now. The club has been closed down for about two weeks now, while the COVID-19 pandemic has been going on. I as I could so we could save the extra money for replacing things, but that hasn't worked out. Until a few weeks ago I was also working a ton of overtime. We're in 1 can only do so much from home right now. Money has been tighter than expected, and even my mom's work is shut down but without pay. It's been rough not gett thankful I have my brother to spend this time with. I'm just imagining how hard it would be if we WEREN'T intimate.

I feel weird doing this, but a few of you have been generous in the past, and right now it would be incredibly helpful as we're still in the process of replacing things. my Nintendo Switch so I can play Animal Crossing, I would be incredibly grateful. Right now I can't justify using any of my extra funds, we need it for an emergenc enough gift card money for about half of a Switch, and I still need money for the other half and the game itself. If it weren't for this whole social distancing thing ar limited right now, we would probably be fine. But I know I'm going to feel so left out if we're all stuck at home and I can't play this game with everyone. (Also I rea even \$1 or 2 I can accept US Amazon gift card money at my gmail: [redacted]. Thank you to any who are able to spare some money. I know times are pretty shitty

All that aside. I hope you're all staying safe and smart. Please take care of yourselves, PLEASE. This has been such a hard couple months for us all. I didn't even m with a cold and was sick for like 3 solid weeks (which also sucked when I've been trying to save money to replace stuff). We're both okay health wise, his classes a online so we've got a lot of free time to just... well... there's been a lot of sex and a lot of video games. For those of you wondering, yes I did end up getting to rep

I love you guys, and I hope you enjoy this update. I'm sorry it's taken so long. I'll see you all in the comments! ❤️👉

17 -

Well, it's been a while! I'm sorry about the wait, but things have been all over the place the last few months. I go into more detail in the post but I'm sure we've all own ways. I found it increasingly difficult to find the focus and drive to write/clean up these entries if I'm being completely honest with you all. Not because I don't sharing this stuff with you all, and not because I didn't have the time... I did want to, I DO love sharing this with you, and I definitely had the time. I think I've just over the last month and a half. Believe me, I wanted nothing more than to give you all at least one post to enjoy while stuck at home.

Thank you to everyone who's been patient, and thank you to everyone who was generous enough to send gift cards after my last post. I was hoping for just a little up getting to replace much more. I'm forever grateful to you all for that. I actually got so many cards at one point that amazon flagged my entire family's account i redeemed too many cards in such a short period of time. We're still rebuilding a bit and have plenty to replace, but seriously, I can't express how thankful I am to y easier. I know times are incredibly tough, and even when I made the post I didn't realize how much worse things would get, so I really didn't expect the level of ge accepting more cards on the off chance any of you would like to send something.

This post has a few smaller entries that aren't necessarily eventful but I feel like they were necessary to understand my emotional/mental state as time went on. Ei We use cookies. By using our services, you acknowledge that you have read and accept our [Cookies \(/cookies/\)](#) & [Privacy \(/privacy/\)](#) Policies. ☐ Accept

Thursday

I worked my last day of overtime on this project today! We still have a few months of work to go, but things are somehow winding down and ramping up at the same time and normally, I don't know what to do with myself when I have this kind of extra time to myself, but now it means more time I can spend with my brother. After that, I won't be seeing him much, it'll be a welcome change. I can't wait until he has his spring break because I don't intend on walking anywhere for that entire week. Okay so I was milked because he's on campus still, and the orgasm it caused only made me soaking wet. Before I even grabbed my phone to type this I looked at my favorite vibrator going to do the job right now. But fuck, now just talking about this is making the ache unbearable!

It's been a couple hours, I was just reading over the Christmas entry from the post I'm working on getting up soon... god that night was so incredibly hot. I couldn't remember the memory. I think I came like 4 times reading it, I hope I managed to portray even half the heat of that night for those of you who read it. I wish he and I could recreate that night now.

Friday

I guess... I won't be performing at the club for the foreseeable future. There are rumors that the city is going into quarantine sometime soon. I don't really know if the band members is sick, and being tested for the corona virus. The owner thought it would be safer to go ahead and close up shop for now until it's safe. A little while ago I overheard some of the leads here at the studio talking about shifting everyone at the studio to work from home. It sounds like a nightmare, just thinking about how much work is done. I wonder if we'll have to delay or halt production at all.

The good thing is it means I have weekends free for now. I'm sure my brother and I will make great use of that time, but the bad news is that now we won't have to do everything that was taken from us in January. If we end up spending all this time working at home I guess it's good that most of our stuff is gone so there are less distractions for himself.

I just talked to my brother, apparently one of his professors is talking about changing his class to finish online, and potentially more will follow suit. I can't imagine we're both at home trying to be productive.

Okay it's official. Just got the email... we're supposed to take all necessary equipment home with us tomorrow and we'll be working from home and doing video content because none of my friend's places of work seem to be concerned at all about this?

Monday

I've basically been home for like a week straight now, and it's weird. My brother only has one class that he has to go in for now, otherwise he's been here as well. I have to admit, I'm glad that I'm not doing overtime hours or anything because it's a little difficult to stay focused some times. I keep finding myself wanting to go bug my brother. Just wanting to lay on his bed and chat with him while he types away. I get to be home but I can't be comfortable and risk walking past his room in panties while he has his own meetings without a bra on under my shirt. Really it's wearing a bra around the house that sucks the most. Plus I'm just wired to seek pleasure when the moment comes to behave (though I HAVE been taking frequent breaks just to give myself a quick orgasm here and there).

As difficult as that all sounds, I do actually find myself being surprisingly productive when I get to have YouTube running for background noise, and the ability to stimulate myself mentally, etc. I've gotten a surprising amount of work done, and somehow the studio has really managed to make the arrangement work. Hopefully it'll only be for a while.

Friday

So it looks like we're going to be doing this for a good while. Shelter in place is in effect, and the city is officially in quarantine. The studio sent masks to everyone, just to be safe.

I'm mostly worried about the club, I hope they're able to reopen when all of this is over. The band member who was sick tested negative for the virus, and he's feeling definitely a smart move to shut business down when they did. I wasn't sure what to think when it happened, or when the studio switched to working from home, but I'm proactive, and I'm thankful for that. Though, if I'd known the last time I saw all of my friends was going to be the last time for a while, I would have hugged them more at home but not able to see them in person.

I was able to go out and get groceries and supplies for us today during my "lunch break", it was weird seeing how empty the store was, both in people and essential items. I got lucky and managed to get the things we need and a decent amount of food for me to cook over the next few weeks.

When I got home, I was greeted by my brother walking around in his underwear, as he was carrying a load of laundry to the wash. Despite the intimacy we've shared, I let him walk around in just his boxer briefs all that much, and for some reason it felt almost scandalous? I felt my cheeks tingle and I couldn't help noting how well he looked in them but especially front.

I put away the groceries, which took a little longer with me being periodically distracted by him. I wasn't sure if he was intentionally trying to get my attention or not, but I did something to himself as he went back and forth. Once I had put away the things that needed to go in the fridge/freezer, I took advantage as he reached for the but I softly padded my way up behind him, and held him from behind, resting my head against his back. He tensed for a second and then relaxed into my touch with a soft moan.

With my eyes closed, I just let my hands wander his chest and stomach, mapping his body, every edge, the soft, the firm, the warmth. I felt goosebumps forming on his abdomen, and I couldn't help planting a kiss against his back. Then another; my kisses always come in pairs. He gently grabbed my right hand and pulled it to his hip, I kept going, and let my thumb hook into the waistband of his briefs, gliding across his hips from right to left before letting the elastic snap against his skin. He jumped against his skin before reaching lower to cup his package. I squeezed gently, staking my claim. I could feel his heat growing more intense, and his cock coming to a head.

"Mmm I love you..." I muttered, letting the sound vibrate against his shoulder blade.

"I love you too." He answered, his voice low and measured. It made me feel overdressed immediately.

I slid my hand into his briefs and let my fingertips slide along his shaft. "I want you."

"Show me how much." He rumbled.

Whoa... this was different? Unexpected. I hesitated for a second in surprise, before feeling my blood run just a little hotter. I'm starting to realize that being challenged is some kind of switch in me, an immediate reaction. I think he's aware of it too. It lit a fire in me and I immediately turned my hand to pull his waistband over his cock, I gripped it firmly and started to pump him. He shuddered and let my other hand go so he could rest his hands on the washer to support himself, and I stopped pumping him so he could focus on me.

He looked down at me with a cocky smile, and I glared back at him indignantly. I quickly threw my top aside, accepting the small victory as I saw his focus drop from me to trying to seem in control, like he didn't want this too, and I was going to break him. I leaned against him, letting my chest rest against his, my boobs straining against his to watch them press to him, and trying to keep my gaze. I let his cock go, crushing it between our stomachs, it's throbbing heat against me driving me wild.

I put my hand at his neck, urging him down to meet my barely parted lips, letting my heavy lidded eyes focus on his mouth. His smile faltered as he came closer, a little back, and dropped to my knees, roughly dragging my nails down his chest and stomach. He sucked air in between his teeth and I gripped the base of his cock, not letting go, licking my lips, and I gently pressed them to the side of his shaft, leaving a gentle kiss.

I deliberately moved my hand toward the head, applying a tighter grip as I reached the end, coaxing a large bead of pre-cum from him. I straightened up, and aim into my cleavage. He looked positively transfixed and it was exactly what I'd hoped for. I brought my mouth close again, doing everything I could to tease his length with my breath.

"I love this cock..." I moaned hotly into his skin, watching as his hands shook, fingers twitching until he balled them into fists. I knew exactly what he wanted to do, I let him let my lips part and almost just barely taking his head between them. He bit his lip and I felt his hips shake for a second as his hand started to reach for my hair, I let him rest on it, my mouth open just enough to tempt him.

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He took the bait almost immediately, his hand quickly moving to the back of my head, his fingers digging into my hair. His hips moved forward as he pulled me to his shaft, making a safeguard so he wouldn't push too deep as I let him enter my mouth.

I quickly worked my tongue over his head, taking in the taste of his wetness, and I moaned softly. He responded with a shuddering groan and closed his eyes as he I could tell he was holding back, and I couldn't decide if it was hotter that he was fighting so hard to restrain himself or if I'd prefer for him to lose control, but the I pinching my hard nipples through my bra before shakily struggling to unbutton my jeans so I could slip my hand into my panties and rub my pussy. Fuck was I eve

I brought myself closer to orgasm as he and I found a balance between him being in control and me being given enough freedom to make my mouth more pleasurable. I gave my nipples more attention. I quickly pulled my hand from between my legs, to put it at my back so I could unhook my bra, let the strap slide down one shoulder, toss it aside, and immediately just rubbed my hands across my nipples to satisfy the ache. I moaned around him again.

"What time do you have to get back to work?" He asked.

"Hmm?" I hummed, taking a second to process what he asked until, as he started to repeat the question, it sank in. I pushed him back and out of my mouth. "Oh f

I'm still getting used to working from home I guess. When I came home from shopping, it was so easy to forget that I was technically still working, and not just coming to work whatever. I was a few minutes late for a zoom meeting, and confirmed it when I saw two missed calls on my phone that was still in my purse on the counter. I buttoned my top back on, promising to finish what we'd started later.

Now imagine my embarrassment when I joined the meeting in progress, only to see my prominently hard nipples reflected back at me through my webcam, as I'd wear a shirt. No one said anything, but there's no denying it was noticed, especially with my coming in late commanding attention. I felt my face burning up in embarrassment of my bed behind me, so I could at least cover up under the guise of being chilly. But the damage had been done, and I had to force myself to focus on the meeting as well as the waning ache between my legs.

By the time I finished with work, we had both forgotten what we'd started, now fully distracted by the release of Animal Crossing. Hopefully soon I'll be able to order something annoying hovering over my brother's shoulder all night while he got started. I can't wait to dive in!

Sunday

Just wanted to say, thanks to your generosity, I was able to replace my switch and get Animal Crossing. I can't express how unbelievable grateful I am for you guys: love you all! ❤️❤️❤️

Friday

My switch gets here today, but I have so much work to finish up that I'm not letting myself touch it until I'm done. I've suffered this long while everyone's been playing I'll be too distracted otherwise.

Friday

We've been playing a weird sort of game for the past week. Around Monday, while I had my bedroom door open and was in the middle of a meeting, I was finishing up movement out of the corner of my eye. As someone else started talking, I looked over to see my brother standing in the doorway, only wearing underwear, and stole full attention as he stared me down with a devilish smile.

I felt my eyes go wide and I tried my best to motion off screen for him to go away. I held my hand up to symbol for him to stop, and looked back to my laptop, see my webcam. I tried my best to stay composed and give my attention to the meeting, until I felt something press into the palm of my hand. I did a double take as I reached my cockhead into my touch, so I shut off the video for my webcam and pushed him out of my room, shutting the door while he laughed playfully like the big fucking ass slightly turned on, but I was certainly caught off guard and worried about calling attention to myself. I chastised him about it later, and told him for misbehaving, he sex. Really though I think we both know that's just as much if not more punishment for me than him.

On Wednesday, I came out of my room at one point, fresh out of the shower, surprised to find he wasn't holed up in his room for his zoom class today, he was sitting directly toward my door. He looked a little startled at first, like he was relieved his laptop was facing away, which was mutual. But then he calmed and returned his

I remembered Monday though, and I saw an opportunity to get back at him. I dropped my towel. He glanced up for a split second, and then back at me with his eyes reached back and pulled my door shut behind me, and then leaned back against it. Now that I had his focus, I laid it on thick, planting my feet shoulder-width apart, squeezing my breasts, and teasing my hardening nipples, holding them to my lips so he could see me catch them between my teeth, and letting one hand trace down, plunge my fingers inside myself. I started out trying to put on my best pornstar impression, shaking out my hair, silently moaning and heaving my chest, acting cool. But then I actually started really getting into it, and pulled back, afraid to accidentally cum out loud. The look on his face was priceless. I left him alone and went to bed. We ended up not having sex once again. This time because he said he was punishing ME for being bad.

The next day (Thursday), I came out of my room in comfortable house clothes, and found him sitting in that chair again. He gave me an expectant look for a second, we were each waiting for the other to make a move. After a bit he dropped his attention back to his laptop, and I decided to fuck with him again. I quickly stripped, for a little bit, doing my best to not make them leak. He alternated between watching me and looking at the screen, but when I moved a hand between my legs, he

I didn't let it faze me and rubbed slow, firm circles around my clit, the pressure making my right knee shake slightly. I slipped my fingers into my folds and spread my legs silently. When I started to finger myself, he started to take off his pants, and ended up stripping completely naked, taking his hard cock in hand and rubbing his length. I realized in that moment that outside of a few brief moments, he'd never seen me touch myself quite like this, and I'd never seen him touch himself. I wanted

I walked over to him slowly, letting my hips swing a little more than usual, until I stood in front of him. We wordlessly eyed each other up and down, and then he reached for my fucking hard, so big, throbbing, and I just remember the word "forbidden" running through my head. Clearly there's still a lot of excitement coming from the thrill of more explicit activities we've engaged in. I started to rub myself again, and for a few seconds we just watched each other's hands, and listened to the soft, wet sounds

We could have touched each other. We could have done so much more, but for some reason we were both intoxicated by the fascination with watching each other. I climbed onto the chair, straddling his legs. I scooted forward until our busy hands were so close that they would bump into each other as we played with ourselves. I used my free hand behind me, holding his knee. We watched each other intently, intimately, locking eyes periodically and then watching the action.

There was something so fucking... hypnotic about the way his hand was gliding up and down his length. The little flourish he'd give his head after every couple of strokes. And then seeing how he was watching me. Imagining what he was thinking, what he observed, my tits bouncing slightly from the movement of my arm, my fingers circling around my clit, plunging into my cunt, no doubt engorged and bright pink, and right in front of him if he wanted it. He looked like he wanted it. I tilted my head, slit. And it was like electricity hit me, I came instantly, tensing in his lap, moaning and unable to keep my eyes open as I felt myself contract against my fingers.

As I came down from the orgasm, I opened my eyes to see his brow furrowed as his hand was now firmly and feverishly pumping his, somehow even more intense show of stretching my arms over my head and arching my back in a yawn.

"Mm that was nice, I think I'm ready for bed." I leaned forward, planting a chaste kiss on his cheek as I felt my boobs moving against his cock. "Goodnight!" I announced, leaning back on his chair and his lap, and noting the dumbfounded look on his face while turning to head into my room. I made sure to stop at my doorway so I could bend over to pick up my view before I left the door cracked behind me and climbed into bed. I could hear him quickly getting up and briskly walking toward my door, and I felt the air from his body won. He crawled onto the bed and nudged my legs apart with his knee.

I sighed when I felt his cock rest in the cleft of my ass. He backed up, and I felt him adjust, until he pushed forward and I felt his length slide against my slit, between my clit. My hips pushed down and forward in response, giving him a better angle as he pulled back, and lined up with my entrance. I pulsed my kegels in anticipation, and when he was over, and the week of teasing was finally at its end.

He took me a little rougher than expected, fully sheathing himself in me with one forceful push. I moaned and hissed as a small orgasm caused my hips to jerk wildly. He didn't stop though, he kept going until he was deep inside me, completely filling me. He pulled back slightly, making room for his cock to slide in and out of me. He moved forward again, pushing deeper into me. I felt him stretch me open, his body adjusting to accommodate him. Luckily he held himself there, making the sexiest, guttural groan from the second my opening slid over his head all the way to the bottom. Intensely I thought he was cumming already.

"Fuck" he breathed, his hands caressing and squeezing all over my ass, spreading me apart, kneading my flesh, until he gripped my waist and pulled me to him. He and I felt the dull ache of him against my cervix turn into a slight pinching feeling as he tried to bury himself further.

"Ah, ahh, stop!" I whimpered breathily, not sure the pain was readable in my tone. He immediately let go of me anyway, and started to pull out. "No, stay inside! I can handle, it was too much..."

He apologized and rubbed my butt reassuringly. "Sorry, I didn't mean to— are you good?"

"Yeah, just give me a second." I closed my eyes and felt myself twitch around him, still trying to get used to the fullness. Once the pain subsided and the ache returned, I was trying to fuck myself on him without realizing it. "Okay, I'm ready."

He pulled back as far as he could and then smoothly sank back into me. "Fuck... god you feel amazing..." he huffed. I cooed in response, reveling in his affirmation and... so tight..." He continued.

"Not to disagree with you..." I responded, "... but I'm pretty sure... that last part... would be your experience with anyone."

He laughed, losing his rhythm for a second before regaining his pace. "But none of them would feel this perfect." I smiled and made a hum of gratitude in acknowledgment of his words. "I'm not going to last long, not after earlier... not after this week." His voice cracked and he was already satisfied just having him inside me at all.

"It's okay, baby..." I started, about to give him the go ahead, when I changed my mind. "Let me face you first."

"Okay." He responded. "Just let me-" and he gave me a few slow strokes. "God I don't want to stop."

I laughed but started trying to turn under him, "Wouldn't you rather squeeze my tits when you cum?"

"Oh god..." he choked, I thought for a second the idea had sent him over the edge, but he pulled out and gave my ass a quick slap to let me know he was clear.

"Hey!" I warned, unable to hide my smile as I turned onto my back, swinging my leg over to his other side. I let my arms come to rest above my head, and feigned yours."

He smiled, and started to line himself back up, but looked me over for a second. His eyes traveled up my stomach, to my breasts, seemingly taking note of how hard he met my eyes. The love that usually fueled the hungry look in his eyes was overshadowed by pure, heated lust. Fuck. Me. Was that ever hot. I'll never get tired shouldn't.

"Don't hold back." I stated firmly, dropping the act.

His nostrils flared for a second before he looked down at my pussy, and quickly rubbed his head up and down my slit before catching on my entrance and plunging his hands catching my wrists, effectively holding me down as he filled me. My back arched and I dug my heels into his butt to pull him into me as I moaned out. He did not immediately pulling back and finding a steady, hard tempo to pound into me. After a few thrusts i realized I was in the middle of an orgasm, my cunt flaring around him inside on each pull back. I tried to speak out and egg him on, help him finish, but none of my thoughts actually formed into audible words, instead I just panted and moaned. I had been teased for an entire week—OH WAIT.

When I could find myself able to focus on anything other than the sensation and the fullness, I could see his attention was locked into my tits, bouncing like a Deadspin pinball. They felt heavy, and when I looked down to see them from my perspective, I realized I was leaking, which shouldn't have come as a surprise. I rocked a little harder, to make their movement more intense. "Please, cum for me... Fill me... Breed your si-

"OH GOD." His momentum came to a halt and his hips seized. He sat up straighter, letting my wrists go and clamping his hands onto my tits. He squeezed hard, and my palms. I hissed, and held my hands over his as I felt his cock throb rapidly inside me before expanding, and bursting with heat. He sucked air in through his teeth, filling me up so thoroughly. Exactly the way he shouldn't. (I'm sorry, I've had those words in my head all day and they've been turning me right the fuck on.)

He came a lot, and for what felt like a solid minute, and as he finally came down he opened his eyes and realized he was still gripping my tits for dear life, and eas

looked down at my boobs and could see the white hand prints on my skin starting the regain color now that I had full circulation again.

"It's okay. I loved it." I said softly as he looked at his palms, soaked with milk, and licked one of them. I pulled the other hand to my mouth and gave it a playful lick, savoring the sweetness of my milk. He smiled warmly, and winced as he pulled his softening cock from me and tried to stand up. I laughed at how shaky his right leg was, it's rare he cums hard.

"I love yo—" we both started at the same time, before laughing and blushing from slight embarrassment. I cupped my pussy, and rose from the bed, accompanying him. Once we finished, I tied my hair up and I nursed him for an hour or so while we talked about inane bullshit, he asked me when I was going to stop withholding Ani from him. I reminded me that Final Fantasy VII was out today. I just need to hold out another week and then I'll be on vacation and I can dive into all these games. But fuck, I'm actually thankful I don't have to leave the house.

Sunday

My laptop died today. It's kind of old really, but I can't do much to get it looked at right now. Luckily I started vacation on Friday! Normally I'd be getting a month wrapping a production like this, but for now it looks like I'm getting two months minimum/or until it's safe to go back to the studio. Fuck... now that I'm thinking a more difficult to keep busy. Maybe I'll get my laptop replaced at some point soon instead of just getting it repaired. We're still replacing so much stuff from the beginning of a sense of normalcy again. I've been playing a lot of Animal Crossing and Final Fantasy VII Remake lately, and we've been picking away at the watch list you all gave me. sex.

After we finally stopped with that week or so of teasing each other, we've just been having a LOT of sex. It's been incredible, the combination of being stuck at home, not having to worry about anyone else, hiding this from friends, family, etc. it's like we finally just gave in and have been taking advantage of the time and freedom.

Some notable occasions include the time I was preparing some food in the kitchen, and he came up behind me, kissing my neck, lightly caressing my waist with his hands, and then he gently tugged on my hips, pulling me against his cock. He was already so hard and I felt my own arousal kicking in rapidly. He rocked against me, his hips moving in a way that was hard to penetrate anything available.

"Can we?" He asked meekly, sounding like he was nervous that I would shoot him down, his words a stark contrast from how assertive his actions felt. I answered against the counter, feeling the cold surface against my tits. He tugged my panties aside and checked me with his fingers to make sure I was wet.

"I'm definitely ready." I uttered softly.

"Oh thank god, I need you so bad." He sighed like he'd been holding his breath. 'I need you so bad'? Fuck if I wasn't wet already... He didn't waste a single second. The second he caught on my entrance, he thrust forward and pulled me to him.

"AAHHH OHHH FUCK." I moaned a little too loud as he filled me suddenly. It still hurts to take him, and maybe that won't ever go away but I can't get enough of it. I stretched my whole body by using his voice, don't take away from that. He kept it steady and he kept me in a good place. I was quick to admit satisfying an urge I never felt in the feel of my boobs sliding on the counter. He came hard, and I closed my eyes to savor the feeling of his heat flowing in me. Afterward we

my forehead and we ate lunch.

Another day I was playing Animal Crossing in my bed and he came into my room after finishing with his classes. He was being playfully irritating, trying to take my collect clams for bait so I could finish catching the fish for the month. He tickled my sides until I rolled over onto my stomach, but I stayed focused on roving my be panties down and started kneading my butt, feeling me up, caressing me firmly, and then kissing all over my ass. Eventually I rolled back over, to block access to n rest of the way off, diving between my legs, hooking his arms under my thighs to hold me in place, where he resumed leaving kisses all over my inner thighs.

I very quickly realized what was happening, and the position I was in. And the second he finally turned his attention to my pussy, directly tonguing my clit, I finally across my face. "This isn't fair..." I whined half-heartedly. He laughed silently, but kept exploring me with his tongue, trying to get me wet. Obviously he was succe:

He ended up eating me out to four orgasms, his hands reaching up my body to tease my breasts, and he would have probably been content to bring me to another begging him for mercy as my clit had become so sensitive. He came up from between my legs, hovering over me with a pussy-eating grin on his face as I pulled him his tongue. I thanked him, and asked what he wanted now that he had my attention, to which he responded that he actually just really wanted to eat my pussy, th: thanked him, letting him know that I still needed a break from intercourse because I was so sore. He was fine with that, and I let him drain my breasts while I wen

Another day, I was playing Ring Fit Adventure, which I'd gotten for Christmas and finally started using so I could stay a little active while stuck at home. Usually I p course load I guess, because he started watching me. My workout attire at home is pretty much some little pink active shorts, some fingerless training gloves to ke switch controllers to a minimum, and two sports bras, not just because of my size, but because even bras built for my size can't really handle when I'm full. I was c toes when he passed by and slapped my ass.

"OW! ... fucker!" I snapped, rubbing my butt and pouting for sympathy. We had some back and forth for a bit and he made a comment about how much of a sweat cleavage. I stretched my arms over my head and did my best Tifa impression. "Would KILL for a shower."

He laughed, "That was pretty good! I was JUST thinking how much your gloves almost remind me of her."

I inspected the gloves, "Are you sure it wasn't another pair of something that reminded you of her?"

He stepped up to me, and gripped the zipper on the front of my outer sports bra. "I don't know, maybe if you let them breathe a bit more." I let him tug the zipper breasts settled a little from the ease in support. We let that bra fall to the floor and both looked down to my chest, still contained in the second bra. "That's a good

"What, sweaty?" I asked, curling my lip in slight disgust.

"Yeah..."

"You don't want that, I need to shower." I started to gather my things and head to my bathroom.

"I actually do..." he said, just loudly enough for me to hear. I stopped and faced him.

"Really?"

(Continued in the comments)

He nodded, shrugging his shoulders.

"Well, I'm not comfortable doing anything below the belt like this... sooo... what do you want?"

Now that he realized he might actually get what he wanted, he looked really nervous. "I don't know, your cleavage just looks... inviting, and slick... and..."

Oh... "okay." I said quietly, before urging him to sit at the couch. I got down on my knees and quickly helped him get undressed in time to see his cock finish gettin pumped him a little.

"All this just for me?" I asked sweetly.

"Always." He said plainly, looking me in the eye.

I pumped him more, until he started releasing arousal, so I could get some in my palm to spread down his length. "Let's try this." I said, leaning forward. I tried to between my tits inside the bra, but because of his length, it proved difficult. Eventually I had to unzip the bra, and seat his cock against my sternum, before zipping

"Oh god." He whispered as we looked at the sports bra, straining to contain it all. The pressure felt a lot like when I push my palms in to make my cleavage tighter

With the sports bra I was able to give him a tit fuck relatively hands free, though I still used my hands to hold my breasts and pump him whenever my thighs got t it this way felt hot, but wasn't very enjoyable for me, my boobs didn't have enough room to really enjoy the friction of him, and I couldn't tease my nipples much v signaled that he was getting close, I went ahead and took the bra off so I could really work him over properly, moving my tits against him asynchronously, and pink fingertips. I wanted to cum too, and I got there before he did, gasping as I pulled on my nipples. When I regained focus, I took him into my mouth without thinking detract much from his taste. I pumped him with my fist while holding his head in my mouth, twirling my tongue around him until he seized and released for me. Si: to finish, I let him shoot in my mouth a few times before pulling him out and letting him finish by cumming over my tits. I swallowed my gift, savoring the taste, ar much needed shower, leaving him sitting on the couch as he recovered.

"If you want to put that anywhere else any time soon, you'd better clean up." I said over my shoulder as I left the living room.

There have been plenty of small occasions like that, along with a lot of me feeding him. So much so in fact that my milk production has increased again. I wake up twice more throughout the day if I don't feed. Last week was the first week where we slept together every night. It just makes sense, letting him drink from me un against mine when I fall asleep. I kind of love trying to stay awake until he falls asleep, because I find it so much easier to drift off when I can hear him breathing c him there when we wake up, ready for my milk. I also like when he's holding me, spooning me from behind, the way just moving my butt a little bit will get him ha doing it, just to see how much he can take.

It being just the two of us, and being together unrestrained like this, has made me realize just how much I love him. All this time, I've been convincing myself that as my family, was largely separate from the way I love him as a lover. I've had trouble making sense of these feelings so I compartmentalized them, and separated way I always loved him, and the way I love him now. But I'm coming to realize now that those two ways of loving him might be all the same love.

He's made me feel safe, especially since the break in, and now during the quarantine. And we share a deep connection, even without the sexual side of things. May relationship, is that we opened a door that, for all intents and purposes, was supposed to stay locked. And now I find that I genuinely want him, to be with him, to don't want to always be looking over my shoulder, waiting for society, for someone to tear us apart. We'd never be able to tell my parents, maybe not even our frie

I think reddit, as helpful as you all have been, has been a blessing and a curse. This has been an invaluable asset to me, you've helped me work through my feeling this outlet to be able to talk about it means so much to me. But then, with how accepting people are of our relationship here, in this quarantined subreddit dedicate with so many of you telling me that you're convinced that he and I have something very beautiful and real together, it's much harder to gauge how accepting peopl

I don't want to be lured into a false sense of security, only to get foolishly brave and tell someone I shouldn't. I also don't want to prevent him from finding someon obligation to me because I'm his sister. I don't want to get in his way. I also don't want to do that because I know deep down I also still hold onto the idea that I m have a relationship with and be open about it, make a foundation with, have a family with, to add to my family with. To build love out of nothing with. I want my pa

me, as I spend my life and make babies with someone. I know I have something rare, and special, and complicated with my brother, and I know it could be worth I comes from outside forces, and stigmas. If we pursue this, those outside forces could make me lose him, but if we don't... there's no risk of losing him that I can't back, but I'd still love him all the same. At times it's just so confusing and complicated, and I feel lost.

For now, it's nice because we don't have much choice. We're stuck inside together. Our barriers are down, and there's no need to put them back up. I'm able to be than I've ever been with anyone else. Maybe it's because I know he loves me unconditionally, that he would do anything for me, the same way I would. So why not think about anyone else? But once we come out of quarantine and have to go back to living double lives, then what?

Thursday

I've been feeling so weird lately. I think quarantine is just getting to me. I miss my friends, I miss going out, and I miss my coworkers. I miss performing, I miss th It's hard to explain. I think I miss having a reason to dress up a little, I've been basically wearing yoga pants, or no pants, for like two months now. I haven't had t it's having an effect on my self esteem. Like, —Ugh this feels so stupid, like I don't feel as feminine or something? I haven't been able to get waxed, I've been shav about it as I normally would? I haven't gotten to spend time with my girl friends, outside of discord/zoom calls every few days, which isn't the same. I haven't done good i guess.

My brother obviously makes me feel sexy, and feeding him is a deeply intimate and more or less feminine act I can share with him, but there's just something miss other stuff from my routine, outside of breastfeeding and the bedroom, outwardly performing femininity? I don't know if this makes sense. I did my make up today just a light every day look. My brother complimented me, and that felt good, but I don't know. I was trying to explain it to him too, but I don't think he got it. He's anything to help fix the feeling, but I don't know if he can. I feel stupid complaining about this. The girls seem to relate in some ways at least.

Monday

Well... this one is going to be hard. There's a lot of conversation from today, just know that it's pretty heavily paraphrased because it all happened so unexpectedly sometimes do when these kinds of conversations come up.

I was playing more Ring Fit Adventure today. Or, I was going to. My workout clothes were freshly cleaned, and I started up the switch. I was waiting for the game t then another, when my brother came in. He's been trying different things to help with my "femininity" issues, despite me telling him not to worry about it.

"You look, so incredible." He commented reverently.

I cast him a sideways glance and tightened my pony tail. "Are you going to be a bother, or are you going to let me get my exercise so I can KEEP looking 'sO InCRE

He laughed and came up to me, tickling my sides, "I'm going to keep being a bother."

I recoiled and accidentally elbowed him in the gut, "Ah stop! You— fuck off." I laughed, until I saw him rubbing his stomach. "Oh, are you okay?"

He waved me off, "Yeah, I deserved that, it's okay."

I put the switch to sleep, and went to comfort him, being slightly over dramatic about it. "Oh no, maybe you should lay down for a bit!"

I doted on him annoyingly, getting back at him for not letting me do my thing, as he playfully tried to get me to stop, and eventually we made our way to my bed v looking at the ceiling. He rolled onto his side, and let his fingertips glide along my skin.

"I love how well you take care of yourself." He commented. I didn't say anything, just hummed in neutral acknowledgment. "I love how cute your belly button is. H touched near my inner thighs. "I love your curves. You are just... impossibly hot. And I love that I can say that to you, because how was I ever expected not to not

"What else do you love about me?" I asked, turning to face him and gesturing down by body with my hand.

He sat up and faced me. "I love the way your thighs just barely touch." He continued to list things, I feel weird writing all of it out because it sounds really self absc commented on things about my personality, my sense of humor, my voice my body, etc. I stayed quiet as he talked, wondering when he'd let me reciprocate.

"You know, I know we've talked about how you look so much like (actress), but having never seen her naked, I feel like body-wise, you look like a thinner Claire Sir pictures and gifs. I had to admit it was a flattering comparison.

"Or like, this one girl on reddit-" he started, and I felt myself tense. Oh fuck... he found my reddit profile... he saw the pictures. No but he'd recognize the pictures god, he's fucking with me. I felt physically ill.

Now, I'm not stupid. I KNOW I can't act surprised that he would be even remotely familiar with reddit, that he might have an account, that the odds of him finding I just... I don't know. But here I was steeling myself for him to turn his phone to show me my own body. Here I was psyching myself up to explain myself, ready to he would feel about all of thi- And then he shoved his phone into my hand. It wasn't me at all. It was bbflerken. Huh...

"—I don't know it's mostly the curves, the way she moves. It makes me think of a tanned version of you." He carried on enthusiastically, but I was only half listenir hurt from the confusion. I was so sure he was about to confront me about my posts. I was ready for it. I had tensed up for a blow that wasn't coming and now I co keep this from him any more because the longer it goes on the guiltier I'm going to feel.

Clearly my dilemma was showing on my face. "Are you okay?" He asked, holding my shoulder to grab my attention.

"No. I don't know." I responded, choking back tears from the stress I was putting on myself. I handed his phone back to him. I don't know what was making this sc the hardest parts of this, of being open with each other.

"What's wrong, Bee?" He looked cautiously concerned.

"I need to tell you something." I bit my lip, as he just looked at me expectantly.

"I... well." I cleared my throat and tried to gather my thoughts. "For at least a year, I've been keeping a journal... about... about us." I paused to look at him, and I looked deep in thought.

"About my feelings about us, and you... and the things we've done-been doing." I had to turn away, laying on my back, wringing my hands.

"Okaaayyy..." He obviously knew there was a caveat.

"And... I've been sharing those entries... on Reddit." I turned to look at him, almost pleadingly, only to see his brow raise.

"I, ... okay, wow?" He looked away from me, fixating on a loose thread on the bed. "Like... a-"

"Anonymously! Of course... I mean, mostly. I've never used your name and everyone else is pseudonyms, and I've-"

"But, I thought you said we couldn't tell anyone about this? About us?" He started. Sounding unsure, looking confused. "I thought you said this had to stay between sounding a bit more agitated, and I could feel my pulse quicken.

"I-I know. I did say that, and it's definitely true, we shouldn't tell people we know and, and friends and family and all of that-"

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"Okay but random people on the Internet, that's okay? Jesus, Rose!"

"I-"

"How is that fair?!" He asked, almost yelling, looking me in the eye again. "I've been doing my best to keep this to myself, not just because it's what YOU said, but I've found a need to tell people but I've done good and now you're telling me that you've been telling people for MONTHS now? That's so, so- so hypocritical? I don't

"I know, I'm so sorry, I really didn't mean-" I started, feeling my eyes stinging again, wishing I had more clothes on.

"How do you NOT mean to share that stuff? Did you just 'accidentally' write a journal and trip and fall into the Internet?" He was sounding less angry, but I could tell he preferred.

"I mean, I meant, that I didn't mean for it to become what it did... it wasn't my intention at the start, I-"

"To become what it did?' What does that mean? What did it 'become'?" He looked confused and almost offended.

"I don't know, I- look you can read it if you want... I didn't mean to go this long without telling you, but everything between us has been so much, and I wasn't sur

"The way you JUST did, maybe? But probably like, before you made the first post. What are you even writing about us, about me? Is it EVERYTHING?" He asked.

"Kind of... It's a bit explicit."

"HOW explicit?" He asked incredulously.

"It's explicit."

"Rose..."

"Look, I get it. It's a huge invasion of privacy," I started.

"Right."

"and I'm sure... you're mad-"

"I don't know what I am. I feel sick. And I feel like... this is such a major breach of trust. I- I can't talk to you right now, I need to think." And before I could stop him, he was firmly closing his door.

It happened so fast... I sat on my bed kind of dumbfounded for a few minutes. Numb. Tears threatening to fall but the damn wouldn't break. I couldn't blame him. expect. It wasn't as strong as some I'd anticipated, but definitely stronger than others. I know I have to give him space. But I wish I had explained myself better. I happening, I could have handled this so much better but I think choosing to dive into the conversation the way I did was a bad move.

I cleaned up a little in the living room, putting the switch away to charge, locked up, and came back to my bedroom. I can't seem to focus on anything. I'm just staring at the wall. I think it's all fresh has been weird. He hasn't left his room and it's so quiet. I knocked on his door asking him if he wanted me to order dinner, and he said he wasn't hungry.

— Tuesday

I've just been laying in my bed all night, it's like 2AM. I just keep thinking and thinking. What if this is it? What if I've ruined this? I was so scared of losing him, and this might be what actually pushes him away. He's right... it was a breach of trust. I should have come clean sooner. The worst part is that I've KNOWN this for months, but it seems to be the only thing that's helping me process my thoughts. Maybe these last few entries will never see the light of day. Who knows. I always said that I'd tell him everything, but if he asked me to right now, if it meant we could fix this, I would nuke everything from orbit. I'm sorry to everyone if it comes to that. I'm sorry that I can't see this and understand why. But I love him too much. He's my brother, and I need to do right by him. Assuming he cools off and will talk to me again, I'll let him see everything I've written incredibly personal things about him, without his knowledge, without his permission, without giving him that choice... so the least I could do is give him some closure.

He just text me out of the blue:

[what's your account]

[redacted]

[i thought you said you used pseudonyms?]

[well, for everyone else at least]

I saw the typing dots for a second after that, but they went away. Now my stomach is in knots thinking about the possibility of him reading my posts. I'm assuming nervous as I did when I made my very first post. Fuck. I don't even remember what I've said in my older posts at this point, I haven't reread them at all in the past

I haven't slept, I went back and read the first couple of posts I wrote. I'm trying to read them with his perspective in mind, trying to think what his reaction could be through the comments too? Ugh. I wish I could just delete it all now before he can get that far but I know that would make things worse. I made this bed now I have to sleep in it. I don't know what's going through his head, or if he's reading. He's still in his room and I'm trying to give him his space still, but my mind is going into overdrive while trying to distract myself with Animal Crossing, but I've just been digging up clams constantly.

He still won't come out. I text him that I had made food, and he waited until I came back to my room to leave his room, and he didn't even take anything I'd made.

So that kind of hurt. I guess I deserve it. My boobs also hurt, they've been full for a while but I haven't felt up to expressing, so I've just been releasing pressure h

I just feel so... I wish I could have a do over on the last two days. Or maybe the last year or so. Maybe it would have been better if we'd never gone down this path. I feel like I have no one to blame but myself, and I know I sound so annoying. I'm just going to try and sleep... maybe when I wake up this will all have just been a

— Wednesday

I didn't sleep well last night either. Now I'm wondering if I should be trying to engage with him, maybe he's waiting for me to come to him. I had this thought... what if he's wanting to come home. I don't even know if it's feasible right now with COVID, and that could be even worse, if he's wanting to leave, if he can't stand living with me... if he's upset with me.

I tried talking to the girls this morning, but... it's not like I can explain the situation. They could see I didn't look like myself and I just had to convince them that qu on me. To some extent is has, so it's not like I lied to them. But it was nice to hear from someone, because it fucking sucks when the person you live with won't ev

I hoped today I would at least get to see him. I still text him today to let him know when there was food. I got a simple "okay. thanks" in return, which... is at least room other than to shower and I guess use the restroom. I was doing so good with my workout routine until this week, now I haven't touched it, and I haven't been. Maybe I should shower too, it might help me feel better.

It took a few hours to bring myself to do it, but I did take a shower. I relieved some pressure in my breasts, and I punished myself a little by doing everything I could through me. I thought it would make me feel better to take a shower but... when I was done, I just found myself looking in the mirror... and all the things I always ignore for so long filled my head so loudly tonight. ~~Rebelling in for my body, my resting bitch face, lack of any kind of muscle definition.~~ I realize so much of it is myself because I'm feeling bad and I feel like I deserve it, but the point is... the shower didn't make me feel better.

I threw on my panties and pulled on a robe and sat in my bed in the dark just watching Netflix and not paying attention. I checked my phone periodically. I've beer maybe I've missed a text from him somehow. So it startled me when I heard a soft knock on my bedroom door.

"Come in?" I croaked out, having barely talked over the last two days.

He took a second. I thought maybe he'd decided against it, so I turned on my bedside lamp and started to get up from my bed to open the door for him when he fi He looked tired.

"Can we talk?" He asked softly.

"Of course." I replied, tucking my leg under myself and sitting back on the bed. He came in, shutting the door behind himself. He didn't look at me, he just, looked the bed.

There was silence for a bit, I think we were both gathering words or waiting for the other to go first, until, in typical fashion for us, we both did.

"I'm sorr-"/"I love you-"

"Oh?"/"No."

"I love you too."/"I'M sorry."

(I'm about to get into a LOT of talking. I thought about recording once I realized it was happening, but I wasn't sure where it was going and I didn't want to do that about doing it in the past. It's all still incredibly fresh in my mind at the time of this writing, but just understand that I'm obviously paraphrasing here.)

There was a pause, some awkward laughter, and we finally made eye contact. A tightness I hadn't realized I'd been keeping in my chest finally released when I saw days I was so afraid of the possibility that my actions would have changed the way he looked at me... but this was a good sign. I smiled weakly.

"Let me go first, please." He spoke.

"Okay."

"Rose, ..." he ran his fingers through his hair and scratched at his brow. It feels weird when he says my name so plainly instead of 'Bee'. "I'm sorry about the way I didn't expect that. I was confused and- and I thought- or I assumed you had done something really reckless and... I wasn't sure how embarrassed I should be, how written about me. And I was upset that you'd been so open about us while telling me I needed to keep it to myself."

"I know, that was all on me. I should have told you sooner, I'm so sorry." I poured out as he caught his breath.

"You should have. But, I get why you didn't. I can't act like I wouldn't have done something similar in your place." He paused, and I thought I was supposed to jump continued.

"But after reading it all..." I mentally cringed. Oh god, he read all of it? My stomach clenched. "I realize I should have just trusted you, and let you explain yourself.

"I- ...what?" I didn't know what he meant.

"I mean, I just assumed you were writing about sex. Just bragging to strangers on the internet like 'yo I seduced my brother let me tell you all about it'. And maybe what you meant about it not being your intention. You started writing about me before anything even happened. You were trying to process your feelings... venting

"I was. I really never thought we would get HERE." I affirmed.

"Yeah." He laughed weakly. "I could tell. I made the mistake of reading your most recent post first. It was... weird. I still assumed you were just kissing and telling come off either super pathetic or just like... I don't know. I didn't expect what I read though. You really meant it when you said it was like a journal. I felt like I should involves me, and you're the one making it relatively public, it felt weird seeing how you think, both in general and about me. I stopped half way through it. I shut n figure out how to feel about it." I found myself wanting to interject less and less, he clearly needed to get this out, and he started gesticulating more and more empty ceiling and the wall and all around, anywhere but at me, told me he had both rehearsed this and was still trying to find the words. I didn't want to break his flow.

"But I couldn't stop thinking about it. Eventually I went back to it, to the beginning. And then I understood what this was for you. What it IS for you. You just needed you got people invested. It was surreal to read about how you talked about me back then. And it hurt my heart to see how much you kind of hated yourself at first, like that. I always assumed maybe you did too, but reading about it like that just... I don't know, it made me feel closer to you." He took a second to catch his breath down into tears and kiss him but I held still so he could get it all out.

"I read the comments. The way you explained what you love about me, and just the way you explained yourself. It was intense and vulnerable... but where I was expected. But you write very emotionally, and maybe that was an incredible surprise, but as your brother, I can hear you so much in the way you write. It's very rare clearly. I couldn't stop reading all of it. I never knew you could write like that. I didn't expect you to think like that, I don't know if that even makes sense."

"As I read on, and you started getting to things that happened between us... I was also surprised. You said it was explicit, but that was also before I knew that you way you write it FEELS even more explicit. I didn't know how to feel about it at first. I mean, it's really fucking hot reading about this stuff and seeing your point of like I get to relive it all. I was upset at first at the idea of our sex life being public, not just because of the nature of our relationship, but because it's all super private I... fuck like or something."

"I know." My voice barely cracked. "I'm sorry... I shouldn't ha-

He kept going. "But actually reading it, wasn't at all like what I expected. It's like... because it's so personal and, and you're just such a passionate person. I see you love. The way you write about me... and us..."

He swallowed. I think he was trying not to cry? I just wanted to hold him. I leaned on my hand and looked to him pleadingly, causing him to turn to me.

"I'm glad you're doing this. I'm glad this exists. Because I know if I ever feel like it I can relive some of the moments we've had and also see how meaningful they me, in case I ever need reminding. I mean, I know you love me, but reading all that I was like 'oh my god... she really DOES love ME'. I get the comments that say emotion than the sex.

Because, fuck, you write about the sex so incredibly well, even with how I was feeling it had me so turned on, but reading about your internal thoughts is so captivating

He was quiet for a while, and I realized he was probably done. He was just looking at the floor.

"It still... doesn't excuse me keeping that from you for so long." I said.

"No, maybe it doesn't. But I'm not mad at you for that. I don't even know if I really was to begin with. It was just... a shock, and confusing, and I should have let you

"And I should have asked before writing so intimately about you." I added.

"Probably, I mean, it's more the whole... posting it publicly without my knowledge than the writing itself. But where I thought I should be embarrassed, I realize now write. Even the explicit stuff comes off so... so beautifully coming from your mind."

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I smiled, my eyes stinging from all the times tears threatened to fall while he'd talked. "So... are we okay?" I asked meekly.

"Of course. I love you, Bee." He said, placing his hand on mine. I broke, legit blubbering sobs, ugly crying.

"I- what? Oh my god." He said, understandably confused, moving so he could pull me to him and comfort me.

"I'm sorry! I was just so scared you were going to hate me after that! I was scared about what you'd think of what I wrote. I thought I'd lose you! That you, you w gripping his shirt in my hands and burying my face in his chest until I couldn't form coherent words. Even in the moment I chastised myself for sounding so dumb.

He held me tighter and alternated between petting my hair and rubbing my back reassuringly. He waited until I got it all out, until I could sit back up, a sniffing, pu my lower lip quivering, and my teeth chattered a little like I was shivering.

"Hey." He said, grabbing my attention, and tilting my chin up to meet his eyes. "I could NEVER. Hate you. I was scared to read what you'd wrote. But I see how du should have had more faith in you, and your judgement. So I'M sorry for how I reacted and jumped to conclusions. You're not going to lose me. As long as you'll ha

I did my best to smile as my mouth quivered, more sobs threatening to pour out of me as I was overwhelmed from all the emotion. I sniffled and wiped my eyes, f wet spot I'd left in the middle of his shirt.

"Oh my god, I'm sorry." I laughed awkwardly, feeling my cheeks burn in embarrassment. I wiped my hand against his chest as if I could brush the tears that had sc

We took a moment to breathe and let the air clear. When I finally felt like I could hold myself together, I asked, "So, what do you want me to do? Should I delete th

"That's up to you." He said, and then like he caught himself he continued. "And I don't mean that in a sort of test way like 'durr hurr if you love me you'll make the staying up. Do you have them on your phone or anything?"

"They're backed up but not directly on any personal account or device."

"Okay. I mean, please don't just completely delete them. And I'm okay with you continuing to make them, if that's what you want. I know this is an important outl you than stifle it. I haven't felt the need to share my experiences in the way that you have, but if I do get to that point I'll talk to you about it first." He explained.

"Maybe you should write YOUR side of this stuff and post it here too. I think people would be interested." I offered.

"Maybe, but at the same time, I don't think my writing would be fun to read next to yours." He laughed.

"Well, I guess it's something to think about. I don't mind punching up whatever you write if that's what you want. You could also just make an account to answer q posts if you'd like."

"That's true, but I don't know, I feel like it's moving in on your space. I don't want you to have to change anything that you're doing on my account." He reasoned.

"Do... you want me to run my posts by you before I make them from here on out?"

"I don't know... ask me next time you're about to post and I'll see how I feel. I just want you to know that as much as I like your writing and reading your perspect future stuff, or lurking in the comments or anything. I don't want your writing to change because of the possibility that I'll see it."

"Well, I don't want the way you treat me to change because of the possibility that others might read about it." I said.

"I'm going to do my best to not let that happen. It's easy to not think about anything else with you anyway."

"Okay." I sighed bringing his hand to my lips to kiss it softly. "Thank you."

He laid back and exhaled theatrically. I pulled my other leg up under me and turned to face him, picking at little pilld up bits of my comforter absently as I talked. people that want to be in your shoes." I couldn't help smiling.

"It's kind of weird. I mean it feels good, and it's a hell of a turn on seeing how many people want my sister. But not as good as it feels knowing you're MY sister. Ev comparing you to the other day, I never got to finish and tell you that nothing about them could ever be more attractive to me than the simple fact that YOU'RE mi off as suave as he made it sound in the moment, but for the first time in a few days I felt a stirring between my legs. Whether he meant I was his romantically, in a sister... it made me feel warm and achey. I moved over to him, placing my hand on his chest. He immediately placed his hand reassuringly at the small of my back

"I missed you." I stated simply.

"I missed you too. I'm sorry for worrying you." He sighed. "I just needed time to make sense of things... and process your writing."

"I get it." I admitted. And we were quiet for a while. I felt the ache in my face from crying earlier, and the dried tears on my face felt cool as the AC turned on. I thi must look like a mess right now." I commented.

He turned to look at me with sincerity. "Every time I see you, you look more beautiful to me than before."

I put a hand to my chest, and wanted to say "aww" but my throat wouldn't make the sound.

"I loved you already, Bee. But reading the way you write about me, the way you think about me. Just seeing the way you write in general, about something as poin much deeper in love with you than I thought I could. Maybe I thought I wanted to be angry or upset earlier, but how could I, after reading all that. All the emotion now, just for me. And it's beautiful. You're. Beautiful."

Fuck. I felt my heart swell. I felt like I wanted to melt. I felt like I could burst into sobs again. I also fought back the defensive instinct to diffuse the air with a sarc sap he was being. But the only thing I could do was the only thing that made sense. I moved to straddle his hips, and I leaned down to kiss him, I didn't hold back. love, and heat I could muster in my, quite frankly, emotionally exhausted state.

"I love you." I said, when I finally came up for air. He responded in kind, and we locked eyes for a second, studying each other. I saw his eyes traveling down to wh without him saying anything, I sat up, watching his eyes as the quiet room was suddenly filled with the sound of me slowly untying the sash of my robe. I could see his eyes grow wide as I let the robe fall from my shoulders, collecting loosely at my hips.

"God." He barely whispered. His hands coming up to hold my sides. "You look so full."

"Mmhmm." Was all I could say, letting my finger tips drum on his stomach.

His hands gingerly caressed my breasts. Squeezing gently, supporting their weight for a second. "Do they hurt?"

"A little..." I whined softly, putting on a little pout. I placed my hands over his. "But they're in good hands now."

He smiled, and shook his head disbelief, before setting my robe aside, placing his hand at my back, and turning to lay me back against my pillows. He kissed me sc shuddering sigh. Unable to express to him how much of a relief it was to feel his loving touch again, other than to offer myself to him. I know it had only been a co never get to have him like this again, it felt like much much longer... and I just wanted to savor every second of it.

I whispered and felt my eyes flutter as he planted soft kisses along my jaw, around to my neck, just under my ear. I felt my skin tingle and I sighed for him, biting gently. I felt his breath, hot against my ear, making me shiver. Oh he was definitely savoring this too. He was taking his time, making sure to pay attention to every my neck and along my collar, and my body grew incredibly impatient. My nipples ached, and while I couldn't summon the strength or focus to check, I had to have

was. My back arched, pushing my chest forward insistently, as my thighs ground together, trying in vain to capture my clit between them. He continued kissing his breasts and between them, teasingly delicate.

Suddenly, I felt his tongue lick slowly up the side of my left breast, no doubt cleaning up the milk that was now running down my sides. He traveled all the way to the point, torturously aching nipple, and closed around it. I felt the pull of him starting to suck, and moaned the second I felt him draw the milk from me.

"Oh fuck, yesss..." I sighed. He hummed a satisfied response at that, and didn't bother hiding how much he was enjoying his treat.

He thumbed my other nipple as he drank from me. He was somehow both taking his time and expressing great need... I don't even know how to explain it, and my own desires but it was so good that I could feel how wet my panties already were by how cool they felt against me. I had JUST put them on too. He relieved the pressure and then switched to my other breast, letting his hand knead the one he'd been sucking, and occasionally run up and down my side, caressingly in a reassuring and everything I had.

I reached down between us until I felt his cock through his pajama pants. "Mm you're sooo hard for your big sister..." I cooed. "I fucking love it."

He laughed and let his hand slide down to rest over my panties, where he firmly pressed his finger tips and rubbed in circles for a second, causing my breath to hitch.

He released my nipple and looked up at me smugly. "Well, look who's soOo wEt for their little brother."

I squeezed his cock tightly, causing his hips to seize momentarily. "'Little'. That's funny."

He brought his hands to my tits, holding them in place and then pushing in, causing them to bump together a few times. "Well, big definitely fits for you." He offered.

"Yeah? You like them?" I asked facetiously, the answer was obvious, and instead of answering he just returned to sucking them. He continued draining my right breast with his finger tips. I shook under him, squeezing my thighs together tightly as I came. Before I could crest, he pushed my tits together and captured both nipples in his mouth. The sensation and the visual was enough to set off a second consecutive orgasm, and I had to close my eyes, letting go of his cock so I could hold my hand in his hair.

When I finally felt the haze lift from my mind I couldn't help running my mouth again. "Mmm yeah you DO love your sister's tits don't you?"

He sat up a little, laughing. "What's with all the 'brother/sister' stuff?"

"Well... I mean." I pointed back and forth between the two of us, emphasizing the obvious. "Plus..." I put one hand on his back, and one hand over his cock. I urged him beside his ear. Then I squeezed his cock as I whispered hotly, "I love how wrong it feels."

He moaned, and shook for a second. I needed him inside of me so badly. I gently pushed him back a little, and told him to "Take these off." To which he quickly threw his clothes so he could finish stripping, as I put my knees together and pulled my panties off. He climbed back on the bed, and I bit the tip of my pinky as I let my knees fall apart. He locked eyes for a second, and then his gaze traveled down to my pussy, where he exhaled heavily, and let his eyes travel back up to meet mine. I let my attention focus on him. Showing just how much he wanted me too.

"Fuck me." I said clearly. All playfulness gone from my expression and voice.

"What was that?" He asked, a coy smile on his face.

I pushed my chest out as I whined. "PLEASE, fuck me!" My hips squirmed, trying to rub against his hard length.

"God I love hearing that." He said, taking his cock in hand. I playfully smacked his arm and shook my head, while he firmly pressed his head into my clit, dragging his face against me. He looked up at me as if looking for a go ahead, to which I could only mouth a simple 'Please...'. He placed his hands at my waist, and pulled me to meet his hips as he thrust.

"Oh!" An almost embarrassingly feminine sigh escaped me as I felt him fill me the way only he can. I writhed a little, rolling my head back as he held me still. "So fucking good for him, and I hissed in anticipation as he slowly glided over the spot that always sets me off. I felt my abs clench and I gripped my bedding tightly as I faintly heard him moan.

"You feel so good..." he started to say, his words fading to a whisper as I came for him. I felt like I was going to tear my bedding in my fists so I switched to grabbing his arm. My breath was caught in my throat and I couldn't make a sound until I finally let go and made a short, high pitched squeak. I laughed slightly, feeling my walls clutch around him. As I finally recovered from the unexpectedly intense orgasm, I felt my body reach capacity when he bottomed out and we held still for a few seconds. I felt him flex, and he felt so threatening and hot, and eventually I responded in kind, tightening my kegels around him.

He started to pull back, and I quickly hooked my feet behind him, holding him to me, and making him fall forward until his face was beside mine. "Just give me a second, I relished his heat and how deep he felt. He was patient, as I let my walls flare, but when I started to rock against him, fucking myself, he finally sat back up.

"You're going to set me off if you keep doing that." He warned.

"Good." I responded, surprisingly huskily.

He looked down at me for a second, and it was like a stare down, daring each other to move. I clenched my kegels again and felt him tense in response, before he moved again, and reeled back. He plunged back into me, and we both moaned softly, but without giving himself time to enjoy being back all the way inside of me, he quickly moved me, and holding me in place in a way that made me feel like his play thing in the best way possible. I let myself enjoy it, I let my breaths go short until I must have felt him. I let him fuck me every sound out of me, and only occasionally felt I was getting loud enough that I needed him to either kiss me to catch the sound, or to bite my arm to make him fuck me harder.

I could see him breathing heavily over me, his eyes struggling to stay open as he alternated between watching my face, and the hypnotic movement of my chest, and he was too tantalizing to stand, he craned his neck down and caught my nipple, sucking roughly and startling a sound from my throat. When he returned his attention to me, he was silently asking for him to give me everything he had for me. Maybe it's sibling telepathy, maybe we just work together that well, either way, he sat up, and held my hips. I was now pounding into me. I couldn't decide whether to focus on the still, frankly surreal, sight of his cock splitting my pussy, the way my inner lips everted every time he moved, or the pleasure on his face. I was doing that for him, I was making him feel this way, and giving this to him. That alone is more satisfying to me than any orgasm.

"Come for me baby." I softly pleaded. "Come inside me." He groaned at that. "Show me how much you love me. Show me how much you want to make me yours." I moved, and more, and could feel the thoughts of breeding and insemination clouding my brain, but I didn't want to go there tonight. "I want to feel it, deep inside of me. You're so bad... but you're gonna do it any way, aren't you?" I knew I was laying it on thick, but the way I could see him straining, trying to hold out, fighting back him to the edge even more.

"You can't think of cumming anywhere but deep. Inside. Of this. Tight. Little. cunt. ... can you?" I stared him down and watched him falter, he shuddered at the words, holding himself against me as deep as he could, his fingertips gripping into my skin as he pulled me to him. I closed my eyes and felt his cock get hotter and hotter, he stalled what was happening. And finally he groaned and the first spear of his lust, of his love for me, burst into me. I gasped at the heat of it all, I might have cum, but I was that I just focused on how he poured so much of himself into me. He normally released a good amount, and maybe it was the gap in time since the last time I'd made me with so much more.

I felt lightheaded briefly before he finally relaxed. He panted over me for a few seconds, his head hung beside me as he caught his breath, before wincing as he withdrew. I turned onto my side to face him, gently rubbing his shoulder, and when he looked at me, he blushed a little and laughed at how out of breath he was.

"Thank you." I said, unable to keep from smiling wide.

He just offered me a weak, shy smile. "Yeah." And laughed again. I felt like I could have fallen asleep right then and there. All the emotional tension from the last time was cathartic in a way that took a lot out of me. I forced myself to stand, cupping myself and feeling his cum threatening to leak from me as I went to the restroom to clean myself.

I ended up taking a quick shower, mostly to get the sheen of sweat off of my skin. As I dried off and did my skin care routine, I caught myself in the mirror... and fr to my head. I really don't want my self worth and esteem to be tied to him, but I think I was just in a bad place for a lot of reasons earlier. When I came out he wa put on fresh panties, and threw the bedding in the wash, replacing it with some standby sheets. I grabbed some water for the two of us, and we laughed as we dra

He ended up finishing drinking from me and draining my breasts in my bed while I played Animal Crossing, and then we talked for a bit. He asked me why I'd neve touched me, and we talked about that and other small things about my posts. Eventually, I felt drowsy and snuggled up to him.

He turned me so he could spoon me, resting his hand against my breasts. "I love you, Bee." He muttered against my skin.

"Good." I replied. "Because as long as you'll have me, you're stuck with me." I couldn't help smiling to myself, as I felt him laugh silently against me at my using hi feeling comforted and complete again.

I woke up after a few hours and have just been playing more Animal Crossing and writing up this post. There was just too much I needed to make sure I wrote abo sore though.

— Thursday

Things had been going very well since we got past my confession. Actually it's felt better than it did before. I didn't realize how much the idea that I was keeping s over me. So once we cleared the air, things just felt much more comfortable and easy. Lots of sex, lots of nursing, beating Final Fantasy VII Remake, and playing th should have expected something to happen.

My mom called this afternoon while he and I were... busy. And when we finished, we both just had a simple text from her:

[Call me as soon as you can]

I called, and she picked up unexpectedly fast.

"Hello?" She answered, sounding a little weird.

"Hey Mom. Sorry I missed you, I was cooking. What's u-"

"Your father's in the hospital right now."

"What? What happened?" I asked, suddenly concerned.

I heard my mom's breathing for a second. "He- he has it. He has COVID."

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say really.

"Did you hear me?"

"Yeah... yeah mom, I did. Is... he-"

"I don't know. They're doing what they can."

It turned out he was feeling a little weird earlier in the week, and his work made him get tested, by the time his results came back positive, he was already doing v pretty sure he got exposed because of work, he'd had to go into the city a couple of times when he couldn't work remotely, and that was basically the only time he'

I asked to talk to him, but he was resting. Later in the day he called, but he sounded fucking awful. I don't know what to feel. I mean, I'm scared. I don't want to l already. My brother has been quiet since I told him. I know he's even closer to our dad than I am... so I can't imagine how he's feeling. I'm glad we're together for

— Tuesday

Our dad's out of the hospital. Apparently he's out of the woods, but he's going to be recovering for quite a while. Even after only a few days he already looks thinn breathing. They said he could experience residual effects for months after this. It's hard listening to how he sounds but he does admittedly sound better than he dic

The problem is... they tested my mom when they admitted him, and of course, just from being around him before they knew, she has it too. She tested positive on day. I thought it was hard knowing my dad was in the hospital and not being able to see him... but apparently my mom is in even worse shape than he was. They l

I've been crying a lot the last few days. And my brother's still trying to be strong. I'm trying to make sure he's not bottling things up for my sake. I'm glad my dad better. But it's hard to celebrate with mom in the state she is. Please... please just... let her be okay. It's tough being on the other side of the country and feeling s

— Wednesday

I think the restlessness we were already experiencing, combined with the feeling of helplessness in regards to our parents, emboldened us today.

Our friend Monica told us she intended to go to the George Floyd protests today. I know it might have been a stupid decision, given our parents, given the risk. But alone. Everyone came today. We figured... if we're going to break our quarantine, we might as well do it together. It was nice having a worthy cause to direct all of make something constructive and beautiful out of it.

Even given the circumstances, it was nice to see Kelly, Ken, Sarah, Steven, Monica, everyone again for the first time in months. We hugged, and tears were shed. I the end when things turned violent. I got shoved into a wall, and my right boob hurts, my arm is a little scraped up, but it could have been worse, it made for a go Regardless, it felt good to have done something meaningful. I dipped into our emergency funds to donate as much as we could afford, and I know Monica wants to don't seem to be getting any better. We all agreed to stick to a strict 14 day heavy quarantine just to be safe, to make sure none of us got sick.

— Friday

Good news today it seems, it's been two weeks, we're not exhibiting any symptoms. We're still doing our best to play it safe. My dad's doing better, he sounds a litt of breath sometimes, and feels fatigued now and then. Our mom had a longer hospital stay than he did, and it was incredibly scary at first. I couldn't bring myself t She's out of the hospital though, as of last Tuesday. She's still recovering obviously, and she's on a lot more medication than my dad is for her lingering symptoms. is safer, we can visit them. It's scary to almost lost your parents and not be able to do anything about it or even be there for them, so I'm just unbelievably reliever

We had celebratory tender, slow and easy sex today. We hadn't really been in sync over the last few weeks, and while we were thankful for each other's company, c found it really difficult to bring myself to write about any of the steamier encounters we had recently.

I wanted to have my post out around when we got past my whole confession thing, but then so much stuff happened before I could find the drive to finish it and cl more difficult to focus on it. I feel bad for not being more active, I'm sorry. I haven't been in the right head space to engage and give you all the attention you dese

— Saturday

I wish I could talk more in detail about what's been happening without jeopardizing my personal life. The last couple weeks have been a roller coaster on the profes very good. My brother and I have been playing Sea of Thieves together, now that it's come out on steam and I can use the Xbox to play with him. It's been a nice e at it. I feel like it's always my fault when our s go sick, we've also been playing the last of Us Part 2, which has been intense and incredible and worth the wait. it's still been occupying my thoughts as I get ready to replay it.

I think part of what's been making it hard to finish this post is that it's going to feel a little different, now that he knows. I know he said he's going to abstain from outlet to talk about this stuff, but I still feel like he might read. In which case... if you see this: I love you, so much more than I can express with my voice. I know my body and my words, and I hope for now that can be enough. You mean the world to me, and I'm so, so lucky that you're my brother. And I'm proud to be your me every night. ❤️❤️❤️

Phew. I don't know why this post has been so hard to finish. I'm sorry for the wait. I wanted to give you all more during this time but I didn't expect to be hit so hard with current events. That period of time when I came clean and was in a sort of limbo not knowing where we stood, that was so difficult for me, and it really killed hope you all understand though. I'm thankful for you all, seriously.

It's been a hard couple of months, for all of us, but I hope you're all safe and healthy. Thanks again to those who have been kind enough to help us replace what we me.

As usual, please make sure to upvote the main post if you intend to upvote at all, and DON'T reply to this comment.

Rest assured, I don't plan on this being the last post. As usual, 'll see you all in the comments. 🍷 love you!

18 -

Hi everyone! It's been a hell of a year huh? I'm sorry I haven't been very present lately. I feel like every time I find myself intending to spend more time here, stuff elsewhere or kills my mood for engaging on here. I'm sorry to those I've been unable to respond to, and for not getting to the comments on my last post as soon as to. I've really appreciated all of your comments, all of your messages. All the times people mention me in the comments of other posts with nice things to say about regularly because I really do love giving you guys updates, but it's not always easy. I'm always unsure how much you'll like my latest posts because I feel like it's h first time happened. That's hard to top. As always I hope this post was worth the wait though. Thank you all so much for reading!3

Friday

I've been so restless. I miss the sense of normalcy that came with going out in public, going up to the studio for work, going to the club to perform on weekends. I girlfriends. I'd take the tension and uncertainty of Monica talking us all into skinny dipping again just to get to spend some time with everyone.

After I made my last post, I asked my brother if he wanted to read it. He declined, though I suppose he still may have read it on his own. It did get him talking a lot incredibly hot it was for him to read about everything to do with my milk. Particularly the emotional sensation as well as the physical. I asked him if that was why h much more, and he actually seemed as if he was unaware that he had been.

"Maybe subconsciously?" He reasoned, looking a little embarrassed about it.

He also talked about how he wishes I would write erotic fiction, because he'd read it all, but then decided that actually fucking me and causing me to write the way reading about how my mind works. How it was surreal to get to experience this side of me, my sexuality, not just through my writing but first hand when that entire normally have been a complete mystery to him. It was flattering, of course, and whether it was his plan from the start or not, as he sat next to me on the couch, b morning, gently tucking it behind my ear, it all made me incredibly wet and aching.

Once my legs started shifting as I rubbed my thighs together to generate some friction, he smiled, clearly pleased with himself.

"Yeah, yeah." I said, rolling my eyes, before getting off of the couch and onto my knees, turning to bend over the coffee table. I let my ass sway from side to side i please." He'd been busy with course work most of the day, and I just wanted to get some chill game time in with him, and have him help me with my milk, so I wa:

I felt him move behind me, his hand running up and down my back before slipping under my top to touch my skin. He leaned forward and kissed the back of my neck muttering sweet nothings as he came within earshot. I could feel my body growing hot, knowing he wanted to really get me riled before he gave me what we needed.

"Please, I'm ready, you don't have to-" I stopped when I felt him pull my panties to the side. Maybe I misunderstood his intentions after all, maybe he just wanted brought his hand to my pussy and traced my slit firmly with his fingertips, letting them spread me as he pushed into the furrow slightly. He circled around my entrance pulled his hand away.

"So mean!" I pouted, as I heard him suck his fingers clean behind me.

"Mmmhmm." He responded, and I could practically hear the grin on his face. "So sweet."

I pushed my ass back insistently, feeling his bulge through his boxer briefs and just imagining the wet spot I'd just left. He moaned softly, and placed a hand at my and then he suddenly pulled my panties aside again, immediately placing his heat at my entrance. He stirred me a little, and I'm sure we both heard the signs that

It was frustrating, how slowly he moved. Letting me gradually open for him, really drawing out the sensation of my opening stretching over his head. And by the time feeling super impatient. I was not here for this! Once his head finished slipping in, I pushed back, smoothly and firmly taking in a few more inches. I think I got a little stretching too much and I had to ease off before trying again. On my third attempt to fully sheathe him, I felt an orgasm take hold of me, amplified by the act of him my waist and pulled me to him until our hips met.

"Oooohhhh" I moaned in surprise, long and broken as my voice cracked. I bit my lip as I felt the pain I enjoy and crave, and collapsed on the table as I felt the full surface of the table against my face, completely at odds with the sweltering heat where our bodies connected. I felt my thighs tense and quake and tried to wait out one hand at the small of my back, and the other at my shoulder. He held there for a while, flexing his cock inside of me as I simultaneously adjusted for him and for contentment. Unintentionally, I tensed, squeezing up his length, a couple deliberate kegels, as opposed to the more erratic flaring from me cumming, almost milking

"Fuck, why do you have to feel so good?!" He exhaled. It just made me keep doing it for him, loving that he was enjoying it. I'd already gotten what I needed, even focus on him. "Oh, god I can't hold out if you keep doing that." He shuddered.

"Oh?" I asked sweetly. "Is this too much for you?" I made no attempt to stop what I was doing internally.

"Bee..." he moaned.

"If you're not ready to cum you can just pull out and catch your breath." I explained patronizingly. I felt him tense, as if hesitating, trying to will himself to pull his letting him push against my walls as he stirred me up. And still I kept up my pompour. He put his hands on my ass, and I thought he was going to push me off of him if clutching at my cheeks would get me to show him mercy, and then he quickly grabbed my hips and pulled me hard against him, causing me to yelp in surprise.

"FUCK!" He boomed, as I felt him shake against me. And then his cock lurched inside of me, before expanding and pulsing, pumping his heat into me. I bit my lip a didn't want to cum like this, but fuck... it made me feel incredible to know I could toy with him in this way. In the end he was still balls deep and filling me with cum focused on working my pussy for him that I didn't cum a second time like I normally would, but really, the first orgasm was more than enough for me.

As his honest attempts to flood my body waned, he weakly tried to thrust into me a few times, but he sucked air in through his teeth, clearly still rock hard, but over he threw in the towel, extricated himself from me, and left gentle silent kisses on my back.

We cleaned up and I was overcome with a need to feel his lips against mine, so we made out for a little bit until we were both sated. We played some games, watched nursed and I had a small orgasm, after which... I actually think I fell asleep? I don't think I've done that before. I just felt so relaxed and at peace. I just remember suddenly I woke myself up from a dream and he was rolled over, no longer latched onto me. Super weird sensation.

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I had to return to work today. Still from home. We're working on next gen optimizations for the game we shipped recently, so it's not too demanding on my end. But something to keep me busy while my brother does his online courses. He's constantly asking me questions about work and what I know about next gen though. I'm our game released.

I've decided to be a little more relaxed in other ways though. If we're going to be working from home for the rest of the year, I'm going to dress how I want for the pajamas, I'm tired of putting on a bra for this. It helps that I can't actually tell when people are staring at ME specifically, so that little bit of... anonymity(?) helps a first two meetings, I realized that it gives me a bit of a thrill regardless. I've stopped caring about wearing pants during these meetings too. It's not like anyone car

Friday

The owner of the club I perform at called today. He's been trying his best to fight the need to reopen as other businesses have opened over the months. He's taking and agree with, but maintaining the club while it's not generating revenue is putting his family under some incredible financial strain. We met up at the club tonight band. It was hard to fight the urge to hug everyone as I hadn't seen them all since... god what like late February? Luckily everyone seemed healthy.

He's still fighting the need to reopen, because he doesn't want to risk our health or his family's, so we're going to try doing virtual shows for the next month. Collect and anyone else willing to pay to watch. The goal is to make up half the monthly expenses in order to keep him from having to sell the club. I really hope it doesn't performing, and I'm excited to get to sing again, because my voice has really needed the exercise. The band and I all agreed we'd rather sacrifice getting paid for t I'd love the extra funds right now, but I think it'll be more than worth it if we can ensure the club's future.

Afterward though, the band pulled me aside and talked about how IF things don't work out, they'd love if I continued to perform with them wherever they end up fi first started, how they seemed apprehensive about performing with a young white girl over someone with more gravitas. I'm really flattered that I've earned their r together.

Sunday

Our mom has been sick again. COVID really hit her hard initially, and she hasn't had a smooth recovery at all. She's back in the hospital having issues breathing. O alone, and even he's still not back at 100% after he'd been sick. I wish I could be there for him. I don't know what I could do to comfort him or keep him company safe though, and keep from taking unnecessary risks.

We had our first virtual shows this weekend. Friday's was a little rough, there were a lot of sound issues and one of my dresses wasn't fitting me right in the chest, change the timing of my breathing during at least one song. It felt weird playing to an empty room, and somehow I found myself getting more self conscious than i audience feedback to pump me up.

Tonight's show went a lot better though, we had no major sound or video issues, the main problem was some asshole who joined the chat, clearly not a regular. He and had to be banned after a little while. We actually managed to make a pretty significant chunk of our goal just based on these two nights alone and we still have we can help keep the club going.

Since I hadn't performed in some time, I found myself far more worn out afterward than I would normally have been. I feel like I need to do more to stay active. I fluctuating. It might just be my own self image but I feel like I'm less toned where I want to be. My stomach feels softer and I don't think it's a good thing. I've been this year has gone on. I'm alone with my thoughts so much now that it's easy to fixate on myself and nitpick. My brother helps snap me out of it and keeps me fee what it is that I need outside of that to keep me from getting like this. I'm going to start hitting Ring Fit Adventure harder. I'd been doing 30 minutes every other d every day.

I felt bad because I was too exhausted when we got home from the show, and my brother was clearly feeling amorous. Maybe watching me perform in the dress I f off. His hands were all over me when I walked in the door, and his lips were traveling up my shoulders and neck. It felt so good but it also just made me want to lay and took my top off for him.

He was content to nurse from me for a while, I was decently full, even though he'd taken care of me before the show. The warm feeling of him drawing my milk fro me feel so relaxed. I ran my fingernails up and down his side and hips, noticing how hard he looked in his pants.

"I know you need help with that, but I don't think I'm up for sex tonight. I'm sorry." I admitted softly. My legs were achey, and I still felt like I was catching my bre He released my nipple and responded, "Bee, it's okay! You don't have to do anything, I can take care of this later. I just want to help you with this right now."

I still think it's cute that he acts like helping with my milk is an entirely altruistic act for him, as if getting to suck on his sister's tits and have as much of her milk a whatsoever. His cock would say otherwise. "I didn't mean I won't still help you, just that you can't fuck me tonight." I clarified.

With one hand I started to fiddle with his jeans, failing to unbutton them. While resuming sucking on my breasts, he swiftly undid his pants himself, while I quickly He turned his hips so his hardness could stand fully, and I could see it twitch. As I realized my hand was already closing around the thick warmth, I found myself h I was up for fucking. God, sometimes I just feel like I'm a little too insatiable for my own good. I don't know how I survived so many years essentially celibate, taki him. I'm a slut for him, I'm a slut for sex, I don't know. Hyper sexuality can be a blessing and/or. a curse.

But no, I was going to stick to my guns tonight. I urged him to unlatch, and brought my lips to his, kissing him hard. I started to pump his length in my grip, savor shaft, my skin gliding over his. The warmth, and how rock hard he was for me. Then I tasted my milk on his tongue and I couldn't help squeezing him a little bit ha moaned into his. He broke the kiss for air and I found a steady rhythm to pump him with, while he caught his breath.

"I fuckin' love you." He said suddenly.

"And I love fuckin' you." I replied unable to keep a straight face. He made a face and started to shake his head. "But I do fuckin' love you too, of course." I added. letting my thumb rub over his head, making him slick for me using his own arousal. He moaned nice and low, and it made my lower abdomen tighten as he latched with renewed vigor.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sensations. Firmly pumping him even as I felt his cock flex and twitch in my hand. Occasionally he would suck air in through his t and I knew he was building. The closer he seemed to get the rougher he was with me, his tongue rolled my nipple more insistently, and at one point he accidentally to startle me, make me gasp, and make my pussy clench in response. He followed up by rolling my other nipple between his finger tips. Biting one nipple carefully with his fingers.

"HmmmMMM!" I whined and hummed as I felt my legs twitch and an orgasm hit me. No preamble no warning, like he just flipped a switch. I could feel how wet my pumping him for a second. Teasing his head until I could focus on him again.

He kissed around my breasts while I sighed contentedly, and once I was ready, I slapped his thigh to get his attention. "Okay, it's my turn."

I urged him to give me space and backed him off the bed. I sat at the edge while he stood, his cock level with my throat, and practically dripping with precum. I loe tits to push them up and support them, and pulling him to me by his cock with my other arm. I bit my lip as he looked into my eyes, and I started to pump him ag; attention wavered, torn between watching what I was doing, watching my tits shake with my efforts, and meeting my gaze to see how completely his I was in this

I felt him struggling to keep his legs still. It might have been in my head, but I felt like I could see the gears turning in his head, fighting the urge to throw me dow this point. I certainly wouldn't have stopped him. I just wanted to make him feel so good. His cock twitched hard and he moaned shakily.

"Are you close, baby?" I asked sweetly.

"Yeh-" he responded tersely before placing a hand on my shoulder.

"Mmm good. I want you to cum all over me. All over my tits." I breathed huskily.

"Oh fuck-"

"Cover me. Please... Make a mess on me. I want you to show me how much cum you've made for me, how much could have been inside of me. Make me regret no point to emphasize the ffff and the -ck in the word fuck, like some kind of asmr-tist, and I punctuated it all my licking my lips and biting them. I took deep breaths as I picked up the pace. I could feel my tits shaking and my arm was actually starting to get tired from jerking him off like this, so I was thankful the whole situatio

He gripped my shoulder tight, and inhaled sharply. I felt him throb in my grip and before I could make an effort to aim him again, I felt a warm shot hit me under r as another shot hit my chest. I moaned appreciatively for him as he came hard. He came quite a bit too, and I made sure to help him cover both tits and into my c head clean until he had to tell me to stop, and fell to his knees in front of me. Now that made me feel powerful. I think I might secretly be a supervillain.

I laid back on the bed and let my arm rest, draping it across my forehead while I felt his cum cool on my skin. With my other hand I lazily played with it, rubbing it lips to taste. I sort of forgot he was there as I just contentedly basked in the aftermath.

And then suddenly I felt him tugging at my waistband. Before I could process what was happening he had lifted my ass and pulled my jeans and panties over my h yelped in surprise as he pushed my legs up into the air, leaving my pussy and butt feeling very exposed. I was aware of how wet I was by how cold the open air fel that he was going to fuck me. I would have straight up told him to, but I wanted to see what he would do, if he would make the choice. As far as he knew I had sai gave into the temptation. I feel like we know each other well enough to gauge when it's okay to push. I closed my eyes and waited for him to make his move. He h almost over my head, making my hips rise off the bed. I could only imagine how obscene it looked having my ass aimed the way it was, with my pussy probably fla

And then I felt his tongue. He licked slow and deliberately along the outside, left of my pussy. Then along the right, then right along the middle before letting the ti

"Oooh..." I groaned.

He moaned against my pussy and took that as the go ahead to devour me. He sucked at everything he could get between his lips, he lapped at me, he was sloppy, about to touch my other hole. But he never did. He added his fingers, he spread me open and he used his tongue to explore me thoroughly, all while his other hanc way. I gripped the bed spread with one hand and played with the mess on my chest with the other. I covered my fingertips with his cum and then pinched my nipple between them. I brought most of it to my mouth to enjoy as I felt it continue to cool and dry on my skin. All the while he ate me out like I'd been starving him all c

He held a couple fingers inside of me, pushing up against the forward wall of me, and sucked my clit firmly.

"Oh FUCK" I whined pathetically as I felt his tongue swipe back and forth over my clit. I tensed and whimpered as he brought me to orgasm again. He hooked his f flared around them, and he kept sucking on my clit, keeping the pressure on it with his tongue as I tried to ride it all out. Eventually it became too much, and the a instead of letting me come down from it.

"Please, it's too much, please..." I sighed breathlessly. And I heard a smack of suction before he pulled his face from me and then I could hear him sucking his fing let my feet fall flat to the floor, just laying there spread eagle and spent.

"Was that okay?" He asked, innocently-though... genuinely. Not like when I do it already full well knowing the answer.

"God yes... oh my god." I breathed, almost shivering from the aftershocks.

"Good." He replied, before standing and leaning over me to kiss me. His face was completely slick with my cum, and I could easily taste myself on him. It made me He moaned in contentment and leaned into me, and I could feel his cock pushing against my pussy. His shaft laying against my furrow, seemingly grinding against legs around his hips and pulling him to me. The friction was so good. If he was going to do it this would have been the time, even if I don't think he was at full harc

He didn't though, instead he broke the kiss and immediately went to draw me a bath. He left me aching, knowing I'd only be able to hold out for so long, and know have me. But I couldn't ignore the sweet gesture and I moved to the tub anyway. He brushed my hair while I bathed and I sang softly to him until I was ready to n bed afterward and talking about how much we wished it was Saturday so we could sleep in tomorrow.

Friday

Well, the fires are getting too close to us. I worked a lot this week but today the fires are close enough that we're both having trouble breathing inside. It might be in our apartment. We're not in the projected path of the fires, so at least there's that, but I could hardly work today. Luckily work was very understanding about it, deadline at the moment anyway.

I reached out to Kelly, to see if maybe we could come to their house for the day to get away from the smoke. We've been so careful, and we've only seen friends du been working from home this entire time as well so it should be safe. Of course she was excited to have us come over.

As soon as we arrived though, I got a call from the apartment complex. They're trying to evacuate because the air quality is too dangerous. They have a deal with i and they're urging people to stay until the smoke clears.

We talked it over with Kelly and Ken though, and they suggested us just staying with them for the time being, that it could be fun after months of not seeing each c apartment and collecting some things to take back to their house with us in case we needed to stay past the weekend. Consoles and clothes, my workstation, etc.

Once we were settled back at their house, the boys started playing games together, while Kelly and I spent way too long deciding what food to order for dinner befr wait for the food while painting our nails and catching up. Look, I've really missed time with my girlfriends, so I jumped at the idea of this. By the end of the night i felt to get to spend social time with someone other than my brother for once. I'd missed it all.

But as I tried to fall asleep tonight, alone, having taken the couch in their living room and given my brother the bed in the guest room, I realized that this would m in hiding. Had I known this was coming I would have at least made sure to have sex and get it out of my system a bit from having still not done it after Sunday. I've defeat and finishing my notes on today. Ugh it's already 4am. I'm so glad it's a Friday, I should get some sleep.

Tuesday

Staying with Kelly and Ken has been interesting. When we realized we weren't going to be able to go back to our apartment by the end of the weekend, it was like Sunday to Ken walking through the living room in just his boxers. I was startled, and forgot that I was wearing pajamas for a second. By that evening Kelly has als was good for me because I'd been dying to take my bra off, I just felt weird doing it if she wouldn't in her own home. By the next evening she was walking around because I know the combination of Kelly prancing around like that and us not getting to have much private time together is driving my brother crazy. He hasn't got much fully dressed or in pajamas all day, and I'm sure it's him being self conscious about his package or something.

I've been milking myself in the shower, and periodically relieving pressure when I can, but I haven't actually been able to empty myself yet, and I can't express as I've had basically full tits for like 5 days now.

I've also been a little horny... I'm sure I would be in almost any other situation, but my brother and I have been doing a little EXTRA social distancing to not be sus Maybe it's not genuine flirting, but he'll touch me as he passes in the kitchen, his hand at the small of my back, gently alerting me of his presence, but dangerously with this, it's just kept me on edge while I'm unable to address myself. I've seen him kind of eyeing me up occasionally. But then, I feel like he's always a little play about it. Normally she's kind of flirty with my brother too, but I hadn't noticed her doing anything like that lately. I think she worries I'll get upset with her if she m

The worst thing about this is since we can't really go anywhere, neither can they... so we never get the alone time at their house to satisfy ourselves. Hopefully we myself in the bathroom for 5 days.

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Outside of all that stuff, it's been surprisingly fun staying with them. It's like we're a weird little family. We've been catching up on The Boys together (some of those fucking awkward and uncomfortable about my milk), and cooking meals together. Ken has made comments about how he could get used to seeing two beautiful women been playing a LOT of Smash, and we even played some CTR, which I hadn't touched in a while, just so we could try some 4 player split screen.

This evening while I finished up my shower, I realized I hadn't brought myself a change of clothes into the bathroom. I wrapped a towel around myself and tried to bedroom where my bag is, only to bump right into Ken who was headed toward their bedroom. We had an awkward exchange and I felt my cheeks burning before close the guest bedroom door behind me, only to find my brother was in the middle of a video chat with some classmates. I panicked when I saw myself on his laptop apologize to me but I quickly slipped back out of the bedroom without grabbing myself some clothes. I sighed and turned to see Ken standing there, coming back o

"Hey, I just wanted to make sure we didn't run into each other again." He said warmly.

"Oh, are you sure you don't want that?" I replied playfully.

"Hey, don't threaten me with a good time, not in my own home." He said as he passed me and headed to the living room. I grabbed my phone off the bathroom stools by their kitchen island.

[Let me know when it's safe to come in, I need clothes] I sent to my brother.

[Need seems like a strong word...] He replied.

[Hey. Behave.]

"You'd better not be teasing Ken." Kelly warned sarcastically. "Walking around all clean and underdressed like that, he probably won't let me sleep tonight."

"Me? Never!" I feigned innocence, and swiveled my stool to face Ken who was watching us from the couch. I kept my legs together tightly, noting how he did glances wink when he realized he was caught.

She laughed and said I could get as comfortable as I wanted, but added that I probably wasn't able to get that comfortable with my brother around.

"Honestly, we kind of threw away all pretense of decency a few months into quarantine." I admitted.

"I don't blame you. Stuck in an apartment for that long and having to be completely conservatively dressed would be such a drag." She reasoned.

"I can't imagine being stuck with family for that long. I'd die if I had to stay home with my sister for months on end and couldn't be comfortable." Ken added.

"You don't even have a sister," Kelly added. "are you not afraid of [his brother] walking in on you jacking off or something?"

"No— I mean, of course that'd be the worst. I just meant in Rose's situation, with a sibling of the opposite sex, it's probably more restricting than if she lived with a

"I ... yeah you're probably right. It hasn't been that bad though." I replied with uncertainty. I was starting to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Well that's good, I mean he seems very chill and you guys seem to have a really great relationship. So that's probably a best case scenario for this whole situation

"Uh, yeah." I muttered. Maybe it was the lack of experience lately in keeping my cool about this kind of talk, but I felt like I was having trouble keeping it together. excuse to get out of this conversation. And as if answering my prayers:

[Meeting's over, you can come in now.]

I excused myself and briskly made my way to the guest bedroom, quickly shutting the door behind me.

"Oh my god, I feel like I just had the most painfully awkward conversation." I sighed, slumping against the door.

"Oh yeah? Try feigning obliviousness and disgust while Kelly and Ken talk about how attractive they find your sister." He replied without turning from his computer.

"What?" I asked, thinking I misheard something.

"This morning over breakfast I walked in on them talking about you. Something about how you don't seem aware of your looks, or what you have to offer personally never known you to be dating anyone and wondering if you're content to be alone or something. Kelly said she knows you're not like, ace or something, and if she is simping along with Ken. I think she said it to tease Ken, but I'm not sure. And Ken said he'd love to see that. He talked about how he'd never seen you in 'lounging recall, or with minimal makeup and that you've been very cute around the house and are such a catch or something like that. I was worried how much further the presence known with a fake cough, and added that you're too much of a pain in the ass to keep anyone around and you're aware of it." He explained, turning to face he made an almost pained expression when he saw I was still in the towel.

I was still processing what he'd told me, feeling like he'd dumped a lot of information on me. "Wow, I- I mean way to make me look good." What he'd said stung slightly before he and I got this close, I'd had thoughts like that about myself. So it was hard not to fixate on it. At the same time, it was always such a turn on when Kelly feel like they're just humoring me and being playfully supportive friends, I don't know it makes sense in my head. But I'd never known what sort of stuff they'd said think too hard about it, or let it get to my head, but I was starting to ache a bit, and I knew I could distract myself a little. I locked the bedroom door behind me and closer to him and his eyes widened, looking over my shoulder to double check the door.

"I mean- I think the point is you clearly don't need my help. They knew I was joking, I could have said anything and they'd have thought it was just like, me being floor, took the towel out of my hair and shook it out, letting it all fall around shoulders, still only slightly damp. He mouthed 'Fuck' and leaned back, as if he was exp

"It's okay, I'm just giving you shit." I said, to get him to stop talking.

He started to reach out to me, to grab me by the hips and likely pull me to him, but I took a step back.

"We need to behave... Probably even more so than at mom and dad's." I warned in a whisper.

He looked like he was going to protest, and then reasoned it out in his mind. "I know, I just... you're the one standing here like this. Aren't you going to get dressed

"Not yet..." I said, backing onto the guest bed, until I was seated with my back against the wall. I let my knees fall apart, and I could feel myself opening up in front enraptured. It made me want to keep going. I brought my fingertips to my pussy, spread them in a 'v' and rubbed along the sides of my mound, squeezing my p

"Bee..." he started. I didn't know if he was trying to stop me or what, but I kept going.

(Continued in the comments)

I let my middle finger slip between my lips and dip into the wetness that was building at my entrance. I dragged it up until I could gently circle my clit with it, and I my mouth to moan, caught myself, and instead let out a soft and shaky breath. I looked over to him and saw him on the edge of his seat. Why was I doing this to i

"Let me see your cock." I whispered.

He quickly obliged, tugging down his pants and briefs and of course he was at full attention. Fuck! Why was I doing this to myself?
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He came over to me and crawled onto the bed until he was between my legs, close enough for me to touch, and of course I couldn't help reaching out to grip him. below the head, as I kept rubbing circles around my clit, faster and more firm. I couldn't bring myself to move my hand, and after a few seconds, he closed his ovr pumping him.

"We shouldn't..." I started to say, loosening my grip on him. He seemed to understand and quickly took over, pumping himself desperately and biting his lip.

"I know." He said as he watched my hand at my pussy through half lidded eyes. God, I wish I had better self control. I reached for him again, and pushed his cock

"What are you doing?" He asked, almost panicked, his eyes wide.

"Just... put it in me for a second. I need-" and before I could justify it, he scooted forward, aiming his cock directly at me and pushed forward, entering me, as dee before he held still.

It was as if the sudden fullness snapped me back to reality. I had to control my breathing to keep from making noise. I placed my hands on his chest to keep him f I can't be quiet! Pull out!" I half whispered half mouthed. He quickly pulled back and I slumped over to the side, laying down on the bed, cursing the sudden aching legs in time with a throbbing in my head.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I know I'm making this hard." I admitted.

"It's okay! We can behave." He replied. I could see how slick and shiny his cock was, evidence of how wet and ready I had been, and I felt my eyes stinging from tl me to keep doing what I was doing and let myself get off.

"God why do they have to be so quiet right now?" I asked. We both held still and listened for a second, and could hear nothing from the living room. I laughed uncc this. It's only been a couple of days. We have better self control than this."

"I know." He replied softly. "I'm sorry."

"No, it was all me. I think it's always me. I'M sorry. I love you." I burrowed my face into his chest apologetically. He rubbed my back for a bit until I started to try a get dressed and go back out there, I feel like I've been in here long enough."

"Yeah, probably." He laughed. I quickly dressed while he put his clothes back on, and I took my towels back to the bathroom before heading back to their living roo assumed they had gone to their bedroom until I saw the lights in the hot tub on through the sliding door to their back yard. I tried to inconspicuously look out there bathing suits. Regardless, I figured I'd give them their space. I'm sure they've been looking for a little private time as well. My brother came out soon after as I wa: this entry.

"Where are they?" He asked, sitting on the ottoman nearby.

"Hot tub." I replied, and saw him turn to look outside out of the corner of my eye.

"So does that mean we caannn-" he started to ask tentatively.

I looked up from my phone, seeing where his mind was headed. I felt my stomach tighten as I considered it. "Probably not, just to be safe. If we get too into it we didn't even hear them go out in the first place."

"Yeah... true." He sighed, before turning the tv on and starting up Fall Guys. I was a little zoned out trying to suppress my own arousal, but eventually I got sucked close round of Hex a Gone as one of the last three competitors. He was on the lowest level with one of the other players, quickly running out of usable space and r himself in the game, when mid dive, the third player fell from above and knocked him out of the way, quickly eliminating the two of them. I nudged him with my fo was and he handed me the controller.

I'd like to start by saying I fucking SUCK at this game. I haven't gotten a crown, I don't even think I've been in a final round, I think I just have bad luck because it LOVES making me suffer and watching me play because I get so thoroughly tilted and he finds it cute. I played twice, getting eliminated in Slime Climb both time, a frustration just as Kelly and Ken came back inside, wrapped in towels. It was obvious Kelly didn't have her bikini top on, and I caught myself wondering if they had

"What's with all the yelling?" Ken asked, clearly already aware I'd been playing.

"Oh you know. ...Just losing." I replied trying not to look at the way Kelly's breasts were being pushed up.

"You know you guys were welcome to come chill with us." Kelly offered.

"I figured you guys needed a break from us for a bit." I explained.

Ken interjected, "No, we love having you guys here! If we wanted to be alone we'd make it clear."

They eventually realized they were underdressed and that my brother and I were trying to find safe places to look, and they went to their bedroom to shower and c for a second before laughing awkwardly.

"Well, they're a little more comfortable than I thought." He noted.

"Yeah..."

We switched to watching random twitch streams in silence, and eventually they rejoined us and we spent the rest of the night chatting about various things. Kelly a cookies, and she lamented that they were out of milk at one point. I didn't dare look at my brother but I could just feel him shoot me a look. As much as it sucks h love this, I wish we'd been living like this since the start of quarantine. As difficult as it would have been in some aspects. I think we were just having an extreme s

The main struggle right now as I'm laying here is that I'd gotten used to sharing my bed, and being held as I fall asleep. I've been having trouble falling asleep sinc have just that right now. Even knowing the temptation and how bad I am at controlling myself sometimes. I think I could keep it completely PG for a night if it mea

Friday

I finished my work pretty early today, while everyone else in the house had a pretty busy day. Kelly was in her bedroom working, and Ken in his office. My brother wrap up to clear his weekend. I'd finished around 11 and thought I'd make lunch for everyone, using some of the ingredients we had around to try and make a stir Since everyone was busy I hadn't bothered to put on pants, I figured I'd wait until I brought food to everyone, and then probably shower after eating. I put some n the kitchen, when suddenly I felt a pinch at my left butt cheek. I turned to say something to my brother, only to realize it was Ken, filling a glass with water from th

"Whatcha makin' hon?" He said as he had passed behind me.

"I uh... lunch for everyone." I responded quietly, the sound of my voice snapping him to attention. He quickly turned to me.

"Oh my god, Rose! I thought you were- I'm so sorry!" He said, all flustered, his face pinkening.

"It's okay! You just startled me... I thought I had the kitchen to myself for a little longer."

"Of course, I will use it to get out of my way. That smells good! Can't wait! You're so sweet." He said as he awkwardly retreated to his office.

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"Yeah, yeah, go confess your sins to Kelly!" I teased as I finished up in the kitchen. I put some yoga pants on and I debated whether to serve the food on the table just take everyone their plate.

"Ooh thanks babe!" Kelly said when I set her plate down. "Ken told me he got a little fresh with you earlier."

I felt my cheeks burn. "Ha, yeah, he kind of scared the shit out of me."

"I know it was an accident, but I can make sure he keeps his hands to himself if you need me to." She say, her tone going serious to emphasize that this wasn't ab

"It's okay! I promise I don't feel violated. I'll retaliate when he least expects it." I assured her. We both laughed and then I said I'd let her eat and get back to work moved on to bring the boys their plates.

"Thanks, Rose. Sorry again about earlier, I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable." Ken said as I set his food down.

"Not at all, you're good. Just watch your ass." I threatened. He held his hands up in mock surrender and laughed as I left his office and headed to the guest bedroo

"Hey dickbutt. Are you hungry?" I said, as I opened the door.

"I guess I should probably eat. I didn't have breakfast I was just so wrapped up in this." My brother said, not turning away from his laptop. "Thanks, Bee." He adde

"No problem." I replied, and saw that he was still deep in his school work. I returned to the kitchen and quietly ate by myself, looking out into their back yard, thintl spent the rest of the afternoon playing some video games and writing up the stuff from today that you've just read.

By the evening, Kelly and Ken were done with work, but my brother was still deep in his work, assuring us he was nearly done. I managed to drag him away from t with us before I had to go to the club for the virtual show. I went alone, and it went by pretty fast. We haven't made as much as we did with that initial weekend, b in full as well as most of the next. I'm looking forward to, hopefully, someday getting to actually perform for an audience again, because while we're making the mc experience for me.

When I came home, my brother was playing a game on his laptop, Kelly and Ken were in their bedroom folding laundry, I felt a little sweaty and uncomfortable, so shirt and pajama pants with me to change into. When I was done I came out to join Kelly and Ken in the living room to find that they were wrapped in towels. They they were getting ready to jump into their hot tub if I wanted to join them. I wanted to, but I didn't want to get in the salt water right after having taken a shower. and went to see what my brother was up to, only to find he had already gone outside to the hot tub as well.

I took advantage of the house being quiet and empty to go milk myself in the bathroom. I'd expressed a little bit in the shower but I went ahead and drained over l I decided maybe I'd at least just soak my feet in the hot tub and join them. I changed out of my panties into my bikini bottoms and went into the back yard.

"THERE she is!" Ken commented as I neared the edge of the hot tub. My brother's head turned to watch as I sat quietly on the ground, letting my legs hang over th

"Mmm..." I sighed, perhaps a little too enthusiastically as the heat soothes my legs. "I'm not used to wearing heels anymore, my feet were aching after all that."

"I'll bet!" Kelly commented. "I'm sure if you asked nicely, one of these gentlemen would be willing to rub them for you." She laughed softly and Ken just made a fa

I moved my right foot toward my brother, starting him. "You're closest. Would you be a dear?" I wiggled my toes for emphasis as he uncomfortably held his hand u

"Uhhh..." he awkwardly struggled to respond. I lowered my leg back down and we all laughed.

"You know, if Monica was here, she'd never let you sit on the edge like that." Ken said to me.

I smiled. "Oh I'm sure."

"She'd probably have pulled you in already." Kelly noted.

I stopped smiling. "Please don't pull me in..." I pleaded softly.

"If she was here I don't think we'd be wearing clothes." My brother interjected.

Kelly laughed and I was relieved the attention was shifted away from me. "Well, we've already passed that barrier so feel free to get as comfortable as you want!" !

"Alright, cool!" My brother replied, and shocked me by moving to take his swim trunks off. Kelly also looked surprised, her eyes widening as she watched his hands my brother stopped and laughed, only joking.

We all laughed with him, but it definitely left a tension in the air, at least for me, once the laughter died down. Suddenly Kelly's hands came up from under the wate up and put them on the edge of the hot tub beside her.

"In Monica's honor." She commented reverently as my brother and I sat slightly shocked. Ken whistled appreciatively and rubber her back lovingly as she leaned in! No one else was feeling ballsy enough to join her in losing clothing, I know I certainly wasn't without the water to obscure me, even as I half expected my brother t to strip. Eventually we settled into conversation and talked about how much we missed going to movie theaters and restaurants and such. You know... all the shit I year.

During a lull in conversation, we heard a light roll of thunder and collectively looked to the sky as it started to sprinkle rain.

"I guess we should probably move this inside." Kelly stated, and quickly started to stand, turning to get her bottoms, and just casually showing us her ass. I couldn eyes must have bulged out of their sockets. I think I've just been that horny that the sight was really doing something for me, and when Ken playfully spanked her, suppress the urge to react audibly. I found myself wishing I was on either end of that spanking. God I must sound so pathetic lol.

She stepped out of the hot tub and hid behind Ken as he stood to put her bottoms back on and wrap herself in her towel. I handed my brother his towel and pulled mine, before we all came back inside together.

In the end it never ended up fully raining, that sprinkling was the worst of it. But I was definitely wet when I went to change back into my panties and decided to w worried about how wet I was. Everyone else took showers and I came back into the living room to putter around in Animal Crossing while I waited.

My brother was done first, and came to join me.

"I'm so fucking horny." He exhaled as he sat next to me. It gave me goosebumps, my skin immediately reacting to the thought, wishing I could help him address it

"Shhhh! I don't need to know right now!" I whispered emphatically, before quietly muttering "Same though." I was just thinking about the way he'd teased me that way we'd teased each other the other night. I don't know how much longer I can hold out.

Saturday

The last couple weeks have been fun but frustrating. I've been pretty busy with work, and I haven't been able to join Kelly and Ken in their hot tub at all. We were apartment last weekend, but the apartment complex called and offered to update our A/C and weather stripping for all the windows and doors and such in preparat protection from smoke at the cost of it taking an additional week or two. The other tenants in our building had agreed so we figured we may as well

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As much as we really do love this living arrangement, we've been dying having to keep everything chaste. I feel like I'm going to have a squirting orgasm at any er been able to properly milk myself in weeks. God only knows how my brother's doing. I'm sure he must be masturbating in the shower or something. I know it does his balls achingly full of cum the way my tits are with milk. Fuck I shouldn't have imagined that, god! He's nursed from me a couple times when we've found the pr full. On Wednesday I couldn't take being on the couch alone and I quietly got into bed with him. I just set my alarm for an hour earlier than theirs and he held me i cock insistently pushing its heat against the cleft of my ass. The throbbing was tempting me but I knew the house was too quiet to try anything so we wordlessly a

All of this combined with the playful flirting from both Kelly and Ken, between the three of us, and between Kelly and my brother, the little butt wags, pinches, and suggestive brow waggles have left a sort of tension in the air. Whether or not it's genuine sexual tension or just me being on edge, I have no idea. But it's been fog

Today my brother's been hard at work on another project for school, I feel bad because I have no idea if this environment is good for him to focus. Having two won and being as pent up as we are must be distracting, or maybe that's just me remembering all the "masturbreaks" I used to take in high school and college.

I left in the evening to do my show and came back to find Kelly and Ken preparing to go out back for a dip. After the week I'd had I felt like I deserved to partake a find my brother to find him still working at his desk.

"Hey, how's it going? Are you alright?" I asked.

"Yeah, I'm just tired. I thought I was finished but I had done half of this wrong and I had to fix it. I probably need another hour or two. I just want to get it done ar his laptop.

"Okay, well, we're probably going to soak in the hot tub if you want to take a break or something." I said as I searched my bag for my bikini top.

He turned and watched as I held it up once I'd found it. "Uhh, maybe I'll join if you guys are still out there when I'm done."

"Okay! Don't overwork yourself." I replied as I left to go change in the bathroom. The bottoms went on just fine, I've been happy with the way I've been filling ther made me realize that my boobs have definitely grown at least a little recently. That explains the tight dress.

And I'm guessing I hadn't noticed a difference with my bras because I hadn't worn them very often over the last few months, and I attributed the way my tits look support making my size less visually obvious. But the black fabric that would typically cover my boobs was less effective. I felt like I was spilling out of the bottoms have an alternative. It didn't help that I hadn't really been able to express much this week. Ultimately it wasn't like it was totally obscene and it was just them that headed out to join them.

[There's a lot of conversation coming up, so as usual just understand some of this is paraphrased. By the time I got back to my phone and had the chance to make

"Heyy!" They both called to me when I came out. I could only see their silhouettes in the lit water, and could tell Ken was holding up a beer. I waved and placed my entering the water.

"Oohhhhhh, that's real fuckin' nice." I sighed as the heat enveloped me. I closed my eyes and felt a shiver run through me as I adjusted to the water. Kelly laughed realizing she didn't have her top on. I glanced for a second but didn't make a big deal out of it. It wasn't anything I hadn't seen before and I'm sure that was exactl

"No jets?" I asked, noting how still the water was. I couldn't even remember if they'd been on last time.

"Nah, they're kind of loud when we just want to chat and relax. I can turn them on if you'd like though." Ken offered.

"No it's okay, I agree that this is better for chatting." We sat for a bit talking about how work was going, whether or not we'd had an update from the apartment co don't have a solid eta on when we can go back. Every so often, Ken would turn to caress Kelly's chest and they'd kiss for a little bit, leaving me feeling like a weird though, even if I felt like I should be looking away.

"Are you heathens quite finished?" I asked, feigning a posh accent about the third time they started kissing. They just laughed and settled, half-assedly apologizing

"Okay Rose, I HAVE to ask-" Kelly started. I don't know if I did so visibly, but I tensed. A million thoughts running through my head; had we been too obvious? Did panicked right now? Fuck! "-Did your boobs like, get bigger? Or is that NOT the bikini you wore last time?" It took a second for me to stop spiraling to process what stop increasing, and I had to sit up a little bit to get out of the hot water some.

"I uh— Well, yeah I think they've grown a bit over the last few months." I replied a little dumbfounded.

"What did your quarantine weight all go to your chest or something?" She laughed.

"Hah! I wish..."

"Oh shut up you look incredible, as always." Kelly said, socking me in the arm. I felt a little flustered and just kind of retreated into myself, hunching a little to down school.

"Thanks." I mumbled.

"I wasn't sure when you first came to stay but I felt like that top fit you a little more—conservatively last time." She glided across the hot tub until she was in front shoulders, making my boobs bounce subtly. I couldn't help giggling and slapping her hands away. Ken just stayed quiet, sipping his beer, clearly enjoying watching

"You could at least tell me your secret." She said, gesturing to her own chest.

"Oh please, Kelly. Yours are fantastic, and they're nice and big? You look great. I'm sure Ken doesn't have any complaints. Right Ken?" I looked over Kelly's shoulde

"Perfection, Kel." He commented sagely.

Kelly pursed her lips, "Doesn't stop you from talking about her's though." I felt my brow raise at that, unable to hide my surprise.

"To be fair, you're usually the one who brings it up." He responded.

"I- okay, fair." And she moved back to his side, elbowing him in the ribs.

"Yeah you were the one who started THIS whole conversation in the first place!" I added.

"Well, I mean have you looked at yourself lately?" She said defensively, gesturing vaguely to all of me.

"Look since I know that's where this is headed, if I take the top off will it make you feel better?" I relented.

"I mean not completely but it's not like I'm going to say no to that." She grumbled. I rolled my eyes and pulled the straps down my shoulders, pulling the top off ar other as I balled up the bikini top and hurled it at her sternum, laughing at the pronounced wet slap it made against her chest. I rubbed my boobs out of habit, scr felt a little itchy.

"Damn! And Monica wasn't even here to instigate!" Ken laughed.

I felt a little more exposed than I expected to. Last time we'd done this without the jets on, the other girls were around to share the attention. I don't think I'd ever was having trouble figuring out what to do with my arms.

"Jesus, Rose, they're so nice." Kelly commented. I didn't know how to respond, and was starting to feel a little uncomfortable at all the attention, but I don't know if I should tell the other girls to pull focus. I felt my blood run hot as they both all but openly stared at my tits. My pulse started to quicken again as a thought came over me. I wish my friends, of having to be careful around them. It was time to change that.

"Okay. Do you want to know my secret?" I asked, grabbing their attention. I held my tits, sitting up so they were completely out of the water. "Promise not to judge me, or looking confused. "Or laugh or anything?" They nodded again. "Oh my god I can't believe I'm doing this." I muttered under my breath, unsure if they heard. I slowly ran my fingertips to strum my nipples, trying to get them hard- or... harder as they were already pretty much at attention. Ken was transfixed, and Kelly's eyes were wide, and she was doing, as if expecting me to perform a magic trick. When I felt like my nipples were hard enough, I started to squeeze my breasts, pulling forth toward my nipples long, in my head fully expecting my breasts to spray my milk, possibly triggering my let down. But for some reason, maybe nerves? Nothing was happening. I sighed. I'd hoped in my moment of impulse.

"Lactating. I'm lactating. That's the secret." I said, giving up on trying to provide a visual aid and letting my breasts go.

"You- what?" Kelly asked quietly.

Ken started to ask, "But you're not-"

"Pregnant?" I guessed. He stopped talking. "God no."

"Then... what?"

And then I spent the next 15 minutes or so explaining, how it started, how it factored into me not dating much since I'd met them, how I'd felt I had to hide it all this time.

"Honey, I'm sorry if I ever made you feel like you couldn't tell me. It's definitely unexpected, and I get why you'd think we would judge, but now it's just something to share with us." Kelly said sweetly.

"So you've been like that the entire time we've known you? And that's why your tits always look so- like that?" Ken asked, finally speaking for the first time in a while.

"Like... what?" I asked, feeling a little defensive.

"So... uh... full looking, and round?" He held his hands at his chest as if he had boobs of his own. "I never wanted to say anything but I thought maybe you'd had them."

"They're natural." I deduced.

"Fuck." He exhaled.

"I told you forever ago! I'd already asked her!" Kelly said, playfully slapping his chest. Kelly had asked way back when, one of the first times I'd worn a bathing suit.

"So have you had to, uh, get relief while you've been here?" Ken asked.

"At least twice a day, if I can." I said matter of factly and his brow shot up.

"You have to do it that often and you've managed to keep it from us while you've been here, AND you've been living with your brother in quarantine without him knowing?"

"Oh no, he knows. I would never have been able to go this long at home keeping it a secret." And after more questions I eventually told them a somewhat edited version of when I was super engorged and trying to express.

They seemed a little surprised but understanding. As far as they knew he was just aware of my "condition". Though I did realize at that point that I'd also unintentionally shown symptoms while explaining how I induced. They hardly seemed to bat an eye at that.

Eventually the subject faded, and I was thankful, even if I knew deep down it wasn't completely over, no doubt they'd eventually ask more questions. But it was a start, about it, and for them to be so cool and understanding, the way my brother had been, and the way so many of you on here have been. I guess I let the bad experience being more open about that particular aspect of my life.

We talked a bit about our friends, and how much we miss them, how much we were all looking forward to a time when we can comfortably see each other again without masks.

Kelly mentioned how Monica had just started seeing some girl but it fell apart because of heavy quarantining, and Sarah and Steven have been apart this whole time from family just before things got really bad and hadn't wanted to risk the international travel. I hadn't really had much chance to talk to her, but according to Kelly she's been reaching out to her at some point. Maybe it wouldn't hurt to have her over or something once we're back in our apartment.

"What about you?" Ken asked me. "How have you been holding up? I mean I know you don't really date much, and now is definitely not the best time to meet people, but the time things are a bit safer?"

"Ken, I'm not going to date you. You know my heart belongs to Kelly." I said facetiously, clasping my hands together and holding them to my chest while looking sideways at Kelly.

She winked back, "Thanks, babe." And kissed the air toward me. They both laughed.

"Seriously though, are you okay?"

"I- I've made do. It's a tough situation. But I promise, I'm okay." I explained.

"Well, at some point, if you'd like, I DO have a friend I could set you up with. I think you guys met at our 4th of July party last year. He had just become single back then. You seem chill and easy going enough that I think you two might hit it off." He sounded a little uncharacteristically sincere, like he was trying to make me feel better or offend me or something.

"Oh, okay. I'll let you know." I replied, a little unsure of what to say.

Kelly leaned over in front of Ken, and put her hand over her mouth so she could whisper with zero subtlety. "He just hopes you'll date someone who'll kiss and tell so he can get his sack." I looked at Ken and his eyes were wide, his face was beet red and he quickly shoved Kelly to get her to stop talking.

"What the fuck, Kel?!" To which she just laughed heartily. Despite being part of the focus of all this attention, it was really entertaining watching him squirm to take the lead to instigate now.

"Aw, Ken, you don't have to do that just to find out, I'm sure Kelly would kiss and tell." I said sweetly while moving forward toward her. She looked at me for a second, then she caught on. She moved forward off of her seat in the water, and we met in the middle of the hot tub. I felt my body grow tingly and hot with anxiousness. The momentum in the water kept me moving forward until our lips clumsily met.

We recovered and started to kiss in earnest. I immediately noted how soft and full her lips felt. I was so used to my brother at this point, who has soft lips for a guy, and she was soft against each other, and she moaned softly against my mouth, which may have just been for show, but it just made me moan in return unintentionally. I don't know if I felt her tongue barely tease out of her mouth along my lips which made me shiver. She surprised me by gently placing her hand at my right breast, and knee second in surprise.

"Sorry, I just didn't want to waste the opportunity while we're here." She said, looking heavy lidded and surprisingly sheepish. I just smiled and moved back in to c her hip to cup her breast. She moaned against me as I squeezed softly. I've touched my friends boobs before but only over the bra, or shirt. Never naked like this, The whole situation was sending intense sparks between my legs and I just wanted more. I found myself having the urge to reach between her legs and rub her, to was, but I was afraid of how quickly this whole thing was escalating so instead I broke the kiss and swiftly backed up to my seat.

"Wow..." we both said at the same time, before giggling awkwardly and falling into silence. We just stared at each other for a second and I felt like I was smiling lik just felt my heart racing.

"Holy shit..." Ken said, breaking the silence and snapping us out of... whatever had just happened. I had genuinely forgotten he was there.

Kelly laughed and moved to kiss his cheek. "She's uh, she's very good, Honey." She said dreamily, her voice catching in her throat at the start.

"Yeah, umm. Good for you, Ken." I added. We sat quietly for a while, the tension was very thick and I was starting to feel a heavy feeling in the pit of my stomach, hoped for my brother to finish and come out, but I wasn't sure if that would actually help with the tension or not. I realized then I'd forgotten to bring my phone ou on him.

"That was INCREDIBLY hot." Ken commented. Us girls just laughed awkwardly.

"Yeah, Rose I had no idea." Kelly added, and I wasn't sure what she meant.

"No idea that I'm bi?" I asked.

"No, I mean, I knew that, we've talked about that. Just that you'd kiss like that."

"It's the smoke inhalation, it's still affecting me." I reasoned, dryly, to which she huffed.

"You should get in on that, Ken." Kelly said coolly, leaning back against the edge of the hot tub. We both just looked at her in surprise, then at each other, and back mean only if it's okay with you of course, Rose." She dropped her casual attitude and addressed me seriously. I looked to Ken who looked like he was just afraid to demeanor now suddenly closed and soft. It was cute.

"You're going to have to come and get it, Ken." I finally said, moving my hips to the edge of my seat and leaning back with my hands for support. I feel like I could to move toward me, along the edge of the hot tub, sliding along the seat instead of coming directly across. I looked up at him as he approached, one arm gingerly other hand holding my side, his thumb resting just below my right breast. I bit my lip and he looked at me similarly to how my brother does at times. Like a million there are a million possible ways this could play out and he's not sure which one he wants most. An intense stare, almost boring into my soul, but soft at the same the way Ken was looking at me, different from how it is with my brother. And suddenly I realized he was applying pressure to my back and I tilted my chin up to m

It felt weirdly scandalous to kiss him, hard to forget about Kelly sitting there watching. He was firm and soft, and he felt like he was holding back until I nipped at h him and he spread his fingers against my back, clutching at me. His thumb started to rub back and forth, teasing the bottom edge of my breast. I wanted to tell hir was tempted to, but before I could, I felt Kelly's hand grab his and move it up to cup my breast. I made a small whimper at the shift, and he responded by squeezi thumb to tease my nipple. I couldn't help moaning shakily against him. He turned his hips and I was suddenly aware of how hard he was in his swim trunks. I coul tempted to touch, to escalate, but afraid to go too far. I broke the kiss again and placed my hand at his chest, and he quickly picked up on my queue, releasing my by Kelly. I just sat staring at both of them, trying to breathe normally.

"Okay so that was extremely fucking hot to watch." Kelly commented. I laughed awkwardly. I could see Kelly's arm move to reach into Ken's lap. "Oh my god! Som excitedly as he put his hand over hers to steady her, he groaned in a way that sent a tingle through me. I kept thinking how badly I wanted her to take him out of l so I could just continue to participate.

"Babe, your uh... you're leaking?" Kelly said, pointing at my left breast. Ken's attention snapped to me as well. I looked down and could see I was rapidly dripping f forming at my right.

I laughed awkwardly, embarrassed. "Well, now you know I wasn't lying..."

Ken reached across for me, holding the side of his finger toward me as he approached, looking at me apprehensively as if waiting for me to shut him down, and he at my right nipple. I felt myself leaning into his touch and shivered as he brushed my skin. I didn't even see what he did afterward, I just watched Kelly's eyes as s

"Wanna... try it?" I offered, to both of them, my mouth moving faster than my thoughts and my heart beating out of my chest. Even just thinking about it right nov describe it properly.

"R-really?" Kelly asked incredulously.

I shrugged. "I mean... 'in for a penny' right?"

"Uh... sure?" Kelly asked/confirmed. She seemed to understand what I meant, and started to move toward me. I looked to Ken who seemed to be waiting for confi biting my lip in anticipation as I pushed my chest out to meet their approach. I could feel my stomach twisting into knots as I started to have serious second thoug happening.

I had to close me eyes or I felt like I would chicken out and I didn't want to make things weird— in that way. But I felt Kelly gently take my right breast in hand to my left. I felt my pussy clench at the contact, immediately overwhelmed at the attention. I hadn't really considered what having two mouths on me at once would f Kelly circled my nipple with her tongue a little before sucking, and Ken immediately started sucking firmly, making what sounded like a contented hum as I felt the

I let them go for as long as I could stand, until I became suddenly aware of an orgasm quickly approaching. I panicked at the idea of cumming in front of them. Of away awkwardly. I have no idea how long that had lasted. It felt excruciatingly long, but honestly it was probably less than 10 seconds. They said something as the I remember them both smiling, Kelly licking her lips, but I didn't hear what they said, my mind was racing.

I was so fucking horny at this point and I felt like I was going to cry knowing how difficult it would be to get what I needed. I was also feeling a guilty that my brott wouldn't have happened had he been here anyway. But you know it's fucking bad when you can feel how wet you are even when submerged in water. Flashes of sc letting these two have their way with me together.

I'm not stupid, I've long been aware that they're both into me, or at least consider me attractive, as they've basically said as much, and have suspected that they v but I have no idea if I would actually go through with that, and I certainly wouldn't be the one to propose the idea ever. But in this moment I was certainly close to though, and knew we should pump the breaks.

"I think I'm ready to cool off." I said, laughing awkwardly, getting up and slipping into the pool before they could respond. The water was chilly and it gave me a bit mind from racing. When I emerged I could see them both getting up from the hot tub and gathering their things, with Ken sporting a very sturdy looking tent in his myself. I got out of the water and grabbed my towel, joining them in drying off in silence before we all headed to the door to go back inside.

"Goodnight, babe." Kelly said to me huskily as she handed me my bikini top and kissed me on the cheek.

"Goodnight, Rose." Ken said, before hugging me tight, I could feel his light chest hair against my nipples and it was all I could think about until he pulled back and there at the sliding door, stunned. No thoughts. Head empty.

"Night." I replied back a little dumbfounded, after they'd already gone inside the house and were probably barely within earshot. When I regained sentience, I went to the bathroom. I looked in the mirror and couldn't tell if the flush on my body was from the heat of the water or everything that had just happened. I couldn't stop from being amazed at how wet I was. My thoughts were completely cluttered and I just have a blur in my memory of rinsing off in the shower and quickly walking across the hall to my room, staring at his computer screen. He turned his head and caught his breath when he saw me before turning the chair to face me.

"Aww damn, you guys are done? I'm sorry." He apologized.

I leaned back against the door, my thoughts and everything catching up to me. "It's okay... I uh... something happened though." I admitted, unable to meet his gaze.

He looked immediately concerned and came up to me, taking my hands and urging me to sit next to him in the bed. His reaction made me realize how cryptic I sound. Of course he would assume the worst with our mom still in the hospital and everything else that's happened this year.

"Are you okay? What happened?" He asked, his voice low and serious, hands still clutching mine.

"I'm okay, I just... I uh... let them try my milk?" I mumbled. Finally looking into his eyes to see his reaction.

"What? Holy shit?! What the fuck did I miss?" He almost yelled at the start before catching himself and lowering his voice again. I filled him in on as much as I could, listening attentively. His eyes widened at parts, and he fidgeted. Where I may have thought he'd be upset or hurt as I explained things, he actually seemed more excited in his pajama pants. I was tempted to reach for him and rub him sensuously as I talked. But I hadn't yet finished when suddenly we were interrupted by Kelly... my mom.

"OOOH FUCK! MMMMYEEAH! FFUCK! DON'T STOP! UHHH!"

We both turned to look at the door when it started. I'd never heard her sound like that obviously. Her voice was high and almost whiny, like a porn star or hentai character. She was clearly on the edge, gasping and getting super vocal. It had come on so suddenly it made my heart race. We both turned to each other, our eyes wide and jaws dropped. We then snickered like scandalized schoolchildren. I had completely lost my train of thought and where I was in my recounting.

"Holy shit! I mean... get it?" I said to my brother.

"Yeah... wow, sounds like he's really-"

"YES! GIVE IT TO ME!"

"-uh ... giving it to her. Damn!" He observed. And then in that moment it was like we both realized I was still sitting here naked. He was looking at my tits, and I thought about my hands. I quickly reached for the bottom of his shirt and pulled it up over his head as he slipped his arms through, and as he tossed it aside I quickly, with shaky hands, pulled underwear off of him. I was pleased to see he already seemed to be at full mast because there was a definite air of desperation and need.

I knew I couldn't risk letting him be in control or I'd be too loud, so as soon as he was naked, I pushed him back on the bed and straddled his hips. I rose up on my knees.

"Are you wet enough already?" He asked softly. Before he'd even finished I was already impaling myself on him. I really wanted to just sink all the way down in one go, long, but I only went down about an inch or two past his head before I was gasping and trying to control my breathing as an orgasm hit me hard. On shaking legs I tried to pull away as I shuddered over him. He grunted, and made a sort of whimpering uneasy noise, trying to control his volume level as I focused hard on my own.

I could feel my insides flaring around him, my pussy clenching at what I'd managed to get inside, and I slowly let myself sink lower as I rode out the waves, until finally my head hit his chest and I clamped my lips shut as I savored the feel of him in me. I felt positively split in two, the aching emptiness now replaced with the ache of being stretched open. I was definitely pent up and wet enough to make it less of an ordeal to get to this point. I sat in place, sucking air in through my teeth, and doing everything in my power to not realize I could no longer hear Kelly moaning, I had to reach for my phone.

I quickly turned off the TV and went through on a random YouTube playlist and turned the volume up to mask our sound a little, because I'd become incredibly aware of the lack of noise. The TV was on the sides, holding my waist and just holding me tight against him. Once I felt accustomed to him, I leaned forward, letting my breasts drag up his chest until they were just above his head. I fuck him too hard, so I avoided coming down too hard or pushing him against my cervix, as much as I wanted to just... shatter his pelvis in that moment. I could finally pull away and pushed at me. He looked up at my reverently, but I was lost in the sensation. Fucking god I'd needed this all fucking month, and as much as I really wanted to, who heard, I was happy to have this.

I had my eyes closed as I focused on the feel of him. I felt like I was hypersensitive to it all. The vein on the top of his shaft, the ridge of his head, the way his foreskin slid over the bottom, I don't know what it's called, and now I just feel awkward for talking about it. I kept moving as I savored it, and then felt his lips on my breasts. He hummed and I gasp as it triggered another orgasm. I held my hips down and shook over him again, letting my walls flare around his cock. He let go of my tits and fell back, letting me ride him, also pulsing inside me, his cock ready to burst.

I felt him expand and flood me with molten warmth, and his voice caught in his throat as he started to cum, so I silenced us both by crashing my lips to his. We kissed, his orgasms, and I made contented sighs at the sensation of him flooding me with what felt like a never ending torrent. Honestly he could have poured himself into me in that moment. I collapsed on him and let him pulse inside of me as he eventually softened. I felt lightheaded and closed my eyes, just resting my head on his chest.

"God, I needed that." I sighed.

"Same." He said, only barely audibly.

That's all I remember until suddenly he was waking me up to give me some water. Apparently I fell asleep on him right after the sex. He made fun of me for snoring and going to pee and clean up. It was tempting to go back to bed with him and just fall asleep, but we decided to err on the side of caution. He nursed from me for almost an hour in the living room and left the bed to me. I've been coming in and out of consciousness to write this incredibly long entry since like... fucking 11:50. It's past 4 am now. I feel so relaxed and fulfilled.

Monday

The next day was a little weird. Kelly, Ken, and I weren't sure how to act around each other after what happened. And we couldn't really talk about it because as far as we knew about it all. Though, my brother did give Kelly a little bit of shit about how we could hear them having sex, to which she blushed hardcore, and played it cool by saying she didn't hear anything.

Since then, we've kind of fallen into a new comfort level. Casual intimacy or something. Like if we're next to each other on the couch, Ken might rub my leg, or I might rub his, or so we finally had a chance to talk about it.

"So... about the other night, the hot tub. We just want to make sure you're okay, that you don't feel like, that you don't regret anything that happened. That you're all good." Three of us were standing around the kitchen.

"I'm okay. I promise! It was crazy, but there are no regrets." I replied. "Are you guys okay?"

"Yeah, it was fun! I feel so much closer to you now and I'm glad you opened up to us a little... a lot." Kelly said enthusiastically.

"Yup! Plus it was REALLY hot. We've been talking about it ever since." Ken added.

"Yeah, it was super hot..." I sighed.

"And, you know, we're always up for fun times like that if you ever want!" Kelly offered. I felt my cheeks heat up.

"Oh, uhh, okay!" I choked out. "I hope the milk stuff wasn't too weird..."

"Not at all, babe!" Kelly assured me. "It's natural, and different, but it's you, and that makes it pretty hot. Plus it actually tasted pretty good! Very sweet!" She added.

"Yeah, it's good stuff." Ken backed her up but seemed shy about it. On the inside I was punching the air, relieved and excited that they liked it.

"Well, if you ever want more or something... I'm sure I'll be stocked." I weakly offered.

"Mm I might take you up on that. I really enjoyed the delivery method." Kelly said in a tone that sounded like a wink. Ken nodded enthusiastically in agreement. I just

Later that first day afterward, I finally had a chance to talk to my brother about it and finish filling him in on everything that happened, I'd mainly missed the last part

"So you're not... upset with me about it?" I asked, embarrassed.

"No? Why would I be? I think it sounds like you had fun, and I got to reap the benefits afterward." He laughed.

"I guess I just felt bad doing stuff with someone other than you, and without telling you beforehand." I explained.

"I mean, I'm jealous I didn't get to see it happen. But I know what we have is complicated. And I know you didn't necessarily go into that situation with that expectation. I feel like I'd have done the same thing in your situation. I like them. And I know you're all close-well... especially now. You're allowed to have fun with them afterward. And to know if... you plan on cutting me off."

"I don't know where that's going, I have no plans for that, but I definitely don't intend to cut you off. I know we're not like... a THING thing, and we don't have our own thing. It's just a special, and I just don't want to jeopardize that." I said.

"The way I see it, if you guys are all still just friends and you aren't entering a serious relationship with either or both of them, then I'm fine with it. If you were to start entering a relationship, then we'd need to figure some things out, because I wouldn't be comfortable with you cheating on someone with me." He said.

"I agree, that makes sense." I nodded. "I love you, so much."

"I love you too." He replied, pulling me into a hug. I felt a wave of relief come over me. Like anxiety I was holding onto finally left.

And today we took the risk to go out in public today, the four of us together, to go vote. While we were in line, my dad called to tell us that our mom is finally out of the hospital, guilty risking being out in public knowing what they've been going through. I can't wait to see them. We're still hoping maybe things will be safe enough by Christmas.

Saturday

We finally got to come back to our apartment today! It smells weird and some of our bedspread and stuff has smoke damage and needs to be replaced but we're thankful for it. I miss being around Kelly and Ken though. It felt really nice having the closeness we were feeling at the end there. We didn't do anything sexual again while we were away.

We still have to do strict quarantine for another week or so after going to vote but we've been doing our best this whole time anyway.

Saturday

It's been a busy couple of weeks at work, and he's been busy with course work. We've been enjoying our privacy, and I've been loving being able to nurse him again. I haven't felt like writing about it, because I'd been trying to finish this up to post. We didn't end up doing anything for Halloween, not even a show for the club, so it was a bit of a disappointment.

Unfortunately... our mom is back in the hospital. According to our dad she'd seemed to be doing well, and had been taking it easy at home. But he said she's lost a little more weight than she should, still subdued when we talk on the phone. She's having some kind of heart trouble because of COVID. Even though she's been testing negative. I really hate this role. I want her to be safe and out of the weeds so we can breathe easily.

I really didn't want to have stuff like this in this entry, I feel like every post I've made for you guys this year has had some sort of downer note. So it's frustrating that this is being ready to post. Hopefully the rest of the post makes up for it.

Friday

I've written and deleted this post countless times. I just don't know how much or how little to say.

Our Mom passed away last night. It's hard to know what to feel. Obviously we're in a lot of pain. My mother and I were so close. But this year, knowing she'd been there with her, has made it hard for any of this to feel real. It hasn't sunken in yet. Our dad has said for us to stay put, because he's desperate to keep us from leaving, especially now. According to him, she didn't want a funeral... didn't want to be the reason for people to gather right now, which I also understand.

But I haven't been able to cry yet. The tears are there, I know it. But I've just been in bed staring at the ceiling. My stomach hurts. People keep calling me to offer to watch over me now and she must be so proud of me. And all I can think is how much I hope that isn't true. I hope she can't see this. Us. I believe she'd be proud of me. I want to be a good daughter for that? My brother keeps coming in to lay with me quietly and hold me, and hold my hands, and rub me reassuringly. I know he's hurting too. I want to be the one consoling him.

My dad is all alone. I feel so awful for him. He doesn't sound right when I hear his voice. He hasn't since she went back into the hospital that last time. I wonder if. Maybe didn't say anything because he hoped just as much as we did that things would be okay.

I wanted to write about the last thing she said to me... but I think it's something that I need to stay private. I don't need to have this written record to remember it by.

Oh, there are the tears, finally.

Fuck. This. Year. Stop taking from me. Please. Stop taking from all of us.

Sunday

The plan for November was that I would ruin No Nut November for many of you right out the gate. I was almost ready to post, but my motivation went out the window. I'm sorry the wait for this post has been so long.

I still don't feel like myself. I know it's probably too soon to expect, but it's hard to be patient with myself sometimes. My brother and I have been doing a better job of it. And while we haven't had sex lately, he's still helping me with my milk, and for now... that level of intimacy is all I need and want. I can't help crying sometimes though. It's a motherly instinct and a fear of losing him too.

I was given a PS5 from work, and managed to preorder a Series X, so we've been busting ourselves with video games lately. I'm enjoying Bugsnax, for being the snail game. I'm kind of obsessed with Bunker and Shishkabug.

Sarah may be staying with us next week. We've seen her a couple of times this month, she's been very sweet, bringing us things we may need or just keeping us company.

She's still very lonely as Steven is stuck out of country. Since my brother and I haven't been having much sex, I felt more up to having someone stay with us so I could have an extended sleepover. We agreed it would probably help us both.

Our Dad got himself a new dog to keep him company, and he named it after our Mom's favorite flower. He's doing his best to stay strong and positive, which I think soon, so we can go be with him. I know he needs us, and I'd do anything to help ease his pain. We have family where he's at so I know he's not without company, imagine being in that house by himself, with our mom everywhere.

Monday

Sarah ended up staying with us last week. She's as adorable as ever, and I think it was a huge help having her around to help make me feel more like myself. She has great conversations in bed, both deep and completely stupid. She was comfortable being in panties around me, but dressed more modestly around my brother. And she's thought she'd also just gone a really long time this year without Steven to help her, but she said that ever since his accident it had been hard to have sex. I guess I worked for them. They don't get to do it very often and her libido had been pretty high ever since, according to her.

She's got the entire month off of work, and so she just doted on us all week which was very nice. Her main request in return was that we put up Christmas decor. V year with everything that's happened, and I'm sure she could sense that, so I appreciate her trying to help us keep from dwelling and not enjoying what we can. So tree together. I remembered how it felt last year when my brother and I did it. How warm, and full of hope and love I felt. Sarah helped bring some of that spark back thankful.

After she left, my brother and I were laying on the living room floor looking at the tree and the light it was casting on the ceiling, talking about how we both were finally mentioned how it felt like it hadn't sunken in yet because of how isolated from our parents we'd been this year. I couldn't help getting teary eyed as my thoughts spiraled to my mom, how this would effect our family moving forward. I closed my eyes and tried my best to take deep shuddering breaths to prevent myself from breaking in on pretty well until he turned and put his arm around me.

"Bee..." he said softly, pulling me to his chest. And I broke. Yet another time this year I've found myself crying in his arms. Yet another time I find myself embarrassed to be emotional. He maneuvered me until I was laying over his chest so he could be on his back, rubbing mine reassuringly. He held me until my tears dried easily, he'd given me so much of his patience and warmth. I don't deserve him... at times I feel guilty that I shouldn't be preventing someone else from being able to be treated like this. I'm not supposed to know this side of him. Sometimes it's hard not to think like that... and as I had my face buried into the crook of his arm, I found when I felt consoled enough to look up at him, I saw he had his eyes closed, and I could see his lips, closed tight and shaking, as well as dried streaks of tears run down his face. I was trying so hard to keep it together for me in that moment, and it broke my heart.

"Baby..." I started, pouting sympathetically and moving up to touch his face. He placed his hand over mine, holding it to the side of his face, and he seemed to savour the touch. I straddled his waist. I cradled his face with my hands and kissed him all over, playfully acting desperate to console him, as though he were completely inconsolable. I planted my hands at either side of his face, and letting my hair surround his face as I held mine over his. When he opened his eyes, all he could see was my face looking at him.

"I love you." He said simply.

I kissed him again, slowly, and delicately. I gently tugged his lips with my teeth before breaking the kiss to softly plant more along his jaw, back toward his neck, w ear. He hummed in contentment, and seemed to calm, and then I felt his hands slap against my ass as he gripped my cheeks firmly.

"OOH!" I yelped in surprise. He just held his eyes closed and used his grip on me to hold my hips down as he pushed his own up, and I could suddenly feel his heat relaxed on top of him, letting him hold me tightly against him, and enjoying feeling needed in every way. I would be whatever he needed in order to feel better. I craved his abdomen in anticipation.

Wordlessly, he gently flipped us over so I was on my back. He looked me over as he sat up straight, a hunger in his eyes as he seemed unable to decide where're to top up and over my head, and he took off his. He quickly leaned down and kissed all over my breasts, sucking my nipples to bring them to full attention. I sighed a to let him do this until the end of time. When he started to bring me close to an orgasm, I moaned suddenly, and it lit a fire in him. He snapped up and quickly lost body.

I managed to look over and see how hard his cock was, bobbing between his legs as he got down on all fours and moved to get his arms under my legs. He buried deeply before starting a half moan half gasp from me when he started to eat me out like he hadn't had any nourishment all day. He was messy, and he was devouring me. I was overwhelmed, sex had been the furthest thing from my mind for the last week or so... I'd just been so distracted and not in the right headspace. But in that moment, I was be connected with him, physically and emotionally.

He hungrily sucked at my pussy, like he was possessed. He wasn't focusing on my reactions to guide him into making me cum, he was just enthusiastically lapping. I didn't care, it was having a hell of an effect on me and I came hard for him anyway. When I pleaded with him to stop because I was too sensitive, he popped up from my pussy completely soaked from the nose down. He didn't seem fazed at all. He just crawled up to nip at my breasts and then made his way to my lips to kiss me.

After the kiss, he looked at me, and I knew he just needed confirmation to continue. I nodded, and opened my legs further for him. I was nervous about how this would turn out on me, but as he pushed into me, slowly, and smoothly, it was like he'd completely switched gears. While he ate me like I was his last meal, he made love to me. It was dreamy, slow paced, long and deep strokes, and it was exactly the level of tenderness I hadn't realized I needed. He kissed my neck until I felt goosebumps down my sides, my legs, my arms, my breasts. I didn't dare give him direction, he seemed to know exactly how he wanted to treat me tonight.

He actually managed to edge me for a good while, until he stopped doing the long slow strokes and pushed all the way into me, only pulling out two or three inches. He hummed and cooed as I enjoyed being filled so deeply, and when I felt him break his rhythm and hold himself as deep as he could go, it switched me over. I came drawing his cum from him as he gave me everything he had. I licked my lips and my eyelids felt heavy as the heat spread from his tip throughout my lower abdomen.

He rolled over, pulling out of me, to lay on his back next to me. I was suddenly aware of how sweaty I'd gotten during the whole thing, and the carpet burn on my : vulnerable from crying earlier, and was afraid to move. But eventually we silently got up and took a shower together before coming to bed together. We sat in silence, his breathing until mine fell in sync, and felt safe sensing his warmth next to me. It seemed like we should be conversing, filling the silence, but I couldn't find words.

He did though. He turned to face me and put his arm on my shoulder. "We're going to be okay." He said, softly and sincerely. I felt my eyes sting, thinking how bad because of how sure he sounded. It was enough, and we both fell asleep after that. And now as I've woken up from a bad dream about my mom, hearing him sleep, writing this has been so reassuring.

We're going to be okay.

Thursday

This is going to be a hard Christmas for the three of us. And to be honest, I don't really care much that it's Christmas. There are gifts under our tree, and I know w
it's hard to feel what I would normally feel this time of year.

At the end of last year/start of this one, we were robbed, and some of you may remember that the heirloom quilt that had been passed down among the women in my family was taken. I talked to my grandmother over FaceTime... and she's been helping me start a new quilt from scratch. She made a patch for it with a new meaning. I made what would have been my mom's addition. I don't know what her message to my potential future daughter would have been... but I used some of the fabric she gave me. I'm so proud of me for keeping the tradition going. And I only hope that I'll get to be here to make my addition for my possible future grandmother some day. I showed my dad how tired he looked as his eyes welled up with tears.

This post was supposed to be out at the start of November. I've been pulled away from it so many times because of my head space, and everything that's been happening. But my writing has been all that good this time around. Especially while cleaning up the last few dates. I apologize to any of you who are disappointed after the long wait, but yet, so there's that. But my goal now is to get this out before the year is over.

Because I need to make sure that if you take one thing away from this post, it's to be safe. Please, be careful. This pandemic is very much still happening in full for distance, please quarantine, please wear masks properly. Please. My mom did all of that, but other's didn't. And now she's not here. She was only 45, and she was who I am because of her. I know... I'm not the best daughter because of the things that I've been doing, and I know that if she knew she might have disowned me, barely look at me because I know... that when he sees my face, he sees her. He still has health complications from when he was sick earlier this year. So if you work for others. Others who love you, others who are loved. I have so much I want to say but I really just can't keep my thoughts together.

2020 has taken a lot from me... from all of us. But it's just a number, it's just a year. Things aren't magically going to be better in 2021, but regardless, I do hope to myself lucky to be here making this post for you all. Lucky that despite everything that's happened I haven't had it as badly as others have. Please don't take anything you love them. Show them that you love them. Don't leave people wondering how you felt because you just... you never know if that moment you hesitated to say out. Just, cherish people, cherish life. I hope you've had a great holiday. I hope next year is better. I love you all.

I'm very sorry about the wait for this post. I hope you all understand why it was hard to get finished. I don't intend for this to be my last post, but I'm probably only something happens and I came make more frequent posts. I make myself feel so guilty when I take a long time so I'd rather just set that expectation so I can also Reddit casually again and commenting on things I enjoy and find sexy like I was able to at the start. I have so many comments to catch up on, not to mention all the

I skipped over our birthdays because they ended up being very chill days. I DO have a journal entry written from my birthday and maybe I'll post it to my profile at post was already super long. His birthday was mostly a big zoom thing with the family

I was apprehensive about writing about the stuff involving Kelly and Ken. Mostly because it didn't involve my brother, so I wasn't sure how much you guys would want anything more happened with them I'd probably keep it to myself or share it in a different subreddit or something. But also after how things went with my brother, more. I'm also sorry that this post got so emotional. I feel so bad that I've had a lot of... kind of downer moments in my posts this year. I debated just not talking about rewrite the first entry after she passed like over a dozen times. But I felt like it would be shitty of me to keep it to myself especially if the quality of my writing was

Also, earlier in the year I was accepting gift cards and donations to help me recover from the burglary at the start of the year. I'm no longer doing that. Please just extra funds you want to give to someone, there are so many others in need who deserve it more. I can't in good conscience accept gifts from you all anymore with every single one of you who were generous to me, and I continue to appreciate the sentiment of those of you who have been asking if you could send me stuff.

Thank you to all of you who have read my posts, who've commented, who've recommended my posts to others, or directed people to me in other posts. Thank you my life. I share as much as I can without risking my safety, but know that if my situation wasn't so frowned upon, I would share much more.

Alright, I guess it's time to see if the auto mod will be kind to me this time. See you all in the comments. Please make sure to upvote the main post and not just the comment separately from this, and not in reply to this last comment. I know the tone for this post is all over the place, especially with the last few entries, but I please treat me delicately in the comments. I still look forward to the dirty talk and sex questions my posts usually inspire, so please don't feel obligated to stifle yourself. I'd welcome talking about anything in the comments from your own experiences with loss to the taste of my brother's cum. I'm weird like that lol.

Thank you all, love you all, missed you all ❤️❤️🥺

PS: Thank you for all the awards on the post on my profile from when we had to leave our apartment! Definitely the most awards I've been given on this site and I deserve them! But it was very sweet of you all!

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